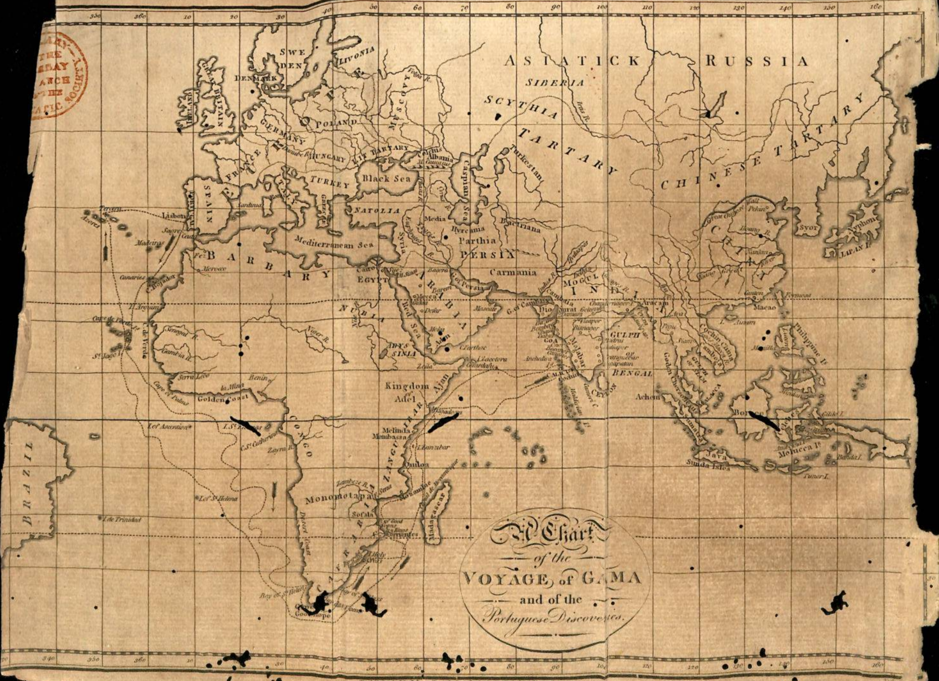
00046840

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016

ARY — LI
THE
BAY
ANCH
THE
ATIC SOCIETY


ASIATICK RUSSIA
SIBERIA
SCYTHIA
TARTARY
CHINESE TARTARY
Turkestan
SWEDEN
LIVONIA
DENMARK
GREAT BRITAIN
IRELAND
EUROPE
POLAND
MUSCOVY
GERMANY
HUNGARY
LIT. TARTARY
FRANCE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
ITALY
TURKEY
Black Sea
Caspian Sea
NATOLIA
Mediterranean Sea
Media
Hyrcania
Parthia
PERSIA
Bactriana
Carmania
Lisbon
Azores
Madeiras
Canaries
BARBARY
Morocco
Cairo
EGYPT
ARABIA
Mecca
Red Sea
NUBIA
ABYSSINIA
MOGUL
INDIA
Cambaia
Diu
Surat
Goa
Malabar
Calicut
Cochin
CEYLON
GULPH of BENGAL
BENGAL
Pegu
Siam
Cochin China
Camboja
Golden Chersonese
Malacca
Achem
Sumatra
Java
Sunda Isles
Borneo
Celebes
Molucca Is.
Banda I.
Timor I.
Philippine Is.
Manilla
Macao
Canton
Formosa
I. Ainam
CHINA
Pekin
Japan Is.
Nyphon
Syor
C. de Verde
St. Jago I.
Serra Leona
Cape of Palmas
Golden Coast
la Mina
Benin
Niger R.
Senegal R.
Gambia R.
CONGO
I. St. Thomas
C. St. Catherine
Zayra R.
I. of Ascension
I. of St. Helena
I. de Trinidad
BRAZIL
Kingdom of Adel
Ajan
Zeila
Magadoxa
Melinda
Mombassa
I. Zanzibar
Quiloa
ZANGUEBAR
Mozambique
Sena
Zambeze R.
Monomotapa
Sofala
Madagascar
CAFRARIA
Desert Coast
Bay of St. Helena
Cape of Good Hope
I. Socotora
Guardafui
Maldivia Is.
Anchediva Is.

A Chart
of the
VOYAGE of GAMA
and of the
Portuguese Discoveries.

Published March 31st 1798, by Cadell & Davies, Strand.

THE

LUSIAD:

OR,

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

AN EPIC POEM

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL PORTUGUESE OF LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

By WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

46840
ac

NEC VERBUM, VERBO CURABIS REDDERE, FIDUS
INTERPRES. HOR. ART. POET.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LLcls
LIBRARY

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.
1798.

00046840

INTRODUCTION.

IF a concatenation of events centered in one great action, events which gave birth to the preſent commercial ſyſtem of the world; if theſe be of the firſt importance in the civil hiſtory of mankind, the Luſiad, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the Philoſopher, the Politician, and the Gentleman.

In contradiſtinction to the Iliad and Æneid, the Paradiſe Loſt has been called the Epic Poem of Religion. In the ſame manner may the Luſiad be named the Epic Poem of Commerce. The happy completion of the moſt important deſigns of Henry Duke of Viſeo, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the eaſtern and the weſtern worlds, conſtitutes the ſubject of that celebrated epic poem (known hitherto in England almoſt only by name) which is now offered to the Engliſh reader. But before we proceed to the hiſtorical introduction neceſſary to elucidate a poem founded on ſuch an important period of hiſtory, ſome attention is due to the opinion of thoſe theoriſts in political philoſophy, who lament that either India was ever diſcovered, and who aſſert that the increaſe of trade is big with the real miſery of mankind, and that commerce is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurſe of every vice.

Much indeed may be urged on this ſide of the queſtion, but much alſo may be urged againſt every inſtitution relative to man. Imperfection, if not neceſſary to humanity, is at leaſt the certain attendant on every thing human. Though ſome part of the traffic with many countries reſemble Solomon's importation of apes and peacocks; though the ſuperfluities of life, the baubles of the opulent, and even the luxuries which enervate the irreſolute and adminiſter diſeaſe, are introduced by the intercourſe of navigation; the extent of the benefits which attend it, are alſo to be conſidered, ere the man of cool reaſon will venture to pronounce that the world is injured, and rendered leſs virtuous and leſs happy by the increaſe of commerce.

If a view of the ſtate of mankind, where commerce opens no intercourſe between nation and nation, be neglected, unjuſt concluſions will certainly follow. Where the ſtate of barbarians, and of countries under the different degrees of civilization, are candidly weighed, we may reaſonably expect a juſt deciſion. As evidently as the appointment of Nature gives paſture to the herds, ſo evidently is man born for ſociety. As every other animal is in its natural ſtate when in the ſituation which its inſtinct requires; ſo man, when his reaſon is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the ſtate proper to his nature. The life of the naked ſavage, who feeds on acorns, and ſleeps like a beaſt in his den, is commonly called the natural ſtate of man; but if there be any propriety in this aſſertion, his rational faculties compoſe no part of his nature, and were given not to be uſed. If the ſavage therefore live in a ſtate contrary to the appointment of nature, it muſt follow that he is not ſo happy as nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this concluſion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of Rouſſeau, may figure the paradiſiacal life of a Hottentot, but it is only in ſuch dreams that the ſuperior happineſs of the barbarian exiſts. The ſavage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life; but unleſs we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwiſe have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit in reconciling the human breaſt to the moſt uncomfortable ſituations. If the intercourſe of mankind in ſome inſtances be introductive of vice, the want of it as certainly excludes the exertion of the nobleſt virtues; and if the ſeeds of virtue are indeed in the heart, they often lie dormant, and even unknown to the ſavage

poſſeſſor.

poſſeſſor. The moſt beautiful deſcription of a tribe of ſavages, which we may be aſſured is from real life, occurs in theſe words: And the five ſpies of Dan "*came to* Laiſh, *and ſaw the people that were there, how they dwelt careleſs after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and ſecure, and there was no magiſtrate in the land that might put them to ſhame in any thing* . . . . And the ſpies ſaid to their brethren, *Ariſe, that we may go up againſt them; for we have ſeen the land, and behold it is very good* . . . . *and they came unto* Laiſh, *unto a people that were quiet and ſecure, and they ſmote them with the edge of the ſword, and burnt the city with fire; and there was no deliverer, becauſe it was far from Zidon, and they had no buſineſs with any man.*"—However the happy ſimplicity of this ſociety may pleaſe the man of fine imagination, the true philoſopher will view the men of Laiſh with other eyes. However virtuous he may ſuppoſe one generation, it requires an alteration of human nature, to preſerve the children of the next in the ſame generous eſtrangement from the ſelfiſh paſſions, from thoſe paſſions which are the parents of the acts of injuſtice. When his wants are eaſily ſupplied, the manners of the ſavage will be ſimple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But theſe will ſoon occur; he that gathers the greateſt quantity of fruit will be envied by the leſs induſtrious: The uninformed mind ſeems inſenſible of the idea of the right of poſſeſſion which the labour of acquirement gives. When want is preſſing, and the ſupply at hand, the only conſideration with ſuch minds is the danger of ſeizing it; and where there is *no magiſtrate to put to ſhame in any thing*, depredation will ſoon diſplay all its horrors. Let it be even admitted that the innocence of the men of Laiſh could ſecure them from the conſequences of their own unreſtrained deſires; could even this impoſſibility be ſurmounted, ſtill they are a wretched prey to the firſt invaders; and becauſe they have no buſineſs with any man, they will find no deliverer. While human nature is the ſame, the fate of Laiſh will always be the fate of the weak and defenceleſs; and thus the moſt amiable deſcription of ſavage life, raiſes in our minds the ſtrongeſt imagery of the miſery and impoſſible continuance of ſuch a ſtate. But if the view of theſe innocent people terminate in horror, with what contemplation ſhall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? The tribes of America, it is true, have degrees of policy greatly ſuperior to any thing underſtood by the men of Laiſh. Great maſters of martial oratory, their popular aſſemblies are ſchools open to all their youth. In theſe they not only learn the hiſtory of their nation, and what they have to fear from the ſtrength and deſigns of their enemies, but they alſo imbibe the moſt ardent ſpirit of war. The arts of ſtratagem are their ſtudy, and the moſt athletic exerciſes of the field their employment and delight. And what is their greateſt praiſe, they have *magiſtrates to put to ſhame.* They inflict no corporeal puniſhment on their countrymen, it is true, but a reprimand from an elder, delivered in the aſſembly, is eſteemed by them a deeper degradation, and ſeverer puniſhment, than any of thoſe, too often moſt impolitically adopted by civilized nations. Yet, though poſſeſſed of this advantage, an advantage impoſſible to exiſt in a large commercial empire, and though maſters of great martial policy, their condition, upon the whole, is big with the moſt ſtriking demonſtration of the miſery and UNNATURAL ſtate of ſuch very imperfect civilization. *Multiply, and replenish the earth,* is an injunction of the beſt political philoſophy ever given to man. Nature has appointed man to cultivate the earth, to increaſe in number by the food which its culture gives, and by this increaſe of brethren to remove ſome, and to mitigate all the natural miſeries of human life. But in direct oppoſition to this is the political ſtate of the wild Americans. Their lands, luxuriant in climate, are often deſolate waſtes, where thouſands of miles hardly ſupport a few hundreds of ſavage hunters. Attachment to their own tribe conſtitutes their higheſt idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the moſt brutal depravity, makes them eſteem the man of every other tribe as an enemy, as one with whom nature had placed them in a ſtate of war, and had commanded to deſtroy *. And to this principle, their cuſtoms and ideas of honour ſerve as rituals and miniſters. The cruelties practiſed by the American ſavages on their priſoners of war (and war is their chief employment) convey every idea expreſſed by the word diabolical, and give a moſt ſhocking view of the degradation of human nature †. But what peculiarly completes the

---

* This ferocity of ſavage manners affords a philoſophical account how the moſt diſtant and inhoſpitable climes were firſt peopled. When a Romulus erects a monarchy and makes war on his neighbours, ſome naturally *fly* to the wilds. As their families increaſe, the ſtronger commit depredations on the weaker; and thus from generation to generation, they who either dread juſt puniſhment or unjuſt oppreſſion, fly farther and farther in ſearch of that protection which is only to be found in civilized ſociety.

† Unleſs when compelled by European troops, the exchange of priſoners is never practiſed by the American ſavages. Sometimes, when a ſavage loſes a ſon in war, he adopts one of the captives in his ſtead; but this ſeldom occurs; for the death of the priſoner ſeems to give them much more ſatisfaction. The victim is tied to a tree, his teeth and nails are drawn, burning wood is held to every tender part, his roaſted fingers are put into the bowl of a pipe and ſmoaked by the ſavages; his tormentors with horrid howls dance round him, wounding him at every turn with their poniards; his eyes are at laſt thruſt out, and he is let looſe to ſtagger about as his torture impels him. As ſoon as he expires, his diſſevered limbs are boiled in the war-kettle, and devoured by his executioners. And ſuch is the power of cuſtom and the ideas of honor, that the unhappy ſufferer under all

the character of the ſavage is his horrible ſuperſtition. In the moſt diſtant nations the ſavage is in this the ſame. The terror of evil ſpirits continually haunts him; his God is beheld as a relentleſs tyrant, and is worſhipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horror and fear. In all the numerous accounts of ſavage worſhip, one trace of filial dependance is not to be found. The very reverſe of that happy idea is the hell of the ignorant mind. Nor is this barbariſm confined alone to thoſe ignorant tribes, whom we call ſavages. The vulgar of every country poſſeſs it in certain degrees, proportionated to their opportunities of converſation with the more enlightened. All the virtues and charities, which either dignify human nature or render it amiable, are cultivated and called forth into action by ſociety. The ſavage life on the contrary, if we may be allowed the expreſſion, inſtinctively narrows the mind; and thus, by the excluſion of the nobler feelings, prepares it, as a ſoil, ready for every vice. Sordid diſpoſition and baſe ferocity, together with the moſt unhappy ſuperſtition. are every where the

---

all this torment betrays no ſign of fear or grief. On the contrary, he upbraids his executioners with their ignorance of the art of tormenting, and boaſts how many of their kindred had found their grave in his belly, whom he had put to death in a much ſeverer manner.

the proportionate attendants of ignorance and ſevere want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourſe and the offices of ſociety. So ſelf-evident are theſe poſitions, that it requires an apology for inſiſting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read, knows how many eminent writers*, and he who has converſed knows how

---

* The author of that voluminous work, *Hiſtoire Philoſophique & Politique des Etabliſſemens & du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes*, is one of the many who aſſert that the ſavage is happier than the civil life. His reaſons are thus abridged: The ſavage has no care or fear for the future, his hunting and fiſhing give him a certain ſubſiſtence. He ſleeps ſound, and knows not the diſeaſes of cities. He cannot want what he does not deſire, nor deſire that which he does not know, and vexation or grief do not enter his ſoul. He is not under the controul of a ſuperior in his actions; in a word, ſays our author, the ſavage only ſuffers the evils of nature.

If the civilized, he adds, enjoy the elegancies of life, have better food, and are more comfortably defended againſt the change of ſeaſons, it is uſe which makes theſe things neceſſary, and they are purchaſed by the painful labours of the multitude, who are the baſis of ſociety. To what outrages is not the man of civil life expoſed; if he has property, it is in danger; and government or authority is, according to this author, the greateſt of all evils. If there is a famine in the north of America, the ſavage, led by the wind and the ſun, can go to a better clime; but in the horrors of famine, war, or peſtilence, the ports and barriers of poliſhed ſtates place the ſubjects in a priſon, where they muſt periſh—*Il reſteroit encore*—There ſtill remains an infinite difference between the lot of the civilized and the ſavage; a difference, *toute entiere*, all entirely to the diſadvantage of ſociety, that injuſtice which reigns in the inequality of fortunes and conditions. "In fine, ſays he, as the wiſh for independence is one of the firſt inſtincts of how many reſpectable names, connect the idea of innocence and happineſs with the life of the ſavage and the unimproved ruſtic. To fix the character

of man, he who can join to the poſſeſſion of this primitive right, the moral ſecurity of a ſubſiſtence, (which we were juſt told the ſavage could do) is incomparably more happy than the rich man ſurrounded with laws, ſuperiors, prejudices, and faſhions, which endanger his liberty."——

Such are the ſentiments of Abbé Raynal, a writer whoſe ſpirited manner, and intereſting ſubject, have acquired him many readers. As he is not ſingular in his eſtimate of ſavage happineſs, his arguments merit examination; and a view of the full tendency of his aſſertions will ſufficiently refute his concluſions. Nothing can be more evident than that if habit deſtroy the reliſh of the elegancies of life, habit alſo will deſtroy the pleaſure of hunting and fiſhing, when theſe are the ſole buſineſs of the ſavage. If the ſavage has no care and no ſuperior, theſe very circumſtances naturally brutaliſe his mind, and render him vicious, fierce, and ſelfiſh. Nor is he ſo free from care, as ſome philoſophers on their couches of down are apt to dream. Becauſe hunting and fiſhing ſeem pleaſant to us, are they alſo a pleaſure to the wretch who in all ſeaſons muſt follow them for his daily ſuſtenance? You may as well maintain that a poſtillion, jaded with fatigue, and ſhivering with wet and cold, is extremely happy, becauſe gentlemen ride on horſeback for their pleaſure. That we cannot want what we do not deſire, nor deſire what we do not know, are juſt poſitions: but does it follow, that ſuch a ſtate is happier than that which brings the wiſhes and cares of civil life? By no means: for according to this argument, inſenſibility and happineſs proceed in the ſame gradation, and of conſequence an oyſter* is the happieſt of all animals.

---

* And our author in reality goes as far, "*Temoin cet Ecoſſois*,——Witneſs "that Scotchman, ſays he, who being left alone on the iſle of Fernandez, "was only unhappy while his memory remained; but when his natural "wants

character of the ſavage is therefore neceſſary, ere we examine the aſſertion, that "it had been happy for both the old and the new worlds, if the

---

mals. The advantages aſcribed to the ſavage over the civilized life, in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and ſecurity of liberty, offer an outrage to common ſenſe, and are ſtriking inſtances that no paradox is too groſs for the reveries of modern philoſophy. This author quite forgets what dangers the ſavages

" wants ſo engroſſed him that he forgot his country, his language, his name, " and even the articulation of words, this European, at the end of four years, " found himſelf eaſed of the burden of ſocial life, in having the happineſs to " loſe the uſe of reflection, of thoſe thoughts which led him back to the " paſt, or taught him to dread the future." But this is as erroneous in fact, as ſuch happineſs is falſe in philoſophy. Alexander Selkirk fell into no ſuch ſtate of happy idiotiſm. By his own account he acquired indeed the greateſt tranquillity of mind, which aroſe from religious ſubmiſſion to his fate. He had with him a bible, ſome books of mathematics and practical divinity; the daily peruſal of which both fortified his patience and amuſed his tedious hours. And he profeſſed that he feared he would never again be ſo good a Chriſtian. In his domeſtic œconomy he ſhewed every exertion of an intelligent mind. When Capt. Rogers found him in 1709, the accounts which he gave of the ſprings and vegetables of the iſland, were of the greateſt ſervice to the ſhip's company. And the Captain found him ſo able a ſailor, that he immediately made him mate of his ſhip. Having ſeen Captain Rogers's veſſel at ſea, he made a fire in the night, in conſequence of which a boat was ſent to examine the ſhore. He ſaid he had ſeen ſome Spaniards at different times land on the iſland, but he had always fled from them, judging they would certainly put him to death, in order to prevent any account which he might be able to give of the South Seas. This is not the reaſoning of the man who has forgotten his name and his country. And even his amuſements diſcover humour, and a mind by no means wrapt up in dull or ſavage tranquillity. He had taught a number of his tame goats and cats to dance on their hinder legs; and he himſelf ſung and danced along with them. This he exhibited to Capt. Rogers and his company. The Captain, indeed, ſays he ſeemed to have forgotten part of his language, as he ſpoke his words by halves. But let it be remembered, that Selkirk was born in a county of Scotland where the vulgar ſay, *fat ir yee dein*, and *far ir ya gawn*, in place of *what are you doing*, and *where are you going*. Selkirk, it is true, had been ſome little while on board Dampier's ſhip, but not to mention what little improvement of his ſpeech might from thence be received, certain it is that diſuſe of the acquired tongue, as well as ſudden paſſion, will recall the native dialect.—It is no wonder, therefore, that an Engliſhman ſhould think he ſpoke his words by halves. Selkirk had not been full four years on the iſland of Fernandez, and on his return to England, the narrative which he gave of his ſufferings afforded the hint of Robinſon Cruſoe.

the Eaſt and Weſt Indies had never been diſcovered." The bloodſhed and the attendant miſeries which the unparalleled rapine and cruelties of the Spaniards ſpread over the new world, indeed diſgrace human nature. The great and flouriſhing empires of Mexico and Peru, ſteeped in the blood of forty millions of their ſons, preſent a melancholy proſpect, which muſt excite the

indignation

ſavages are every where expoſed to; how their lands, if of any value, are ſure to be ſeized by their more powerful neighbours, and millions of their perſons enſlaved by the more poliſhed ſtates. He quite forgets the *infinite diſtance* between the *reſources* of the ſocial and ſavage life; between the comforts adminiſtered by ſociety to infirmity and old age, and the miſerable ſtate of the ſavage when he can no longer purſue his hunting and fiſhing. He alſo quite forgets the infinite difference between the diſcourſe of the ſavage hut, and the *cœna deorum*, the friendſhip and converſation of refined and elevated underſtandings. But to philoſophize is the contagion which infects the *eſprits forts* of the continent; and under the mania of this diſeaſe, there is no wonder that common ſenſe is ſo often crucified. It is only the reputation of thoſe who ſupport ſome opinions that will apologize for the labour of refuting them. We may therefore, it is hoped, be forgiven, if, *en bagatelle*, we ſmile at the triumph of our author, who thus ſums up his arguments: "*Après tout, un mot peut terminer ce grand procès*—After all, one word will decide this grand diſpute, ſo "ſtrongly canvaſſed among philoſophers: Demand of the man "of civil life, if he is happy? Demand of the ſavage, if he is "miſerable? If both anſwer, No, the diſpute is determined." By no means; for the beaſt that is contented to wallow in the mire, is by this argument in a happier ſtate than the man who has one wiſh to ſatisfy, however reaſonably he may hope to do it by his induſtry and virtue.

indignation of every good heart. Yet ſuch deſolation is not the certain conſequence of diſcovery. And even ſhould we allow that the depravity of human nature is ſo great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the ſoldier will overwhelm with miſery every new diſcovered country, ſtill are there other, more comprehenſive views, to be taken, ere we decide againſt the intercourſe introduced by navigation. When we weigh the happineſs of Europe in the ſcale of political philoſophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a ſtagnated lake are diſturbed by the ſpade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh againſt the alteration becauſe the waters are fouled at the firſt; we are to wait to ſee the ſtreamlets refine and ſpread beauty and utility through a thouſand vales which they never viſited before. Such were the conqueſts of Alexander; temporary evils, but civilization and happineſs followed in the bloody tract. And though diſgraced with every barbarity, happineſs has alſo followed the conqueſts of the Spaniards in the other hemiſphere. Though the villainy of the Jeſuits defeated their ſchemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that ſociety have been crowned with a ſucceſs in Paraguay and in Canada, which reflects upon their induſtry the greateſt honour. The cuſtoms and cruelties of many American tribes ſtill diſgrace human nature; but in Paraguay and Canada the natives have been brought to reliſh the bleſſings of ſociety, and the arts of virtuous and civil life. If Mexico is not ſo populous as it once was, neither is it ſo barbarous; the ſhrieks of the human victim do not now reſound from temple to temple; nor does the human heart, held up reeking to the Sun, imprecate the vengeance of heaven on the guilty empire *.

And,

---

* The innocent ſimplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the dreadful cruelties they ſuffered, divert our view from their complete character. But almoſt every thing was horrid in their civil cuſtoms and religious rites. In ſome tribes, to cohabit with their mothers, ſiſters, and daughters, was eſteemed the means of domeſtic peace. In others, catamites were maintained in every village; theſe went from houſe to houſe as they pleaſed, and it was unlawful to refuſe them what victuals they chuſed. In every tribe the captives taken in war were murdered with the moſt wanton cruelty, and afterwards devoured by the victors. Their religious rites were, if poſſible, ſtill more horrid. The abominations of ancient Moloch were here outnumbered; children, virgins, ſlaves, and captives, bled on different altars, to appeaſe their various gods. If there was a ſcarcity of human victims, the prieſts announced that the gods were dying of thirſt for human blood. And to prevent a threatened famine the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring ſtates, to ſupply the altars. The priſoners of either ſide died by the hand of the prieſt. But the number of the Mexican ſacrifices ſo greatly exceeded thoſe of other nations, that the Tlaſcalans, who were hunted down for this purpoſe, readily joined Cortez with about 200,000 men, and fired by the moſt fixed hatred, enabled him to make one great ſacrifice of the

And, however impolitically deſpotic the Spaniſh governments may be, ſtill do theſe colonies enjoy the opportunities of improvement, which in every

age

the Mexican nation. Without the aſſiſtance of theſe potent auxiliaries Cortez never could have conquered Mexico. And thus the barbarous cruelty of the Mexicans was the real cauſe of their very ſignal deſtruction. As the horrid ſcenes of gladiators amuſed ancient Rome, ſo their more horrid ſacrifices ſeem to have formed the chief entertainment of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, A. D. 1486, 64,080 human victims were ſacrificed in four days. And, according to the beſt accounts, their annual ſacrifices required ſeveral thouſands. *The ſkulls of the victims ſometimes* were hung on ſtrings which reached from tree to tree around their temples, and ſometimes were built up in towers and cemented with lime. In ſome of theſe towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted * 136,000 ſkulls. When the Spaniards gave to the Mexicans a pompous diſplay of the greatneſs of their monarch Charles V. Montezuma's orators in return boaſted of the power of their emperor, and enumerated among the proofs of it, the great number of his human ſacrifices. He could eaſily conquer that great people, the Tlaſcalans, they ſaid, but he chuſes to preſerve them to ſupply his altars. During the war with the Spaniards they increaſed their uſual ſacrifices, till prieſt and people were tired of their bloody religion. Frequent embaſſies from different tribes complained to Cortez that they were weary of their rites, and intreated him to teach them his law. And though the Peruvians, it is ſaid, were more poliſhed, and did not ſacrifice quite ſo many as the Mexicans, yet 200 children was the uſual hecatomb for the health of the Ynca, and a much larger one of all ranks honoured his obſequies. The method of ſacrificing was thus; Six prieſts laid the victim on an altar, which was narrow at top, when five bending him acroſs, the

ſixth

---

* By multiplying the numbers, no doubt, of the horizontal and perpendicular rows into each other.

age ariſe from the knowledge of commerce and of letters; opportunities which were never enjoyed under the dominion of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if from Spaniſh, we turn our eyes to Britiſh America, what a glorious proſpect! Here formerly on the wild lawn, perhaps twice in the year, a few ſavage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil ſpirits and beaſts of prey, than from the cold; and with their feet pointed to it, ſlept on the ground. Here now population ſpreads her thouſands, and ſociety appears in all its bleſſings of mutual * help, and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement. "What "work of art, or power, or public utility, has "ever equalled the glory of having peopled a con"tinent, without guilt or bloodſhed, with a mul"titude of free and happy commonwealths, to "have given them the beſt arts of life and go"vernment!" To have given a ſavage continent an image of the Britiſh conſtitution is indeed the greateſt glory of the Britiſh crown, "a greater than "any

---

ſixth cut up his ſtomach with a ſharp flint, and while he held up the heart reeking to the ſun, the others tumbled the carcaſe down a flight of ſtairs near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next ſacrifice. See Acoſta, Gomara, Careri, the Letters of Cortez to Charles V. &c. &c.

* This was written ere the commencement of the unhappy civil war in America. And under the influence of the ſpirit of the Britiſh conſtitution, that country may perhaps again deſerve this character.

"any other nation ever acquired;" and from the conſequences of the genius of Henry Duke of Viſeo, did the Britiſh American empire ariſe, an empire which, unleſs retarded by the illiberal and inhuman ſpirit of religious fanaticiſm, will in a few centuries, perhaps, be the glory of the world.

Stubborn indeed muſt be the theoriſt, who will deny the improvement, virtue, and happineſs, which in the reſult, the voyage of Columbus has ſpread over the Weſtern World. The happineſs which Europe and Aſia have received from the intercourſe with each other, cannot hitherto, it muſt be owned, be compared either with the poſſeſſion of it, or the ſource of its increaſe eſtabliſhed in America. Yet let the man of the moſt melancholy views eſtimate all the wars and depredations which are charged upon the Portugueſe and other European nations, ſtill will the Eaſtern World appear conſiderably advantaged by the voyage of Gama. If ſeas of blood have been ſhed by the Portugueſe, nothing new was introduced into India. War and depredation were no unheard-of ſtrangers on the banks of the Ganges; nor could the nature of the civil eſtabliſhments of the eaſtern nations ſecure a laſting peace. The ambition of their native princes was only diverted into new channels; into channels which, in the natural courſe of human affairs, will certainly lead to permanent governments, eſtabliſhed on improved laws and juſt dominion.

Yet even ere ſuch governments are formed, is Aſia no loſer by the arrival of Europeans? The horrid maſſacres and unbounded rapine, which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Aſian conquerors, were never equalled by the worſt of their European vanquiſhers. Nor is the eſtabliſhment of improved governments in the Eaſt the dream of theory. The ſuperiority of the civil and military arts of the Britiſh, notwithſtanding the hateful character of ſome individuals, is at this day beheld in India with all the aſtoniſhment of admiration; and admiration is always followed, though often with retarded ſteps, by the ſtrong deſire of ſimilar improvement. Long after the fall of the Roman empire, the Roman laws were adopted by nations which ancient Rome eſteemed as barbarous. And thus, in the courſe of ages, the Britiſh laws, according to every teſt of probability, will, in India, have a moſt important effect, will fulfil the prophecy of Camoëns, and transfer to the Britiſh the high compliment he pays to his countrymen:

> Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
> Proud of her victor's laws, thrice happier India ſmiled.

In former ages, and within theſe few years, the fertile empire of India has exhibited every ſcene of human miſery, under the undiſtinguiſhing ravages of their Mohammedan and native princes;

ravages only equalled in European hiſtory by thoſe committed under Attila, ſurnamed the Scourge of ~~God,~~ and the deſtroyer of nations. The ideas of patriotiſm and of honour were ſeldom known in the cabinets of the eaſtern princes till the arrival of the Europeans. Every ſpecies of aſſaſſination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unreſtrained rapine and maſſacre followed the path of victory. But ſome of the Portugueſe governors, and many of the Engliſh officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the beſt, the trueſt policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greateſt dread; and the ſuperiority of the Britiſh in war has convinced their * princes, that an alliance with the Britiſh is the ſureſt guarantee of their national peace and proſperity. While the Engliſh Eaſt India Company are poſſeſſed of their preſent greatneſs, it is in their power to diffuſe over the Eaſt every bleſſing which flows from the wiſeſt and moſt humane policy. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, had ſpread the devaſtations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the ſeven years famine of

---

* Mohammed Ali Khan, Nabob of the Carnatic, declared, "I met the Britiſh with that freedom of openneſs which they "love, and I eſteem it my honour, as well as ſecurity, to be the "ally of ſuch a nation of princes."

of ancient Egypt to the preſent day, was there a natural ſcarcity in any country which did not enrich the proprietors of the granaries. The Mohammedan princes and Mooriſh traders have often added all the horrors of an artificial to a natural famine. But however ſome Portugueſe or other governors may ſtand accuſed, much was left for the humanity of the more exalted policy of an Albuquerque or a Caſtro. And under ſuch European governors as theſe, the diſtreſſes of the Eaſt have often been alleviated by a generoſity of conduct, and a train of reſources formerly unknown in Aſia. Abſurd and impracticable were that ſcheme, which would introduce the Britiſh laws into India, without the deepeſt regard to the manners and circumſtances peculiar to the people. But that ſpirit of liberty upon which they are founded, and that ſecurity of property, which is their leading principle, muſt, in time, have a wide and ſtupendous effect. The abject ſpirit of Aſiatic ſubmiſſion will be taught to ſee, and to claim thoſe rights of nature, of which the diſpirited and paſſive Gentoos could, till lately, hardly form an idea.

From this, as naturally as the noon ſucceeds the dawn, muſt the other bleſſings of civilization ariſe. For though the four great tribes of India are almoſt inacceſſible to the introduction of other manners and of other literature than their own, happily there is in human nature a propenſity to change.

Nor may the political philoſopher be deemed an enthuſiaſt, who would boldly propheſy, that unleſs the Britiſh be driven from India, the general ſuperiority which they bear, will, ere many generations ſhall have paſſed, induce the moſt intelligent of India to break the ſhackles of their abſurd ſuperſtitions, and lead them to partake of thoſe advantages which ariſe from the free ſcope and due cultivation of the rational powers. In almoſt every inſtance *, the Indian inſtitutions are contrary to the feelings and wiſhes of nature. And ignorance and bigotry, their two chief pillars, can never ſecure unalterable duration †. We have certain proof, that the horrid cuſtom of burning the wives along with the body of the deceaſed huſband, has continued for upwards of 1500 years; we are alſo certain, that within theſe twenty years it has begun to fall into diſuſe. Together with the alteration of this moſt ſtriking feature of Indian manners, other aſſimilations to European ſentiments have already taken place ‡. Nor can the obſtinacy even

---

* Every man muſt follow his father's trade, and muſt marry a daughter of the ſame occupation. Innumerable are their other barbarous reſtrictions of genius and inclination.

† The impoſſibility of alteration in the religion of the Bramins, is an aſſertion againſt facts. The high antiquity and unadulterated ſameneſs of their religion are impoſitions on Europe. For a clear demonſtration of this, ſee the Enquiry, &c. at the end of the VIIth Luſiad.

‡ See the above Enquiry, &c.

even of the conceited Chineſe always reſiſt the deſire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are ſo greatly ſuperior to themſelves. The uſe of the twenty-four letters, by which we can expreſs every language, appeared at firſt as miraculous to the Chineſe. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in ſelfiſh cunning, of the eaſe and expedition of an alphabet; and it is eaſy to foreſee, that, in the courſe of a few centuries, ſome alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chineſe literature, not only a labour of the utmoſt difficulty, but even the attainment of it, impoſſible beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious induſtry of the Chineſe! Though moſt obſtinately attached to their old cuſtoms, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is ſudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of inſtinctive fury againſt ancient prejudice and abſurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœnicians, which diffuſed the uſe of letters through the ancient, and commerce will undoubtedly diffuſe the ſame bleſſings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happineſs, which is ſure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the divine add, what may be reaſonably expected, from ſuch opportunity of the increaſe of religion. A factory of merchants, indeed, has ſeldom been found to be the ſchool of piety; yet, when the general manners of a people become aſſimilated to thoſe of a more rational worſhip, ſomething more than ever was produced by an infant miſſion, or the neighbourhood of an infant colony, may then be reaſonably expected, and even foretold.

In eſtimating the political happineſs of a people, nothing is of greater importance than their capacity of, and tendency to, improvement. As a dead lake, to continue our former alluſion, will remain in the ſame ſtate for ages and ages, ſo would the bigotry and ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt continue the ſame. But if the lake is begun to be opened into a thouſand rivulets, who knows over what unnumbered fields, barren before, they may diffuſe the bleſſings of fertility, and turn a dreary wilderneſs into a land of ſociety and joy?

In contraſt to this, let the Golden Coaſt and other immenſe regions of Africa be contemplated:

> Afric behold; alas, what altered view!
> Her lands uncultured, and her ſons untrue;
> Ungraced with all that ſweetens *human life*,
> Savage and fierce they roam *in* brutal ſtrife;
> Eager they graſp the gifts which culture yields,
> Yet naked roam their own neglected fields . . . . .
> Unnumber'd tribes, as beſtial grazers ſtray,
> By laws unform'd, unform'd by Reaſon's ſway.
> Far inward ſtretch the mournful ſteril dales,
> Where on the parcht hill-ſide pale famine wails.

LUSIAD X.

Let us view what millions of theſe unhappy ſavages are dragged from their native fields, and cut off for ever from all the hopes and all the rights to which human birth entitled them; and who would heſitate to pronounce that negro the greateſt of patriots, who, by teaching his countrymen the arts of ſociety, ſhould teach them to defend themſelves in the poſſeſſion of their fields, their families, and their own perſonal liberties?

Evident however as it is, that the voyages of Gama and Columbus have already carried a ſuperior degree of happineſs, and the promiſe of infinitely more, to the Eaſtern and Weſtern Worlds; yet the advantages derived from the diſcovery of theſe regions to Europe may perhaps be denied. But let us view what Europe was, ere the genius of Don Henry gave birth to the ſpirit of modern diſcovery.

Several ages before this period the feudal ſyſtem had degenerated into the moſt abſolute tyranny. The barons exerciſed the moſt deſpotic authority over their vaſſals, and every ſcheme of public utility was rendered impracticable by their continual petty wars with each other; and to which they led their dependents as dogs to the chace. Unable to read, or to write his own name, the chieftain was entirely poſſeſſed by the moſt romantic opinion of military glory, and the ſong of his domeſtic minſtrel conſtituted his higheſt idea of fame. The claſſics ſlept on the ſhelves of the monaſteries, their dark, but happy aſylum; while the life of the monks reſembled that of the fattened beeves which loaded their tables. Real abilities were indeed poſſeſſed by a Duns Scotus, and a few others; but theſe were loſt in the moſt trifling ſubtleties of a ſophiſtry, which they dignified with the name of caſuiſtical divinity. Whether Adam and Eve were created with navels, and how many thouſand angels might at the ſame inſtant dance upon the point of the fineſt needle without joſtling one another, were two of the ſeveral topics of like importance which excited the acumen and engaged the controverſies of the learned. While every branch of philoſophical, of rational inveſtigation, was thus unpurſued and unknown, commerce, incompatible in itſelf with the feodal ſyſtem, was equally neglected and unimproved. Where the mind is enlarged and enlightened by learning, plans of commerce will riſe into action; and theſe, in return, will, from every part of the world, bring new acquirements to philoſophy and ſcience. The birth of learning and commerce may be different, but their growth is mutual, and dependent upon each other. They not only aſſiſt each other, but the ſame enlargement of mind which is neceſſary for perfection in the one, is alſo neceſſary for perfection in the other; and the ſame cauſes impede, and are alike deſtructive of both. The INTERCOURSE of mankind is the parent of each. According to the confinement or extent of intercourſe, barbarity or civilization proportionably prevail. In the dark monkiſh ages, the intercourſe of the learned was as much impeded and confined as that of the merchant. A few unwieldy veſſels coaſted the ſhores of Europe; and mendicant friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miſerable account of what was paſſing in the world from monaſtery to monaſtery. What doctor had laſt diſputed on the Peripatetic philoſophy at ſome univerſity, or what new hereſy had laſt appeared, not only compriſed the whole of their literary intelligence, but was delivered with little accuracy, and received with as little attention. While this thick cloud of mental darkneſs overſpread the Weſtern World, was Don Henry prince of Portugal born; born to ſet mankind free from the feodal ſyſtem, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may poſſibly be diffuſed by the intercourſe of unlimited commerce:

——For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of Trade, the Genius, then,
Of Navigation, that in hopeleſs ſloth
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The Luſitanian Prince, who, heaven-inſpir'd
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mixt the world. THOM.

In contraſt to the melancholy view of human nature, ſunk in barbariſm and benighted with ignorance, let the preſent ſtate of Europe be impartially eſtimated. Yet though the great increaſe of opulence and learning cannot be denied, there are ſome who aſſert, that virtue and happineſs have as greatly declined. And the immenſe overflow of riches, from the Eaſt in particular, has been pronounced big with deſtruction to the Britiſh empire. Every thing human, it is true, has its dark as well as its bright ſide; but let theſe popular complaints be examined, and it will be found, that modern Europe, and the Britiſh empire in a very particular manner, have received the greateſt and moſt ſolid advantages from the modern enlarged ſyſtem of commerce. The magic of the old romances, which could make the moſt withered, deformed hag, appear as the moſt beautiful virgin, is every day verified in popular declamation. Ancient days are there painted in the moſt amiable ſimplicity, and the modern in the moſt odious colours. Yet what man of fortune in England now lives in that ſtupendous groſs luxury, which every day was exhibited in the Gothic caſtles of the old chieftains! Four or five hundred knights and ſquires in the domeſtic retinue of a warlike earl was not uncommon, nor was the pomp of embroidery inferior to the profuſe waſte of their tables; in both inſtances unequalled by all the mad exceſſes of the preſent age.

While the baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almoſt totally neglected, and his meaner vaſſals fared harder, infinitely leſs comfortably, than the meaneſt induſtrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peaſants, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, paſs their miſerable days in ſloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which nature lays at their feet. He who paſſes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to thoſe remote villages of Scotland or Ireland, which claim this deſcription, is aſtoniſhed at the comparative wretchedneſs of their deſtitute inhabitants; but few conſider, that theſe villages only exhibit a view of what Europe was, ere the ſpirit of commerce diffuſed the bleſſings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harveſt almoſt depopulates an iſland. Having little or no traffic to purchaſe grain, numbers of the young and hale betake themſelves to the continent in queſt of employment and food, leaving a few, leſs adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the ſame fortune. Yet, from the ſame cauſe, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than theſe. Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themſelves with the trophies of France, how often has famine ſpread all her horrors over city and village? Our modern hiſtories neglect this characteriſtical feature of ancient days; but the rude chronicles of theſe ages inform us that three or four times, in almoſt every reign of continuance, was England thus viſited. The failure of one crop was then ſeverely felt, and two bad harveſts together were almoſt inſupportable. But commerce has now opened another ſcene, has armed government with the happieſt power that can be exerted by the rulers of a nation; the power to prevent every * extremity which may poſſibly ariſe from bad harveſts; extremities, which, in former ages, were eſteemed more dreadful viſitations of the wrath of heaven, than the peſtilence itſelf. Yet modern London is not ſo certainly defended againſt the latter, its antient viſitor in almoſt every reign, as the commonwealth by the means of commerce, under a juſt and humane government, is ſecured againſt the ravages of the former. If, from theſe great outlines of the happineſs enjoyed by a commercial over an uncommercial nation, we turn our eyes to the manners, the advantages will be found no leſs in favour of the civiliſed.

Whoever

---

* Extremity; for it were both highly unjuſt and impolitic in government to allow importation in ſuch a degree as might be deſtructive of domeſtic agriculture, even when there is a real failure of the harveſt.

Whoever is inclined to declaim on the vices of the preſent age, let him read, and be convinced, that the Gothic ages were leſs virtuous. If the ſpirit of chivalry prevented effeminacy, it was the foſter father of a ferocity of manners now happily unknown. Rapacity, avarice, and effeminacy, are the vices aſcribed to the increaſe of commerce; and in ſome degree, it muſt be confeſſed, they follow her ſteps. Yet infinitely more dreadful, as every palatinate in Europe often felt, were the effects of the two firſt under the feodal lords, than poſſibly can be experienced under any ſyſtem of trade. The virtues and vices of human nature are the ſame in every age: they only receive different modifications, and lie dormant or are awaked into action under different circumſtances. The feodal lord had it infinitely more in his power to be rapacious than the merchant. And whatever avarice may attend the trader, his intercourſe with the reſt of mankind lifts him greatly above that brutiſh ferocity which actuates the ſavage, often the ruſtic, and in general characteriſes the ignorant part of mankind. The abolition of the feodal ſyſtem, a ſyſtem of abſolute ſlavery, and that equality of mankind which affords the protection of property, and every other incitement to induſtry, are the glorious gifts which the ſpirit of commerce, called forth by prince Henry of Portugal, has beſtowed upon Europe in general; and, as if directed by the manes of his mother, a daughter of England, upon the Britiſh empire in particular. In the vice of effeminacy alone, perhaps, do we exceed our anceſtors; yet even here we have infinitely the advantage over them. The brutal ferocity of former ages is now loſt, and the general mind is humaniſed. The ſavage breaſt is the native ſoil of revenge; a vice, of all others, ingratitude excepted, peculiarly ſtamped with the character of hell. But the mention of this was reſerved for the character of the ſavages of Europe. The ſavage of every country is implacable when injured, but among ſome, revenge has its meaſure. When an American Indian is murdered, his kindred purſue the murderer, and ſoon as blood has atoned for blood, the wilds of America hear the hoſtile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the dead; and as an oblivion of malice, the murdered and the murderer are buried together. But the meaſure of revenge, never to be full, was left for the demi-ſavages of Europe. The vaſſals of the feodal lord entered into his quarrels with the moſt inexorable rage. Juſt or unjuſt was no conſideration of theirs. It was a family feud; no farther enquiry was made; and from age to age the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And actions, ſuitable to this horrid ſpirit, every where confeſſed its virulent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Reſentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honeſt, and though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard taſk of humaniſed virtue to preſerve the feeling of an injury unmixt with the ſlighteſt criminal wiſh of revenge, how impoſſible is it for the ſavage to attain the dignity of forgiveneſs, the greateſt ornament of human nature! As in individuals, a virtue will riſe into a vice, generoſity into blind profuſion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, ſo civiliſed manners will lead the opulent into effeminacy. But let it be conſidered, this conſequence is by no means the certain reſult of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the moſt effectual preventive of this evil. Where claſſical literature prevails, the manly ſpirit which it breathes muſt be diffuſed. Whenever frivolouſneſs predominates, when refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, literary ignorance is ſure to complete the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly ſecure its poſſeſſor againſt thoſe exceſſes of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners it is not neceſſary to be a clown, or to wear coarſe cloaths; nor is it neceſſary to lie on the ground and feed like the ſavage, to be truly manly. The beggar who, behind the hedge, divides his offals with his dog, has often more of the real ſenſualiſt than he who dines at an elegant table: Nor need we heſitate to aſſert, that he who, unable to preſerve a manly elegance of manners, degenerates into the *petit maitre*, would have been, in any age or condition, equally inſignificant and worthleſs. Some, when they talk of the debauchery of the preſent age, ſeem to think that the former were all innocence. But this is ignorance of human nature. The debauchery of a barbarous age is groſs and brutal; that of a gloomy ſuperſtitious one, ſecret, exceſſive, and murderous; that of a more poliſhed one, not to make an apology, much happier for the fair ſex *, and certainly in no circumſtance ſo big with political unhappineſs. If one diſeaſe has been imported from

---

* Even that warm admirer of ſavage happineſs, the author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique & Politique des Etabliſſemens*, &c. confeſſes, that the wild Americans ſeem deſtitute of the feeling of love—" In a little while, ſays he, when the heat of paſſion is " gratified, they loſe all affection and attachment for their wo" men, whom they degrade to the moſt ſervile offices."—A tender remembrance of the firſt endearments, a generous participation of care and hope, the compaſſionate ſentiments of honour, all thoſe delicate feelings, which ariſe into affection and bind attachment, are indeed incompatible with the ferocious and groſs ſenſations of the barbarian of any country.

Spaniſh America, the moſt valuable medicines have likewiſe been brought from theſe regions; and diſtempers, which were thought invincible by our forefathers, are now cured. If the luxuries of the Indies uſher diſeaſe to our tables, the conſequence is not unknown; the wiſe and the temperate receive no injury; and intemperance has been the deſtroyer of mankind in every age. The opulence of ancient Rome produced a luxury of manners which proved fatal to that mighty empire. But the effeminate ſenſualiſts of thoſe ages were men of no intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings inſpired by liberal ſtudy, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wiſdom which ariſes from ſcience and true philoſophy, they were groſs barbarians, dreſſed in the mere outward tinſel of civilization *. Where the enthuſiaſm of military honour characteriſes the rank of gentlemen, that nation will riſe into empire. But no ſooner does conqueſt give a continued ſecurity, than the mere ſoldier degenerates; and the old veterans are ſoon ſucceeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but deſtitute

---

* The degeneracy of the Roman literature preceded the fate of that empire, and the reaſon is obvious. The men of fortune grew frivolous, and ſuperficial in every branch of knowledge, and were therefore unable to hold the reins of empire. The degeneracy of literary taſte is, therefore, the ſureſt proof of the general declenſion.

titute of their virtues and experience. Polite literature not only humaniſes the heart, but alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens and enlarges the mind. Moral and political philoſophy are its peculiar provinces, and are never happily cultivated without its aſſiſtance. But where ignorance characteriſes the body of the nobility, the moſt inſipid diſſipation, and the very idleneſs and effeminacy of luxury, are ſure to follow. Titles and family are then the only merit; and the few men of buſineſs who ſurround the throne, have it then in their power to aggrandiſe themſelves by rivetting the chains of ſlavery. A ſtately grandeur is preſerved, but it is only outward; all is decayed within, and on the firſt ſtorm the weak fabric falls to the duſt. Thus roſe and thus fell the empire of Rome, and the much wider one of Portugal. Though the increaſe of wealth did indeed contribute to that corruption of manners which unnerved the Portugueſe, certain it is, the wiſdom of legiſlature might have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquiſitions in the two Indies. Every evil which they have ſuffered from their acquirements aroſe, as ſhall be hereafter demonſtrated, from their general ignorance, an ignorance which rendered them unable to inveſtigate or apprehend, even the firſt principles of civil and commercial philoſophy. And what other than the total eclipſe of their glory could be expected from a nobility, rude and unlettered as thoſe of Portugal are deſcribed by the author of the Luſiad, a court and nobility, who ſealed the truth of all his complaints againſt them, by ſuffering that great man, the light of their age, to die in an alms-houſe! What but the fall of their ſtate could be expected from barbarians like theſe! Nor can the annals of mankind produce one inſtance of the fall of empire, where the character of the grandees was other than that aſcribed to his countrymen by Camoëns.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

NO leſſon can be of greater national importance than the hiſtory of the riſe and the fall of a commercial empire. The view of what advantages were acquired, and of what might have been ſtill added; the means by which ſuch empire might have been continued, and the errors by which it was loſt, are as particularly conſpicuous in the naval and commercial hiſtory of Portugal, as if Providence had intended to give a laſting example to mankind; a chart, where the courſe of the ſafe voyage is pointed out; and where the ſhelves and rocks, and the ſeaſons of tempeſt, are diſcovered, and foretold.

The hiſtory of Portugal, as a naval and commercial power, begins with the enterprizes of Prince Henry. But as the improvements introduced by this great man, and the completion of his deſigns are intimately connected with the political ſtate of his age and country, a conciſe view of the progreſs of the power, and of the character of that kingdom, will be neceſſary to elucidate the hiſtory of the revival of commerce, and the ſubject of the Luſiad.

During the centuries, when the effeminated Roman provinces of Europe were deſolated by the irruptions of northern or Scythian barbarians, the Saracens, originally of the ſame race, a wandering banditti of Aſiatic Sc[illegible] ſpread the ſame horrors of brutal conqueſt over the fin[illegible] countries of the eaſtern world. The northern conquerors of the finer provinces of Europe embraced the Chriſtian religion as profeſſed by the monks, and, contented with the luxuries of their new ſettlements, their military ſpirit ſoon declined. Their ancient brothers, the Saracens, on the other hand, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, their rage of war received every addition which may poſſibly be inſpired by religious enthuſiaſm. Not only the ſpoils of the vanquiſhed, but their beloved Paradiſe itſelf, were to be obtained by their ſabres, by extending the faith of their prophet by force of arms and uſurpation of dominion. Strengthened and inſpired by a commiſſion which they eſteemed divine, the rapidity of their conqueſts far exceeded thoſe of the Goths and Vandals. A great majority of the inhabitants of every country which they ſubdued, embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views; and the profeſſors of Mohammediſm became the moſt formidable combination that ever was leagued together againſt the reſt of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the infidel arms ſpread ſlaughter and deſolation from the ſouth of Spain to Italy and the iſlands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their leſs warlike poſterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mohammedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their luſt of [illegible]ueſt threatened deſtruction to every Chriſtian power. [illegible]t a romantic military ſpirit revived in Europe, under the auſpices of Charlemagne. Several religious military orders were eſtabliſhed. Celibacy, the ſtudy of religion, and the exerciſe of arms, were the conditions of their vow, and the defence of their country and of the faith, their ambition and ſole purpoſe. He who fell in battle was honoured and envied as a martyr. And moſt wonderful victories crowned the ardor of theſe religious warriors. The Mohammedans, during the reign of Charlemagne, made a moſt formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; but the honour which was paid to the knights who wore the badge of the croſs, drew the adventurous youth of every Chriſtian power to the ſtandards of that political monarch, and in fact (a circumſtance however neglected by hiſtorians) gave birth to the Cruſades, the beginning of which, in propriety, ought to be dated from his reign. Few indeed are the hiſtorians of this age, but enough remain to prove that though the writers of the old romance have greatly diſguiſed it, though they have given full room to the wildeſt flights of imagination, and have added the inexhauſtible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on hiſtorical facts *. And, however this period may thus reſemble the fabulous ages of Greece, certain it is, that an Orlando, a Rinaldo, a Rugero, and other celebrated names in romance, acquired great honour in the wars which were waged againſt the Saracens, the invaders of Europe. In theſe romantic wars, by which the power of the Mohammedans was checked, ſeveral centuries elapſed, w[illegible] Alonzo, king of Caſtile, apprehenſive that the whole for[illegible] of the Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco was ready to fall upon him, prudently imitated the conduct of Charlemagne. He availed himſelf of the ſpirit of chivalry, and demanded leave of Philip I. of France, and of other princes, that volunteers from their dominions might be allowed to diſtinguiſh themſelves under his banners againſt the infidels. His deſire was no ſooner known, than a brave romantic army thronged to his ſtandards, and Alonzo was victorious. Honours and endowments were liberally diſtributed among the champions, and to one of the braveſt of

---

* Arioſto, who adopted the legends of the old romance, chuſed this period for the ſubject of his Orlando Furioſo. Paris beſieged by the Saracens, Orlando and the other Chriſtian knights aſſemble in aid of Charlemagne, who are oppoſed in their amours and in battle by Rodomont, Ferraw, and other infidel knights. That there was a noted Mooriſh Spaniard, named Ferraw, a redoubted champion of that age, we have the teſtimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a writer of note of the fifteenth centur

of them, to Henry *, a younger ſon of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Tereſa in marriage, with the ſovereignty of the countries ſouth of Galicia in dowry, commiſſioning him to extend his dominions by the expulſion of the Moors. Henry, who reigned by the title of count, improved every advantage which offered. The two rich provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Tra los Montes*, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira was alſo ſubdued; and the Mooriſh king of Lamego became his tributary. Many thouſands of Chriſtians, who had lived in miſerable ſubjection to the Moors, or in deſolate independency on the mountains, took ſhelter under the gene[illegible]s protection of count Henry. Great numbers alſo of the Moors changed their religion, and chuſed rather to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, than be expoſed to the ſeverities and injuſtice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the moſt † beautiful and fertile ſpots of the world, and in the fineſt climate, in conſequence of a cruſade ‡ againſt the Mohammedans, was eſtabliſhed the ſovereignty of Portugal, a ſovereignty which in time ſpread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a ſucceſsful reign, was ſucceeded by his infant ſon Don Alonzo-Henry, who having ſurmounted ſeveral dangers which threatened his youth §, became the firſt of the Portugueſe kings. In 1139 the Moors of Spain and Barbary united their forces to recover the dominions from which they had been driven by the Chriſtians. According to the loweſt accounts of the Portugueſe writers, the army of the Moors amounted to 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we conſider what great armies they at other times brought to the field; and that at this time they came to take poſſeſſion of the lands which they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very ſmall army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and after a ſtruggle of ſix hours, obtained a moſt glorious and compleat[*] victory, and which was crowned with an event of the utmoſt [illegible]portance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal by his victorious ſoldiers, and he in return conferred the rank of nobility on the whole army. But the conſtitution of the monarchy was not ſettled, nor was Alonzo inveſted with the *regalia* till ſix years after this memorable day. The government the Portugueſe had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they ſaw were derived from their own valour, had taught them a love of liberty, which was not to be complimented away in the joy of victory, or by the ſhouts of tumult. Alonzo himſelf underſtood their ſpirit too well to venture the leaſt attempt to make himſelf a deſpotic monarch; nor did he diſcover the leaſt inclination to deſtroy that bold conſciouſneſs of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer, and to elect him their ſovereign. After ſix years ſpent in farther victories, in extending and ſecuring his dominions, he called an aſſembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the aſſembly opened, Alonzo appeared ſeated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the conſtitution of the ſtate was ſettled, and eighteen ſtatutes were ſolemnly confirmed by oath *, as the charter of king and people; ſtatutes diametrically oppoſite to the *jus divinum* of kings, to the principles which inculcate and demand the unlimited paſſive obedience of the ſubject.

---

* See the notes on pages 93 and 94. vol. i.

† Small indeed in extent, but ſo rich in fertility, that it was called *Medulla Hiſpanica, The marrow of Spain.* Vid. Reſendii Antiq. Luſit. l. iii.

‡ In propriety moſt certainly a cruſade, though that term has never before been applied to this war.

§ See the note on page 96. vol. i.

---

[*] For an account of this battle, and the coronation of the firſt king of Portugal, ſee the note, p. 105. vol. I.

Conſcious of what they owed to their own valour, the founders of the Portugueſe monarchy tranſmitted to their heirs thoſe generous principles of liberty which compleat and adorn the martial character. The ardour of the volunteer, an ardour unknown to the ſlave and the mercenary, added to the moſt romantic ideas of military glory, characteriſed the Portugueſe under the reigns of their firſt monarchs. In almoſt continual wars with the Moors, this ſpirit, on which the exiſtence of their kingdom depended, roſe higher and higher; and the deſire to extirpate Mohammediſm, the principle which animated the wiſh of victory in every battle, ſeemed to take deeper root in every age. Such were the manners, and ſuch the principles of the people who were governed by the ſucceſſors of Alonzo the Firſt; a ſucceſſion of great men, who proved themſelves worthy to reign over ſo military and enterpriſing a nation.

---

* The power of depoſing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumſtances, is veſted in the people by the ſtatutes of Lamego. See the notes, p. 106 and 107. vol. i.

By a continued train of victories Portugal increaſed conſiderably in ſtrength, and the Portugueſe had the honour to drive the Moors from Europe. The invaſions of theſe people were now requited by ſucceſsful expeditions into Africa. And ſuch was the manly ſpirit of theſe ages, that the ſtatutes of Lamego received additional articles in favour of liberty; a convincing proof that the general heroiſm of a people depends upon the principles of freedom. Alonzo IV. * though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greateſt warrior, politician, and monar[illegible] of his age. After a reign of military ſplendor he left his throne to his ſon Pedro, who from his inflexible juſtice was ſurnamed the Juſt, or, the Lover of Juſtice. The ideas of equity and literature were now diffuſed by this great prince †, who was himſelf a polite ſcholar, and moſt accompliſhed gentleman. And Portugal began to perceive the advantages of cultivated talents, and to feel its ſuperiority over the barbarous politics of the ignorant Moors. The great Pedro, however, was ſucceeded by a weak prince, and the heroic ſpirit of the Portugueſe ſeemed to exiſt no more under his ſon Fernando, ſurnamed the Careleſs.

But the general character of the people was too deeply impreſſed, to be obliterated by one inglorious reign; and under

---

* For the character of this prince, ſee the note, p. 138. vol. i.

† For anecdotes of this monarch, ſee the notes, p. 142 and 143. vol. i.

under John I. * all the virtues of the Portugueſe ſhone forth with redoubled luſtre. Happy for Portugal, his father beſtowed a moſt excellent education upon this prince, which added to, and improving his great natural talents, rendered him one of the greateſt of monarchs. Conſcious of the ſuperiority which his own liberal education gave him, he was aſſiduous to beſtow the ſame advantages upon his children; and he himſelf often became their preceptor in the branches of ſcience and uſeful knowledge. Fortunate in all his affairs, he was moſt of all fortunate in his family. He had many ſons, and he lived to ſee them men, men of parts and of action, whoſe only emulation was to ſhew affection to his perſon, and to ſupport his adminiſtration by their great abilities.

There is ſomething exceedingly pleaſing in the hiſtory of a family which ſhews human nature in its moſt exalted virtues and moſt amiable colours; and the tribute of veneration is ſpontaneouſly paid to the father who diſtinguiſhes the different talents of his children, and places them in the proper lines of action. All the ſons of John excelled in military exerciſes, and in the literature of their age; Don Edward and Don † Pedro were particularly educated for

---

* This great prince was the natural ſon of Pedro the Juſt. Some years after the murder of his beloved ſpouſe Inez de Caſtro (of which ſee the text and notes, p. 131, &c. vol. i.), leſt his father, whoſe ſevere temper he too well knew, ſhould force him into a diſagreeable marriage, Don Pedro commenced an amour with a Galician lady, who became the mother of John I. the preſerver of the Portugueſe monarchy. See the notes, p. 4 and 5. vol. ii.

† The ſons of John, who figure in hiſtory, were Edward, Juan, Fernando, Pedro, and Henry. Edward ſucceeded his father, (for whoſe character ſee the note, p. 23 and 24. vol. ii.) Juan, diſtinguiſhed both in the camp

for the cabinet, and the mathematical genius of Don Henry, one of his youngeſt ſons, received every encouragement which a king and a father could give, to ripen it into perfection and public utility.

Hiſtory was well known to Prince Henry, and his turn of mind peculiarly enabled him to make political obſervations upon it. The wealth and power of ancient Tyre and Carthage ſhewed him what a maritime nation might hope; and the flouriſhing colonies of the Greeks were the frequent topic of his converſation. Where the Grecian commerce, confined as it was, extended its influence, the deſarts became cultivated fields, cities roſe, and men were drawn from the woods and caverns to unite in ſociety. The Romans, on the other hand, when they deſtroyed Carthage, buried, in her ruins, the fountain of civilization, of improvement and opulence. They extinguiſhed the ſpirit of commerce; the agriculture of the conquered nations, Britannia * alone, perhaps, excepted, was totally neglected. And thus, while the luxury of Rome conſumed the wealth of her provinces, her uncommercial policy dried up the ſources of its continuance. The egregious errors of the Romans, who perceived not the true uſe of their diſtant conqueſts, and the inexhauſtible fountains of opulence which Phœnicia had eſtabliſhed in her colonies,

---

and cabinet, in the reign of his brother Edward had the honour to oppoſe the wild expedition againſt Tangier, which was propoſed by his brother Fernando, in whoſe perpetual captivity it ended. Of Pedro afterwards.

* The honour of this is due to Agricola. He employed his legions in cutting down foreſts and in clearing marſhes. And for ſeveral ages after his time, the Romans drew immenſe quantities of wheat from their Britiſh province.

colonies, inſtructed Prince Henry what gifts to beſtow upon his country, and, in the reſult, upon the whole world. Nor were the ineſtimable advantages of commerce the ſole motives of Henry. All the ardour which the love of his country could awake, conſpired to ſtimulate the natural turn of his genius for the improvement of navigation.

As the kingdom of Portugal had been wreſted from the Moors and eſtabliſhed by conqueſt, so its exiſtence ſtill depended on the ſuperiority of the force of arms; and ere the birth of Henry, the ſuperiority of the Portugueſe navies had been of the utmoſt conſequence to the protection of the ſtate. Such were the circumſtances which united to inſpire the deſigns of Henry, all which were powerfully enforced and invigorated by the religion of that prince. The deſire to extirpate Mohammediſm was patriotiſm in Portugal. It was the principle which gave birth to, and ſupported their monarchy: their kings avowed it and Prince Henry, the piety of whoſe heart cannot be queſtioned, always profeſſed, that to propagate the goſpel was the great purpoſe of his deſigns and enterprizes. And however this, in the event, was * neglected, certain it is, that the ſame principles inſpired, and were always profeſſed by king Emmanuel, under whom the eaſtern world was diſcovered by Gama.

The

---

* Neglected in the idea of the commanders; the idea of Henry however was greatly fulfilled. For the dominion of the Portugueſe in the Indian ſea cut the ſinews of the Egyptian and other Mohammedan powers. But of this afterwards.

The cruſades, to reſcue the Holy Land from the infidels, which had already been, however unregarded by hiſtorians, of the greateſt political ſervice to Spain and Portugal, * began now to have ſome effect upon the commerce of Europe. The Hans Towns had received charters of liberty, and had united together for the protection of their trade againſt the numerous pirates of the Baltic. A people of Italy, known by the name of the Lombards, had opened a lucrative traffic with the ports of Egypt, from whence they imported into Europe the riches of the eaſt; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns, was, in conſequence, ſurrounded with the beſt agriculture of theſe ages †: a certain proof of the dependance of agriculture upon the extent of commerce. Yet though theſe gleams of light, as morning ſtars, began to appear; it was not the groſs multitude, it was only the eye of a Henry which could perceive what they prognoſticated, and it was only a genius like his which could prevent them from again ſetting in the depths of night. The Hans Towns were liable to be buried in the victories of a tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly inſecure and precarious, Europe was ſtill enveloped

---

* See th

† Flanders has been the ſchool-miſtreſs of huſbandry to Europe. Sir Charles Liſle, a royaliſt, reſided in this country ſeveral years during the uſurpation of the regicides; and after the Reſtoration, rendered England the greateſt ſervice, by introducing the preſent ſyſtem of agriculture. Where trade increaſes, men's thoughts are ſet in action; hence the increaſe of food which is wanted, is ſupplied by a redoubled attention to huſbandry; and hence it was that agriculture was of old improved and diffuſed by the Phœnician colonies. Some theoriſts complain of the number of lives which are loſt by navigation, but they totally forget that commerce is the parent of population.

veloped in the dark miſts of ignorance, and though the mariner's compaſs was invented before the birth of Henry, it was improved to no naval advantage. Traffic ſtill crept, in an infant ſtate, along the coaſts, nor were the conſtruction of ſhips adapted for other voyages. One ſucceſsful tyrant might have overwhelmed the ſyſtem and extinguiſhed the ſpirit of commerce, for it ſtood on a much narrower and much feebler baſis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet theſe mighty fabricks, many centuries before, had been ſwallowed up in the deſolations of unpolitical conqueſt. A broader and more permanent foundation of commerce than the world had yet ſeen, an univerſal baſis, was yet wanting to bleſs mankind, and Henry Duke of Viſeo was born to give it.

On purpoſe to promote his deſigns, Prince Henry was by his father ſtationed the commander in chief of the Portugueſe forces in Africa. He had already, in 1412, three years before the reduction of Ceuta *, ſent a ſhip to make diſcoveries on the Barbary coaſt. Cape Nam †, as its name intimates, was then the *Ne plus ultra* of European navigation; the ſhip ſent by Henry however paſſed it ſixty leagues, and reached Cape Bojador. Encouraged by this beginning, the prince, while he was in Africa, acquired whatever information the moſt intelligent of the

---

* At the reduction of Ceuta, and other engagements in Africa, Prince Henry diſplayed a military genius and valour of the firſt magnitude. The important fortreſs of Ceuta was in a manner won by his own ſword. Yet though even poſſeſſed by the enthuſiaſm of chivalry, his genius for navigation prevailed, and confined him to the rock of Sagrez.

† *Nam*, in Portugueſe, a negative.

Moors of Fez and Morocco could give. About a league and one half from the Cape of St. Vincent, in the kingdom of Algarve, Don Henry had obſerved a ſmall, but commodious ſituation for a ſea-port town. On this ſpot, ſuppoſed the *Promontorium Sacrum* of the Romans, he built his town of Sagrez, by much the beſt planned and fortified of any in Portugal. Here, where the view of the ocean, ſays Faria, inſpired his hopes and endeavours, he erected his arſenals, and built and harboured his ſhips. And here, leaving the temporary buſtle and cares of the ſtate to his father and brothers, he retired like a philoſopher from the world, on purpoſe to render his ſtudies of the utmoſt importance to its happineſs. Having received all the light which could be diſcovered in Africa, he continued unwearied in his mathematical and geographical ſtudies; the art of ſhip-building received very great improvement under his direction, and the truth of his ideas of the ſtructure of the terraqueous globe are now confirmed. He it was who firſt ſuggeſted the uſe of the compaſs, and of longitude and latitude in navigation, and how theſe might be aſcertained by aſtronomical obſervations; ſuggeſtions and diſcoveries which would have held no ſecond place among the conjectures of a Bacon, or the improvements of a Newton. Naval adventurers were now invited from all parts to the town of Sagrez, and in 1418 Juan Gonſalez Zarco and Triſtran Vaz ſet ſail on an expedition of diſcovery, the circumſtances of which give us a ſtriking picture of the ſtate of navigation, ere it was new-modelled by the genius of Henry.

Cape Bojador, ſo named from its extent *, runs about forty leagues to the weſtward, and for about ſix leagues off land there is a moſt violent current, which daſhing upon the ſhelves, makes a tempeſtuous ſea. This was deemed impaſſable, for it was not conſidered, that by ſtanding out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To paſs this formidable cape was the commiſſion of Zarco and Vaz, who were alſo ordered to proceed as far as they could to diſcover the African coaſt, which according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at leaſt to the equinoctial † line. Zarco and Vaz, however, loſt their courſe in a ſtorm, and were driven to a little iſland, which, in the joy of their deliverance, they named Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven. Nor was Prince Henry, on their return, leſs joyful of their diſcovery, than they had been of their eſcape: A ſtriking proof of the miſerable ſtate of navigation; for this iſland is only about 150 leagues, the voyage now of three

---

* Forty leagues appeared as a vaſt diſtance to the ſailors of that age, who named this Cape Bojador, from the Spaniſh, *bojar*, to compaſs or go about.

† It was known that the Arabian ſea waſhed the eaſtern ſide of Africa: it was ſurmiſed therefore that a ſouthern promontory bounded that continent. And certain it is, from the concurrent teſtimony of all the writers who treat of Don Henry's diſcoveries, that Africa was ſuppoſed to terminate near to the equinoctial line. The account of Marco Paolo's map, which, it is ſaid, placed the ſouthern cape in its proper latitude, ſeems to have been propagated on purpoſe to diſcredit Prince Henry's reputation. The ſtory ſtands thus: Anthony Galvan relates, that Fran. de Souſa Tavares told him that Don Ferdinand told him that in 1526, he found, in the monaſtery of Acobaça, a chart of Africa, 120 years old, which was ſaid to have been copied from one at Venice, which alſo was believed to have been copied from one of Marco Paolo, which, according to Ramuſius, marked the Cape of Good Hope. Marco Paolo is ſaid to have travelled into India and China in the fourteenth century.

three or four days in moderate weather, from the promontory of Sagrez.

The diſcoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Pereſtrello, were with three ſhips ſent out on farther trial. Pereſtrello, having ſowed ſome ſeeds, and left ſome cattle on Holy Haven, returned to Portugal *. But Zarco and Vaz directing their courſe ſouthward, in 1419, perceived ſomething like a cloud on the water, and ſailing toward it, diſcovered an iſland covered with wood, which from thence they named Madeira †. And this rich and beautiful iſland, which ſoon yielded a conſiderable revenue, was the firſt reward of the enterprizes of prince Henry.

If the Duke of Viſeo's liberal ideas of eſtabliſhing colonies, thoſe ſinews of a commercial ſtate, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to ſtrike the groſs multitude; yet other advantages reſulting from his deſigns, one would conclude, were ſelf-evident. Nature calls upon Portugal to be a maritime power, and her

---

* Unluckily alſo were left on this iſland two rabbits, whoſe young ſo increaſed, that in a few years it was found not habitable, every vegetable being deſtroyed by the great increaſe of theſe animals.

† The diſcovery of Madeira by Prince Henry, was followed by the firſt ſettlement of that iſland, ſince the days of Carthaginian commerce. The Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verde iſlands, were frequented by that trading people; but ſuch was the groſſneſs of the Roman policy, that, after the fall of Carthage, the navigation to theſe parts ceaſed. One Macham, an Engliſhman, it is ſaid, (*Harris's Voyages*,) buried his miſtreſs in Madeira, in 1344. Some veſſels driven by tempeſt, had perhaps, before the time of Don Henry, deſcried the Madeira iſlands, but the regular navigation to them was unknown, till eſtabliſhed by this great prince. Vid. *Faria*, tom. i. c. i.

her naval ſuperiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the ſureſt defence of her exiſtence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to eſtabliſh that naval ſuperiority on the ſureſt baſis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the cleareſt political principles in favour of Henry; yet were his enterpriſes and his expected diſcoveries derided with all the inſolence of ignorance, and all the bitterneſs of popular clamour. Barren deſarts like Lybia, it was ſaid, were all that could be found, and a thouſand diſadvantages, drawn from theſe data, were foreſeen and foretold. The great mind and better knowledge of Henry, however, were not thus to be ſhaken. Though twelve years from the diſcovery of Madeira had elapſed in unſucceſsful endeavours to carry his navigation farther, he was now more happy; for one of his captains, named Galianez, in 1434, paſſed the Cape of Bojador, till then invincible; an action, ſays Faria, in the common opinion, not inferior to the labours of Hercules.

Galianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonſalez Baldaya, carried his diſcoveries many leagues farther. Having put two horſemen on ſhore, to diſcover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding ſeveral hours, ſaw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horſemen purſued, till one of the Portugueſe, being wounded, loſt the firſt blood that was ſacrificed to the new ſyſtem of commerce. A ſmall beginning, a very ſmall ſtreamlet, ſome perhaps may exclaim, but which ſoon ſwelled into oceans, and deluged the eaſtern and weſtern worlds. Let ſuch philoſophers, however, be deſired to point out the deſign of public utility, which has been unpolluted by the depravity of the human paſſions. To ſuppoſe that Heaven itſelf could give an inſtitution which could not be perverted, and to ſuppoſe no previous alteration in human nature, is contradictory in propoſition; for as human nature now exiſts, power cannot be equally poſſeſſed by all, and whenever the ſelfiſh or vicious paſſions predominate, that power will certainly be abuſed. The cruelties therefore of Cortez, and that more horrid barbarian Pizarro *, are no more to be charged upon Don Henry

---

* Some eminent writers, both at home and abroad, have of late endeavoured to ſoften the character of Cortez, and have urged the neceſſity of war for the ſlaughters he committed. Theſe authors have alſo greatly ſoftened the horrid features of the Mexicans. If one, however, would trace the true character of Cortez and the Americans, he muſt have recourſe to the numerous Spaniſh writers, who were either witneſſes of the firſt wars, or ſoon after travelled in thoſe countries. In theſe he will find many anecdotes which afford a light, not to be found in our moderniſed hiſtories. In theſe it will be found, that Cortez ſet out to take gold by force, and not by eſtabliſhing any ſyſtem of commerce with the natives, the only juſt reaſon of effecting a ſettlement in a foreign country. He was aſked by various ſtates, what commodities or drugs he wanted, and was promiſed abundant ſupply. He and his Spaniards, he anſwered, had a diſeaſe at their hearts, which nothing but gold could cure; and he received intelligence, that Mexico abounded with it. Under pretence of a friendly conference, he made Montezuma his priſoner, and ordered him to pay tribute to Charles V. Immenſe ſums were paid, but the demand was boundleſs. Tumults enſued. Cortez diſplayed amazing generalſhip, and ſome millions of thoſe, who in enumerating to the Spaniards the greatneſs of Montezuma, boaſted that his yearly ſacrifices conſumed 20,000 men, were now ſacrificed to the diſeaſe of Cortez's heart. Pizarro, however, in the barbarity of his ſoul, far exceeded him. There is a very bright ſide of the character of Cortez. If we forget that his avarice was the cauſe of a moſt unjuſt and moſt bloody war, in every other reſpect he will appear as one of the greateſt of heroes. But Pizarro is a character completely deteſtable, deſtitute of every ſpark of generoſity. He maſſacred the Peruvians, he ſaid, becauſe they were barbarians, and he himſelf

Henry and Columbus, than the villanies of the Jeſuits and the horrors of the inquiſition are to be aſcribed to Him, whoſe precepts are ſummed up in the great command, To do to your neighbout as you would wiſh your neighbour to do to you. But if it is ſtill alleged that he who plans a diſcovery ought to foreſee the miſeries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprize, let the objector be told, that the miſeries are uncertain, while the advantages are real and ſure; and that the true philoſopher will not confine his eye to the Spaniſh campaigns in Mexico and Peru, but will extend his proſpect to all the ineſtimable benefits, all the improvements of laws, opinions, and of manners, which have been introduced by the intercourſe of univerſal commerce.

In 1440 Anthony Gonſalez brought ſome Moors priſoners to Liſbon. Theſe he took two and forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned to Africa with his captives. One Moor eſcaped from him, but ten blacks of Guinea and a conſiderable quantity of gold duſt were given in ranſom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by Gonſalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the iſlands of Adeget, Arguim, and *de las Garças*, were now diſcovered.

---

himſelf could not read. Atabalipa, amazed at the art of reading, got a Spaniard to write the word Dios (the Spaniſh for God) on his finger. On trying if the Spaniards agreed in what it ſignified, he diſcovered that Pizarro could not read. And Pizarro, in the revenge of the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabalipa, ordered that Prince to be tried for his life, for having concubines, and being an idolator. Atabalipa was condemned to be burned; but on ſubmitting to baptiſm, he was only hanged.

Theſe Guinea blacks, the firſt ever ſeen in Portugal, and the gold duſt, excited other paſſions beſide admiration. A company was formed at Lagos, under the auſpices of prince Henry, to carry on a traffic with the new diſcovered countries; and as the Portugueſe conſidered themſelves in a ſtate of continual hoſtility with the Moors, about two hundred of theſe people, inhabitants of the iſlands of Nar and Tider, in 1444, were brought priſoners to Portugal. This was ſoon revenged. Gonzalo de Cintra was the next year attacked by the Moors, fourteen leagues beyond Rio del Oro, where with ſeven of his men he was killed.

Theſe hoſtile proceedings diſpleaſed prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonſalez and two other captains were ſent to enter into a treaty of peace and traffic with the natives of Rio del Oro, and alſo to attempt their converſion. But theſe propoſals were rejected by the barbarians, one of whom, however, came voluntarily to Portugal; and Juan Fernandez remained with the natives, to obſerve their manners and the products of the country. In the year following, Fernandez was found in good health, and brought home to Portugal. The account he gave of the country and people affords a ſtriking inſtance of the miſery of barbarians. The land, an open, barren, ſandy plain, where the wandering natives were guided in their journeys by the ſtars and flights of birds; their food, milk, lizards, locuſts, and ſuch herbs as the ſoil produced without culture; and their only defence from the ſcorching heat of the ſun ſome miſerable tents which they pitched, as occaſion required, on the burning ſands.

In 1447 upwards of thirty ſhips followed the route of traffic which was now opened; and John de Caſtilla obtained the infamy to ſtand the firſt on the liſt of thoſe names whoſe villainies have diſgraced the ſpirit of commerce, and afforded the loudeſt complaints againſt the progreſs of navigation. Diſſatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully ſeized twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries,) who had aſſiſted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as ſlaves to Portugal. But prince Henry reſented this outrage, and having given them ſome valuable preſents of clothes, reſtored the captives to freedom and their native country.

The converſion and reduction of the Canaries was alſo this year attempted; but Spain having claimed a right to theſe iſlands *, the expedition was diſcontinued. In the Canary iſlands was found a feodal cuſtom; the chief man or governor was gratified with the firſt night of every bride in his diſtrict.

In 1448 Fernando Alonzo was ſent ambaſſador to the king of Cabo Verde with a treaty of trade and converſion, which was defeated at that time by the treachery of the natives.

---

* Sometime before this period, *John de Betancour*, a Frenchman, under the king of Caſtile, had made a ſettlement in the Canaries, which had been diſcovered, it is ſaid, about 1340, by ſome Biſcayneers.

natives. In 1449 the Azores were diſcovered by Gonſalo Vello, and the coaſt ſixty leagues beyond Cape Verde was viſited by the fleets of Henry. It is alſo certain that ſome of his commanders paſſed the equinoctial line. It was the cuſtom of his ſailors to leave his motto, TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE, wherever they came; and in 1525 Loaya, a Spaniſh captain, found that device carved on the bark of a tree in the iſle of St. Matthew, in the ſecond degree of ſouth latitude.

Prince Henry had now with the moſt inflexible perſeverance proſecuted his diſcoveries for upwards of forty years. His father, John I. concurred with him in his views, and gave him every aſſiſtance; his brother king Edward, during his ſhort reign, was the ſame as his father had been; nor was the eleven years regency of his brother Don Pedro leſs auſpicious to him *. But the miſunderſtanding between Pedro and his nephew Alonzo V. who took upon him the reins of government in his ſeventeenth year, retarded the deſigns of Henry, and gave him much unhappineſs †. At his town of Sagrez, from whence he had not moved for many years, except when called to court

---

* The difficulties he ſurmounted, and the aſſiſtance he received, are inconteſtible proofs, that an adventurer of inferior birth could never have carried his deſigns into execution.

† Don Pedro was villainouſly accuſed of treacherous deſigns by his baſtard brother, the firſt duke of Braganza. Henry left his town of Sagrez, to defend his brother at court, but in vain. Pedro, finding the young king in the power of Braganza, fled, and ſoon after was killed in defending himſelf againſt a party who were ſent to ſeize him. His innocence, after his death, was fully proved, and his nephew Alonzo V. gave him an honourable burial.

court on ſome emergency of ſtate, Don Henry, now in his ſixty-ſeventh year, yielded to the ſtroke of fate, in the year of our Lord 1463, gratified with the certain proſpect, that the route to the eaſtern world would one day crown the enterprizes to which he had given birth. He had the happineſs to ſee the naval ſuperiority of his country over the Moors eſtabliſhed on the moſt ſolid baſis, its trade greatly upon the increaſe, and what he eſteemed his greateſt happineſs, he flattered himſelf that he had given a mortal wound to Mohammediſm, and had opened the door to an univerſal propagation of Chriſtianity and the civilization of mankind. And to him, as to their primary author, are due all the ineſtimable advantages which ever have flowed, or will flow, from the diſcovery of the greateſt part of Africa, of the Eaſt and Weſt Indies. Every improvement in the ſtate and manners of theſe countries, or whatever country may be yet diſcovered, is ſtrictly due to him; nor is the difference between the preſent ſtate of Europe and the monkiſh age in which he was born, leſs the reſult of his genius and toils. What is an * Alexander crowned with trophies at the head of his army, compared with a Henry contemplating the ocean from his window on the rock of Sagrez! The one ſuggeſts the idea of the evil dæmon, the other of a tutelary angel.

From

---

* It has been ſaid by ſome French writers, that the conqueſts of Alexander were intended to civilize, and unite the world in one grand intereſt; and that for this great purpoſe he built cities and eſtabliſhed colonies in Aſia. Thoſe, however, who have ſtudied the true character of that vain-glorious conqueror, the wild delirium of his ambition, and his as wild fondneſs of Aſiatic manners, will allow this refinement of deſign to hold no place in the motives of the pretended ſon of Jupiter.

From the year 1448, when Alonzo V. aſſumed the power of government, till the end of his reign in 1471, little progreſs was made in maritime affairs, and Cape Catharine was only added to the former diſcoveries. But under his ſon John II. the deſigns of prince Henry were proſecuted with renewed vigour. In 1481 the Portugueſe built a fort on the Golden Coaſt, and the king of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea. Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, reached the river, which he named del Infante, on the eaſtern ſide of Africa; but deterred by the ſtorms of that region from proceeding farther, on his return he had the happineſs to be diſcoverer of the promontory, unknown for many ages, which bounds the ſouth of Afric. This, from the ſtorms he there encountered, he named the *Cape of Tempeſts*; but John, elated with the promiſe of India, which this diſcovery, as he juſtly deemed, included, gave it the name of the *Cape of Good Hope*. The arts and valour of the Portugueſe had now made a great impreſſion on the minds of the Africans. The king of Congo, a dominion of great extent, ſent the ſons of ſome of his principal officers to be inſtructed in arts and religion; and ambaſſadors from the king of Benin requeſted teachers to be ſent to his kingdom. On the return of theſe his ſubjects, the king and queen of Congo, with 100,000 of their people, were baptized. An ambaſſador alſo arrived from the Chriſtian emperor of Abyſſinia, and Pedro de Covillam and Alonzo de Payva were ſent by land to penetrate into the Eaſt, that they might acquire whatever intelligence might facilitate the deſired navigation to India. Covillam and Payva parted at Toro in Arabia, and took different routs. The former having viſited Conanor, Calicut, and Goa in India, returned to Grand Cairo, where he heard of the death of his companion. Here alſo he met the Rabbi Abraham of Beja, who was employed for the ſame purpoſe by king John. Covillam ſent the Rabbi home with an account of what countries he had ſeen, and he himſelf proceeded to Ormuz and Ethiopia, but as Camoëns expreſſes it:

——— to *his* native ſhore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, *he* return'd no more.

Men, whoſe genius led them to maritime affairs, began now to be poſſeſſed by an ardent ambition to diſtinguiſh themſelves; and the famous Columbus offered his ſervice to the king of Portugal. Every one knows the diſcoveries of this great adventurer, but his hiſtory is generally miſunderſtood *. It is by ſome believed, that his ideas of the ſphere of the earth gave birth to his opinion, that there muſt be an immenſe unknown continent in the Weſt *, ſuch as America is now known to be; and that his propoſals were to go in ſearch of it. But the ſimple truth is, Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his ſkill in navigation among the Portugueſe, could be no ſtranger

---

* Groatly miſunderſtood, even by the ingenious author of the *Account of the European Settlements in America.* Having mentioned the barbarous ſtate of Europe; " Mathematical learning, ſays he, was little valued or cultivated. " The true ſyſtem of the heavens was not dreamed of. There was no " knowledge at all of the real form of the earth, and in general the ideas of " mankind were not extended beyond their ſenſible horizon. In this ſtate " of affairs Chriſtopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, undertook to extend " the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world. This man's de- " ſign aroſe from the juſt idea he had formed of the figure of the earth."— But this is all a miſtake. Nor is the author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique,* &c. leſs unhappy. Miſled by the common opinion of Columbus, he has thus pompouſly cloathed it in the dreſs of imagination—*Un homme obſcur*, ſays he, *plus avancé que ſon ſiecle,* &c.—thus literally, " An obſure man, more advanced " than his cotemporaries in the knowledge of aſtronomy and navigation, " propoſed to Spain, happy in her internal dominion, to aggrandiſe herſelf " abroad. Chriſtopher Columbus felt, as if by inſtinct, that there muſt be " another continent, and that he was to diſcover it. The antipodes, treated " by

---

" by reaſon itſelf as a chimera, and by ſuperſtition as error and impiety, " were in the eyes of this man of genius an inconteſtible truth. Full of " this idea, one of the grandeſt which could enter the human mind, he " propoſed, &c.——The miniſters of this princeſs (Iſabel of Spain) " eſtemed as a viſionary, a man who pretended to diſcover a world——." But this dream of diſcovering a world never entered the head of Columbus. And be it our's to reſtore his due honours to the prince of Portugal. By the moſt indubitable and concurrent teſtimony of all the Portugueſe hiſtorians of this period, Henry had undertaken to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, and had extended them much beyond the ſenſible horizon, long ere Columbus appeared. Columbus indeed taught the Spaniards the uſe of longitude and latitude in navigation, but he himſelf learned theſe among the Portugueſe. Every alteration here aſcribed to Columbus, had almoſt fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's deſign of ſailing to India was adopted by Columbus. It was every where his propoſal. When he arrived in the Weſt Indies, he thought he had found the Ophir of Solomon [a], and thence theſe iſlands received their general name. And on his return he told John II. that he had been at the iſlands of India. When he landed in Cuba, he enquired for Cipango, the name of Japan, according to Marco Paolo, and by the miſtake of the natives, who thought he ſaid Cibao, he was informed of the richeſt mines of Hiſpaniola. And even on his fourth and laſt voyage in 1502, three years after Gama's return, he promiſed the king of Spain to find India by a weſtward paſſage. But though great diſcoveries rewarded his toils, his firſt and laſt purpoſe he never completed. It was reſerved for Magalhaens to diſcover the weſtward route to the eaſtern world.

* Gomara, and other Spaniſh writers relate, that while Columbus lived in Madeira, a pilot, the only ſurvivor of a ſhip's crew, died at his houſe. This pilot, they ſay, had been driven to the Weſt Indies or America by tempeſt, and on his death-bed communicated the journal of his voyage to Columbus. But this ſtory, as it ſtands at large, is involved in contradiction without proof, and is every where eſteemed a fable of malice.

[a] Peter Martyr (who lived at that time at the court of Spain). Dec. 1. l. 1.

ſtranger to the deſign long meditated in that kingdom, of diſcovering a naval route to India, which they endeavoured to find by compaſſing the coaſt of Africa. According to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, India was ſuppoſed to be the next land to the weſt of Spain. And the idea of diſcovering a weſtern paſſage, to the Eaſt, is due to the genius of Columbus; but no more: To diſcover India and the adjacent iſlands of ſpices, already famous over all Europe, was every where the avowed and ſole idea of Columbus *. A propoſal of this kind to the king of Portugal, whoſe fleets had already paſſed the Cape of Good Hope, and who eſteemed the route to India as almoſt diſcovered, and in the power of his own ſubjects, could at the court of Liſbon expect no ſucceſs. And the offered ſervices of the foreigner were rejected, even with ſome degree of contempt. Columbus, however, met a more favourable reception from Ferdinand and Iſabella, the king and queen of Caſtile. To interfere with the route or diſcoveries, opened and enjoyed by another power, was at this time eſteemed contrary to the laws of nations. Columbus, therefore, though the object was one, propoſed, as Magalhaens afterwards did for the ſame reaſon, to ſteer the weſtward courſe, and having in 1492 diſcovered ſome weſtern iſlands, in 1493, on his return to Spain, he put into the Tagus with great tokens of the riches of his diſcovery. Some of the Portugueſe

---

* And ſo deeply had ancient geography fixed this idea, that Sebaſtian Cabot's propoſal to Henry VII. 1497, was to diſcover Cathay, and thence India, by the north-weſt. See Hakluit, tom. 3. p. 7 And Ramuſius, Prefat. tom. 3.—Columbus endeavoured, firſt, to diſcover India directly by the weſt, and afterward, by the ſouth-weſt.

tugueſe courtiers, the ſame ungenerous minds perhaps who adviſed the rejection of Columbus becauſe he was a foreigner, propoſed the aſſaſſination of that great man, thereby to conceal from Spain the advantages of his navigation. But John, though Columbus rather roughly upbraided him, looked upon him now with a generous regret, and diſmiſſed him with honour. The king of Portugal, however, was alarmed, leſt the diſcoveries of Columbus ſhould interfere with thoſe of his crown, and gave orders to equip a war fleet to protect his rights. But matters were adjuſted by embaſſies, and that celebrated treaty by which Spain and Portugal divided the Weſtern and Eaſtern Worlds between themſelves. The eaſtern half of the world was allotted for the Portugueſe, and the weſtern for the Spaniſh navigation. A line from pole to pole, drawn an hundred leagues to the weſtward of the Azores, was their boundary: and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might eſtabliſh ſettlements and extend their diſcoveries. And a papal bull, which, for obvious reaſons, prohibited the propagation of the goſpel in theſe bounds by the ſubjects of any other ſtate, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

Soon after this, while the thoughts of king John were intent on the diſcovery of India, his preparations were interrupted by his death. But his earneſt deſires and great deſigns were inherited, together with his crown, by his couſin Emmanuel. And in 1497, the year before Columbus made the voyage which diſcovered the mouth of the river Oronoko, Vaſco de Gama ſailed from the Tagus on the diſcovery of India.

Of this voyage, the ſubject of the Luſiad, many particulars are neceſſarily mentioned in the notes; we ſhall therefore only allude to theſe, but be more explicit on the others, which are omitted by Camoëns, in obedience to the rules of the Epopœia.

Notwithſtanding the full torrent of popular clamour againſt the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to proſecute the views of Prince Henry and John II. Three ſloops of war and a ſtore-ſhip manned with only 160 men were fitted out; for hoſtility was not the purpoſe of this humane expedition. Vaſco de Gama, a gentleman of good family, who, in a war with the French, had given ſignal proofs of his naval ſkill, was commiſſioned admiral and general, and his brother Paul, for whom he bore the ſincereſt affection, with his friend Nicholas Coello, were at his requeſt appointed to command under him. All the enthuſiaſm of deſire to accompliſh his end, joined with the greateſt heroiſm, the quickeſt penetration, and cooleſt prudence, united to form the character of Gama. On his appointment to the command, he declared to the king that his mind had long aſpired to this expedition. The king expreſſed great confidence in his prudence and honour, and gave him, with his own hand, the colours which he was to carry. On this banner, which bore the croſs of the military order of Chriſt, Gama, with great enthuſiaſm to merit the honours beſtowed upon him, took the oath of fidelity.

About four miles from Liſbon there is a chapel on the ſea ſide. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable; and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which are not inclined to diſpute its authority. The whole night was ſpent in the chapel, in prayers for ſucceſs, and in the rites of their devotion. On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the ſhips, the ſhore of Belem * preſented one of the moſt ſolemn and affecting ſcenes perhaps recorded in hiſtory. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Liſbon. A numerous proceſſion of prieſts in their robes ſunganthems and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as ruſhing upon certain death; and the vaſt multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for ſucceſs. The relations, friends, and acquaintance of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the ſigh was general; Gama himſelf ſhed ſome manly tears on parting with his friends; but he hurried over the tender ſcene, and haſtened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his ſails to the wind, and ſo much affected were the many thouſands who beheld his departure, that they remained immoveable on the ſhore till the fleet, under full ſail, evaniſhed from their ſight.

It

---

* Or Bethlehem, ſo named from the chapel.

It was on the eighth of July when Gama left the Tagus. The flag ſhip was commanded by himſelf, the ſecond by his brother, the third by Coello, and the ſtore-ſhip by Gonſalo Nunio. Several interpreters, ſkilled in the Ethiopian, Arabic, and other oriental languages, went along with them. Ten malefactors, men of abilities, whoſe ſentences of death were reverſed, on condition of their obedience to Gama in whatever embaſſies or dangers among the barbarians he might think proper to employ them, were alſo on board. The fleet, favoured by the weather, paſſed the Canary and Cape de Verde iſlands; but had now to encounter other fortune. Sometimes ſtopped by dead calms, but for the moſt part toſt by tempeſts, which increaſed their violence and horrors as they proceeded to the ſouth. Thus driven far to ſea, they laboured through that wide ocean which ſurrounds St. Helena, in ſeas, ſays Faria, unknown to the Portugueſe diſcoverers, none of whom had ſailed ſo far to the weſt. From the 28th of July, the day they paſſed the iſle of St. James, they had ſeen no ſhore; and now on November the 4th they were happily relieved by the ſight of land. The fleet anchored in a large bay *, and Coello was ſent in ſearch of a river, where they might take in wood and freſh water. Having found one convenient for their purpoſe, the fleet made toward it, and Gama, whoſe orders were to acquaint himſelf with the manners of the people wherever he touched, ordered a party of his men to bring him ſome of the natives by force or ſtratagem. One

---

* Now called St. Helen's.

One they caught as he was gathering honey on the ſide of a mountain, and brought him to the ſhips. He expreſſed the greateſt indifference for the gold and fine clothes which they ſhewed him, but was greatly delighted with ſome glaſſes and little braſs bells. Theſe with great joy he accepted, and was ſet on ſhore; and ſoon after many of the blacks came for, and were gratified with the like trifles; and for which in return they gave great plenty of their beſt proviſions. None of Gama's interpreters, however, could underſtand a word of their language, or receive any information of India. And the friendly intercourſe between the fleet and the natives was ſoon interrupted by the imprudence of Veloſo *, a young Portugueſe, which occaſioned a ſcuffle, wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and ſome others were on ſhore taking the altitude of the ſun, when in conſequence of Veloſo's raſhneſs they were attacked by the blacks with great fury. Gama defended himſelf with an oar, and received a dart in his foot. Several others were likewiſe wounded, and they found their ſafety in retreat. The ſhot from the ſhips facilitated their eſcape, and Gama eſteeming it imprudent to waſte his ſtrength in attempts entirely foreign to the deſign of his voyage, weighed anchor, and ſteered in ſearch of the extremity of Afric.

In this part of the voyage, ſays Oſorius, the heroiſm of Gama was greatly diſplayed. The waves ſwelled like mountains in height, the ſhips ſeemed now heaved up to the

---

* See the note, p. 58. vol. ii.

the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulphy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and ſo boiſterous that the pilot's voice could ſeldom be heard, and a diſmal, almoſt continual darkneſs, which at that tempeſtuous ſeaſon involves theſe ſeas, added all its horrors. Sometimes the ſtorm drove them ſouthward, at other times they were obliged to ſtand on the tack, and yield to its fury, preſerving what they had gained with the greateſt difficulty.

> With ſuch mad ſeas the daring Gama fought
> For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
> Inceſſant labouring round the ſtormy Cape,
> By bold ambition led—— THOMSON.

During any gloomy interval of the ſtorm, the ſailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to deſpair, ſurrounded Gama, and implored him not to ſuffer himſelf, and thoſe committed to his care, to periſh by ſo dreadful a death. The impoſſibility that men ſo weakened ſhould ſtand it much longer, and the opinion that this ocean was torn by eternal tempeſts, and therefore had hitherto been, and was impaſſable, were urged. But Gama's reſolution to proceed was unalterable. A formidable conſpiracy was then formed againſt his life; but his brother diſcovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its deſign *. He put the chief conſpirators and all the pilots in

---

* The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coaſting one, and therefore much leſs dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus, or of Magalhaens. But this, it is preſumed, is one of the opinions haſtily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magalhaens undertook to navigate unknown

in irons, and he himſelf, his brother, Coello, and ſome others; ſtood night and day to the helms, and directed the

---

unknown oceans, and ſo did Gama; with this difference, that the ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, which Gama was to encounter, was believed to be, and had been avoided by Diaz, as impaſſable. Prince Henry ſuggeſted that the current of Cape Bojador might be avoided by ſtanding to ſea, and thus that cape was firſt paſſed. Gama for this reaſon did not coaſt, but ſtood to ſea for upwards of three months of tempeſtuous weather. The tempeſts which afflicted Columbus and Magalhaens, are by their different hiſtorians deſcribed with circumſtances of leſs horror and danger than thoſe which attacked Gama. All the three commanders were endangered by mutiny; but none of their crews, ſave Gama's, could urge the opinion of ages, and the example of a living captain, that the dreadful ocean which they attempted was unnavigable. Columbus and Magalhaens always found means, after detecting a conſpiracy, to keep the reſt in hope; but Gama's men, when he put the pilots in irons, continued in the utmoſt deſpair. Columbus was indeed ill obeyed; Magalhaens ſometimes little better: but nothing, ſave the wonderful authority of Gama's command, could have led his crew through the tempeſt which he ſurmounted ere he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, with *his* crew, muſt have returned. The expedients with which he uſed to ſoothe them, would, under *his* authority, have had no avail in the tempeſt which Gama rode through. From every circumſtance it is evident that Gama had determined not to return, unleſs he found India. Nothing leſs than ſuch reſolution to periſh or attain his point could have led him on. But Columbus, ill obeyed indeed, returned from the mouth of the river Oronoko, before he had made a certain diſcovery whether the land was iſle or continent. When Gama met a ſtrong current off Ethiopia, he bore on, though driven from his courſe. Columbus ſteering ſouthward in ſearch of continent, met great currents. He imagined they were the riſing of the ſea towards the canopy of heaven, which for aught he knew, ſay the authors of the *Univerſal Hiſtory*, they might touch towards the ſouth. He therefore turned his courſe, and ſteered to the weſt. The paſſing of the ſtraits of Magellan, however hazardous, was not attended with ſuch danger as Gama experienced at the Cape. The attempt to croſs the Pacific was greatly daring, but his voyage in that ſea was happy. The navigation of the ſtraits of Magellan and the Pacific are in this country little known; but the courſe of Gama is at this day infinitely more hazardous than that of Columbus. If Columbus found no pilots to conduct him, but encountered *his* greateſt dangers in ſounding his courſe among the numerous weſtern iſlands, Gama, though in the Indian ocean aſſiſted by pilots, had as great trials of his valour, and much greater ones of his prudence. The warlike ſtrength, and deep treacherous the courſe. At laſt, after having many days, with unconquered mind, withſtood the tempeſt and an enraged mutiny, (*molem perfidiæ*,) the ſtorm ſuddenly ceaſed, and they beheld the Cape of Good Hope.

On November the 20th all the fleet doubled that promontory, and ſteering northward, coaſted along a rich and beautiful ſhore, adorned with large foreſts and numberleſs herds of cattle. All was now alacrity; the hope that they had ſurmounted every danger revived their ſpirits, and the admiral was beloved and admired. Here, and at the Bay, which they named St. Blas, they took in proviſions, and beheld thoſe beautiful rural ſcenes, deſcribed by Camoëns. And here the ſtore-ſloop, now of no farther ſervice, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th a violent ſtorm drove the fleet from the ſight of land, and carried them to that dreadful * current which made the Moors deem it impoſſible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unhappy in the time of navigating theſe ſeas, was ſafely carried over the current by the violence of a tempeſt; and having recovered the ſight of land, as his ſafeſt courſe, he ſteered northward along

---

treacherous arts of the Moors, were not found in the weſt. All was ſimplicity among the natives there. The prudence and foreſight of Gama and Columbus were of the higheſt rate; Magalhaens was in theſe ſometimes rather inferior. He loſt his own, and the lives of the greateſt part of his crew, by hazarding a land engagement at the advice of a judicial aſtrologer. See the note on this line;

To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens aſpire. LUSIAD X.

[*] This current runs between the cape from thence named Corrientes, and the ſouth-weſt extremity of Madagaſcar.

along the coaſt. On the 10th of January they deſcried, about 230 miles from their laſt watering place, ſome beautiful iſlands, with herds of cattle friſking in the meadows. It was a profound calm, and Gama ſtood near to land. The natives of this place, which he named Terra de Natal, were better dreſſed and more civilized than thoſe they had hitherto ſeen. An exchange of preſents was made, and the black king was ſo pleaſed with the politeneſs of Gama, that he came aboard his ſhip to ſee him. On the 15th of January, in the duſk of the evening, they came to the mouth of a large river, whoſe banks were ſhaded with trees loaded with fruit. On the return of day they ſaw ſeveral little boats with palm-tree leaves making towards them, and the natives came aboard without heſitation or fear. Gama received them kindly, gave them an entertainment, and ſome ſilken garments, which they received with viſible joy. Only one of them however could ſpeak a little broken Arabic. From him Fernan Martinho learned, that not far diſtant was a country where ſhips, in ſhape and ſize like Gama's, frequently reſorted. Hitherto Gama had found only the rudeſt barbarians on the coaſts of Africa, alike ignorant of India and of the naval art. The information he here received, that he was drawing near to civilized countries, gave the adventurers great ſpirits, and the admiral named this place The River of Good Signs.

Here, while Gama careened and refitted his ſhips, the crews were attacked with a violent ſcurvy, which carried off ſeveral of his men. Having taken in freſh proviſions, on the 24th of February he ſet ſail, and on the firſt of March they deſcried four iſlands on the coaſt of Mozambic. From one of theſe they perceived ſeven veſſels in full ſail bearing toward them. Theſe knew Gama's ſhip by the admiral's enſign, and made up to her, ſaluting her with loud huzzas and their inſtruments of muſic. Gama received them aboard, and entertained them with great kindneſs. The interpreters talked with them in Arabic. The iſland, in which was the principal harbour and trading town, they ſaid, was governed by a deputy of the king of Quiloa; and many Saracen merchants, they added, were ſettled here, who traded with Arabia, India, and other parts of the world. Gama was overjoyed, and the crew with uplifted hands returned thanks to heaven.

Pleaſed with the preſents which Gama ſent him, and imagining that the Portugueſe were Mohammedans from Morocco, Zacocia the governor, dreſſed in rich embroidery, came to congratulate the admiral on his arrival in the Eaſt. As he approached the ſhips in great pomp, Gama removed the ſick out of ſight, and ordered all thoſe in health to attend above deck, armed in the Portugueſe manner; for he foreſaw what would happen when the Mohammedans ſhould diſcover their miſtake. During the entertainment provided for him, Zacocia ſeemed highly pleaſed, and aſked ſeveral queſtions about the arms and religion of the ſtrangers. Gama ſhewed them his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion; however he frankly promiſed to ſhew him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreſhment ſhould give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he intreated Zacocia to ſend him ſome pilots who might conduct him to India. Two pilots were next day brought by the governor, a treaty of peace was ſolemnly concluded, and every office of mutual friendſhip ſeemed to promiſe a laſting harmony. But it was ſoon interrupted. Zacocia, as ſoon as he found the Portugueſe were Chriſtians, uſed every endeavour to deſtroy them. The life of Gama was attempted. One of the Mooriſh pilots deſerted, and ſome of the Portugueſe, who were on ſhore to get freſh water, were attacked by ſeven barks of the natives, but were reſcued by a timely aſſiſtance from the ſhips.

Beſides the hatred of the Chriſtian name, inſpired by their religion, theſe Mohammedan Arabs had other reaſons to wiſh the deſtruction of Gama. Before this period, they were almoſt the only merchants of the Eaſt. Though without any empire in a mother country, they were bound together by language and religion, and like the modern Jews, were united together, though ſcattered over various countries. Though they eſteemed the current off Cape Corrientes, and the tempeſtuous ſeas around the Cape of Good Hope, as impaſſable, they were the ſole maſters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian ſeas; and had colonies in every place convenient for trade on theſe coaſts. This crafty mercantile people clearly foreſaw the conſequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was ſoon exerted to prevent ſuch formidable rivals from effecting any ſettlement in the Eaſt. To theſe Mohammedan traders, the Portugueſe, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

Immediately after the ſkirmiſh at the watering-place, Gama, having one Mooriſh pilot, ſet ſail, but was ſoon driven back to the ſame iſland by tempeſtuous weather. He now reſolved to take in freſh water by force. The Moors perceived his intention, about two thouſand of whom riſing from ambuſh, attacked the Portugueſe detachment. But the prudence of Gama had not been aſleep. His ſhips were ſtationed with art, and his artillery not only diſperſed the hoſtile Moors, but reduced their town, which was built of wood, into a heap of aſhes. Among ſome priſoners taken by Paulus de Gama was a pilot, and Zacocia begging forgiveneſs for his treachery, ſent another, whoſe ſkill in navigation he greatly commended.

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealouſy of European rivals gave him nothing to expect but ſecret treachery and open hoſtility; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coaſt of the Eaſt. To impreſs them therefore with the terror of his arms on their firſt act of treachery was worthy of a great commander. Nor was he remiſs in his attention to the chief pilot, who had been laſt ſent. He perceived in him a kind of anxious endeavour to bear near ſome little iſlands, and ſuſpecting there were unſeen rocks in that courſe, he confidently charged the pilot with guilt, and ordered him to be ſeverely whipped. The puniſhment produced a confeſſion, and promiſes of fidelity. And he now adviſed Gama to ſtand for Quiloa, which he aſſured him was inhabited by Chriſtians. Three Ethiopian Chriſtians had come aboard while at Zacocia's iſland, and the current opinions of Preſtor John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the aſſiſtance of a people of his own religion. A violent ſtorm, however, drove the fleet from Quiloa, and being now near Mombaze, the pilot adviſed him to enter that harbour, where, he ſaid, there were alſo many Chriſtians.

The city of Mombaza is agreeably ſituated on an iſland, formed by a river which empties itſelf into the ſea by two mouths. The buildings are lofty and of firm ſtone, and the country abounds with fruit trees and cattle. Gama, happy to find a harbour where every thing wore the appearance of civilization, ordered the ſhips to caſt anchor, which was ſcarcely done, when a galley in which were 100 men in Turkiſh habit, armed with bucklers and ſabres, rowed up to the flag ſhip. All of theſe ſeemed deſirous to come aboard, but only four, who by their dreſs ſeemed officers, were admitted; nor were theſe allowed, till ſtript of their arms. As ſoon as on board, they extolled the prudence of Gama in refuſing admittance to armed ſtrangers; and by their behaviour ſeemed deſirous to gain the good opinion of the adventurers. Their country, they boaſted, contained all the riches of India, and their king, they profeſſed, was ambitious of entering into a friendly treaty with the Portugueſe, with whoſe renown he was well acquainted. And that a conference with his majeſty and the offices of friendſhip might be rendered more convenient, Gama was requeſted and adviſed to enter the harbour. As no place could be more commodious for the recovery of the ſick, and the whole fleet was ſickly, Gama reſolved to enter the port; and in the mean while ſent two of the pardoned criminals as an embaſſy to the king. Theſe the king treated with the greateſt kindneſs, ordered his officers to ſhew them the ſtrength and opulence of his city; and on their return to the navy, he ſent a preſent to Gama of the moſt valuable ſpices, of which he boaſted ſuch abundance, that the Portugueſe, he ſaid, if they regarded their own intereſt, would ſeek for no other India.

To make treaties of commerce was the buſineſs of Gama; one ſo advantageous and ſo deſired by the natives, was therefore not to be refuſed. Fully ſatisfied by the report of his ſpies, he ordered to weigh anchor, and enter the harbour. His own ſhip led the way, when a ſudden violence of the tide made Gama apprehenſive of running aground. He therefore ordered his ſails to be furled and the anchors to be dropt, and gave a ſignal for the others to follow his example. This manœuvre, and the cries of the ſailors in executing it, alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conſcious of their treachery, they thought their deſign was diſcovered, and leapt into the ſea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up, and refuſing to put them on board, ſet them ſafely on ſhore, though the Admiral repeatedly demanded the reſtoration of the pilots.

Theſe circumſtances, evident proofs of treachery, were farther confirmed by the behaviour of the king of Mombaza. In the middle of the night Gama thought he heard ſome noiſe, and on examination, found his ſhips ſurrounded by a great number of Moors, who, in the utmoſt privacy, endeavoured to cut his cables. But their ſcheme was defeated; and ſome Arabs, who remained an board, confeſſed that no Chriſtians were reſident either at Quiloa, or Mombaza. The ſtorm which drove them from the one place, and their late eſcape at the other, were now beheld as manifeſtations of the Divine favour; and Gama, holding up his hands to heaven, aſcribed his ſafety to the care of Providence *. Two days, however, elapſed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaze, and having now ventured to hoiſt their ſails, they ſteered for Melinda, a port, they had been told, where many merchants from India reſorted. In their way thither they took a Mooriſh veſſel, out of which Gama ſelected fourteen priſoners, one of whom he perceived by his mien to be a perſon of diſtinction. By this Saracen Gama was informed, that he was near Melinda, that the king was hoſpitable, and celebrated for his faith, and that four ſhips from India, commanded by Chriſtian maſters, were in that harbour. The Saracen alſo offered to go as Gama's meſſenger to the king, and promiſed to procure him an able pilot to conduct him to Calicut, the chief port of India.

---

* It afterwards appeared, that the Mooriſh king of Mombaza had been informed of what happened at Mozambic, and intended to revenge it by the total deſtruction of the fleet.

As the coaſt of Melinda appeared to be dangerous, Gama anchored at ſome diſtance from the city, and unwilling to hazard any of his men, he landed the Saracen on an iſland oppoſite to the town. This was obſerved, and the ſtranger was brought before the king, to whom he gave ſo favourable an account of the politeneſs and humanity of Gama, that a preſent of ſeveral ſheep, and fruits of all ſorts, was ſent by his majeſty to the admiral, who had the happineſs to find the truth of what his priſoner had told him, confirmed by the maſters of the four ſhips from India. Theſe were Chriſtians from Cambaya. They were tranſported with joy on the arrival of the Portugueſe, and gave ſeveral uſeful inſtructions to the admiral.

The city of Melinda was ſituated in a fertile plain, ſurrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whoſe flowers diffuſed a moſt grateful odour. The paſtures were covered with herds, and the houſes, built of ſquare ſtones, were both elegant and magnificent. Deſirous to make an alliance with ſuch a ſtate, Gama requited the civility of the king with the moſt grateful acknowledgments. He drew nearer the ſhore, and urged his inſtructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majeſty in perſon. The apology was accepted; and the king, whoſe age and infirmities prevented himſelf, ſent his ſon to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendſhip. The prince, who had ſometime governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His dreſs was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him diſplayed all the riches of ſilk and embroidery, and the muſic of Melinda reſounded all over the bay. Gama, to expreſs his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as ſoon as he came up, leapt into it, and diſtinguiſhing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendſhip. In their converſation, which was long and ſprightly, he diſcovered nothing of the barbarian, ſays Oſorius, but in every thing ſhewed an intelligence and politeneſs worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleaſure. He ſeemed to view Gama with enthuſiaſm, and confeſſed that the make of the Portugueſe ſhips, ſo much ſuperior to what he had ſeen, convinced him of the greatneſs of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requeſted, that on his return to Europe, he would carry an ambaſſador with him to the court of Liſbon. During the few days the fleet ſtayed at Melinda, the mutual friendſhip increaſed, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, reſigning the helm to his ſkilful and honeſt pilot, Gama hoiſted ſail and ſteered to the north. In a few days they paſſed the line, and the Portugueſe with ecſtaſy beheld the appearance of their native ſky. Orion, Urſa major and minor, and the other ſtars about the northern pole, were now a more joyful diſcovery than the ſouth * pole had formerly been

to

---

* A circumſtance in the letters of Americo Veſpucci deſerves remark. Deſcribing his voyage to America, having paſt the line, ſays he, " *e come deſideroſo d'eſſere Autore che ſegnaſſi la ſtella*——deſirous to be the namer and diſcoverer of the pole ſtar of the other hemiſphere, I loſt my ſleep many nights

in

to them. Having paſſed the meridian, the pilot now ſtood directly to the Eaſt, through the Indian ocean; and after ſailing about three weeks, he had the happineſs to congratulate Gama on the view of the mountains of India. Gama, tranſported with extacy, returned thanks to heaven, and ordered all his priſoners to be ſet at liberty, that every heart might taſte of the joy of his ſucceſsful voyage.

About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the ſhips to anchor, and was ſoon ſurrounded by a number of boats. By one of theſe he ſent one of the pardoned criminals to the city. The appearance of unknown veſſels on their coaſt brought immenſe crowds around the ſtranger, who no ſooner entered Calicut, than he was lifted from his feet and carried hither and thither by the concourſe. Though the populace and the ſtranger were alike earneſt to be underſtood, their language was unintelligible to each other, till happy for Gama in the event, a Mooriſh merchant accoſted his meſſenger in the Spaniſh

---

in contemplating the ſtars of the other pole." He then laments, that as his inſtruments could not diſcover any ſtar of leſs motion than ten degrees, he had not the ſatisfaction to give *a name* to any one. But as he obſerved four ſtars, in form of an almond, which had but little motion, he hoped in his next voyage he ſhould be able to mark them out.—All this is truly curious, and affords a good comment on the temper of the man who had the art to defraud Columbus, by giving his own name to America, of which he challenged the diſcovery. Near fifty years before the voyage of Amerigo Veſpucci the Portugueſe had croſſed the line; and Diaz fourteen, and Gama near three years before, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, had diſcovered ſeven ſtars in the conſtellation of the ſouth pole, and from the appearance of the four moſt luminous, had given it the name of *The Croſs*, a figure which it better reſembles than that of an almond.

tongue. The next day this Moor, who was named Monzaida, waited upon Gama on board his ſhip. He was a native of Tunis, and the chief perſon, he ſaid, with whom John II. had at that port contracted for military ſtores. He was a man of abilities and great intelligence of the world, and an admirer of the Portugueſe valour and honour. The engaging behaviour of Gama heightened his eſteem into the ſincereſt attachment. He offered to be interpreter for the admiral, and to ſerve him in whatever beſides he could poſſibly befriend him. And thus, by one of thoſe unforeſeen circumſtances, which often decide the greateſt events, Gama received a friend, who ſoon rendered him the moſt critical and important ſervice.

At the firſt interview, Monzaida gave Gama the fulleſt information of the clime, extent, cuſtoms, religions, and various riches of India, the commerce of the Moors, and the character of the ſovereign. Calicut was not only the imperial city, but the greateſt port. The king or Zamorim, who reſided here, was acknowledged as emperor by the neighbouring princes; and as his revenue conſiſted chiefly of duties on merchandiſe, he had always encouraged the reſort of foreigners to his harbours.

Pleaſed with this promiſing proſpect, Gama ſent two of his officers with Monzaida to wait on the Zamorim at his palace of Pandarene, a few miles from the city. They were admitted to the royal apartment, and delivered their embaſſy; to which the Zamorim replied, that the arrival of the admiral of ſo great a prince as Emmanuel, gave him inexpreſſible pleaſure, and that he would willingly embrace the offered alliance. In the meanwhile, as their preſent ſtation was extremely dangerous, he adviſed them to bring the ſhips nearer to Pandarene, and for this purpoſe he ſent a pilot to the fleet.

A few days after, the Zamorim ſent his firſt miniſter, or Catual, attended by ſeveral of the Nayres, or nobility, to conduct Gama to the royal palace. As an interview with the Zamorim was abſolutely neceſſary to complete the purpoſe of his voyage, Gama immediately agreed to it, though the treachery he had already experienced, ſince his arrival in the eaſtern ſeas, ſhewed him the perſonal danger which he thus hazarded. He gave the command of the ſhips during his abſence to his brother Paulus and his friend Coello; and in the orders he left them he diſplayed a heroiſm, ſuperior to that of Alexander when he croſſed the Granicus. That of the Macedonian was ferocious and frantic, the offspring of vicious ambition; that of Gama was the child of the ſtrongeſt reaſon, and the moſt valorous mental dignity: it was the high pride of honour, a pride, which the man, who in the fury of battle may be able to ruſh on to the mouth of a cannon, may be utterly incapable of, even in idea.

The revenue of the Zamorim aroſe chiefly from the traffic of the Moors; the various colonies of theſe people were combined in one intereſt, and the jealouſy and conſternation which his arrival in the eaſtern ſeas had ſpread among them, were circumſtances well known to

Gama: and he knew alſo what he had to expect both from their force and their fraud. But duty and honour required him to complete the purpoſe of his voyage. He left peremptory command, that if he was detained a priſoner, or any attempt made upon his life, they ſhould take no ſtep to ſave him, to give ear to no meſſage which might come in his name for ſuch purpoſe, and to enter into no negociation on his behalf. Though they were to keep ſome boats near the ſhore, to favour his eſcape if he perceived treachery ere detained by force; yet the moment that force rendered his eſcape impracticable, they were to ſet ſail, and to carry the tidings of the diſcovery of India to the king of Portugal. For as this was his only concern, he would ſuffer no riſk that might loſe a man, or endanger the homeward voyage. Having left theſe unalterable orders, he went aſhore with the Catual, attended only by twelve of his own men, for he would not weaken the naval force, though he knew that the pomp of attendance would have been greatly in his favour at the court of India.

As ſoon as landed, he and the Catual were carried in great pomp, in ſofas, upon men's ſhoulders, to the chief temple; and from thence, amid immenſe crouds, to the royal palace. The apartment and dreſs of the Zamorim were ſuch as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India. The emperor lay reclined on a magnificent couch, ſurrounded with his nobility and miniſters of ſtate. Gama was introduced to him by a venerable old man, the chief Bramin. His majeſty, by a gentle nod, appointed the admiral to ſit on one of the ſteps of his ſofa, and then demanded his embaſſy. It was againſt the cuſtom of his country, Gama replied, to deliver his inſtructions in a public aſſembly, he therefore deſired that the king and a few of his miniſters would grant him a private audience. This was complied with, and Gama, in a manly ſpeech, ſet forth the greatneſs of his ſovereign Emmanuel, the fame he had heard of the Zamorim, and the deſire he had to enter into an alliance with ſo great a prince; nor were the mutual advantages of ſuch a treaty omitted by the admiral. The Zamorim, in reply, profeſſed great eſteem for the friendſhip of the king of Portugal, and declared his readineſs to enter into a friendly alliance. He then ordered the Catual to provide proper apartments for Gama in his houſe; and having promiſed another conference, he diſmiſſed the admiral with all the appearance of ſincerity.

The character of this monarch is ſtrongly marked in the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia. Avarice was his ruling paſſion; he was haughty or mean, bold or timorous, as his intereſt roſe or fell in the balance of his judgment; wavering and irreſolute whenever the ſcales ſeemed doubtful which to preponderate. He was pleaſed with the proſpect of bringing the commerce of Europe to his harbours, but he was alſo influenced by the threats of the Moors.

Three days elapſed ere Gama was again permitted to ſee the Zamorim. At this ſecond audience he preſented the letter and preſents of Emmanuel. The letter was received with politeneſs, but the preſents were viewed with an eye of contempt. Gama beheld it, and ſaid he only came to diſcover the route to India, and therefore was not charged with valuable gifts, ere the friendſhip of the ſtate, where they might chuſe to traffic, was known. Yet that indeed he brought the moſt valuable of all gifts, the offer of the friendſhip of his ſovereign, and the commerce of his country. He then entreated the king not to reveal the contents of Emmanuel's letter to the Moors, and the king with great ſeeming friendſhip deſired Gama to guard againſt the perfidy of that people. And at this time, it is highly probable, the Zamorim was ſincere.

Every hour ſince the arrival of Gama, the Moors had held ſecret conferences. That one man might not return was their purpoſe; and every method to accompliſh this was meditated. To influence the king againſt the Portugueſe, to aſſaſſinate Gama, to raiſe a general inſurrection, to deſtroy the foreign navy, and to bribe the Catual, were determined. And the Catual, the maſter of the houſe where Gama lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their intereſt. Gama, however, was appriſed of all theſe circumſtances, by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whoſe affection to the foreign admiral the Moors hitherto had not ſuſpected. Thus informed, and having obtained the faith of an alliance from the ſovereign of the firſt port of India, Gama reſolved to elude the plots of the Moors; and accordingly, before the dawn, he ſet out for the ſea ſhore, in hope to eſcape by ſome of the boats which he had ordered to hover about the coaſt.

But the Moors were vigilant. His abſence was immediately known; and the Catual, by the king's order, purſued and brought him back by force. The Catual, however, for it was neceſſary for their ſchemes to have the ſhips in their power, behaved with great politeneſs to the admiral, though now detained as a priſoner, and ſtill continued his ſpecious promiſes to uſe all his intereſt in his behalf.

The eagerneſs of the Moors now contributed to the ſafety of Gama. Their principal merchants were admitted to a formal audience, when one of their orators accuſed the Portugueſe as a nation of faithleſs plunderers: Gama, he ſaid, was an exiled pirate, who had marked his courſe with depredation and blood. If he were not a pirate, ſtill there was no excuſe for giving ſuch warlike foreigners any footing in a country already ſupplied with all that nature and commerce could give. He expatiated on the great ſervices which the Mooriſh traders had rendered to Calicut, or wherever they ſettled; and ended with a threat, that all the Moors would leave the Zamorim's ports, and find ſome other ſettlement, if he permitted theſe foreigners to have any ſhare in the commerce of his dominions.

However ſtaggered with theſe arguments and threats, the Zamorim was not blind to the ſelf-intereſt and malice of the Moors. He therefore ordered, that the admiral ſhould once more be brought before him. In the meanwhile the Catual tried many ſtratagems to get the ſhips into the harbour; and at laſt, in the name of his maſter, made an abſolute demand that the ſails and rudders ſhould be delivered up, as the pledge of Gama's honeſty. But theſe demands were as abſolutely refuſed by Gama, who ſent a letter to his brother by Monzaida, enforcing his former orders in the ſtrongeſt manner, declaring that his fate gave him no concern, that he was only unhappy leſt the fruits of all their labours and dangers ſhould be loſt. After two days ſpent in vain altercation with the Catual, Gama was brought as a priſoner before the king. The king repeated his accuſation, upbraided him with non-compliance to the requeſts of his miniſter; yet urged him, if he were an exile or pirate, to confeſs freely, in which caſe he promiſed to take him into his ſervice, and highly promote him on account of his abilities. But Gama, who with great ſpirit had baffled all the ſtratagems of the Catual, behaved with the ſame undaunted bravery before the king. He aſſerted his innocence, pointed out the malice of the Moors, and the improbability of his piracy; boaſted of the ſafety of his fleet, offered his life rather than his ſails and rudders, and concluded with threats in the name of his ſovereign. The Zamorim, during the whole conference, eyed Gama with the keeneſt attention, and clearly perceived in his unfaultering mien the dignity of truth, and the conſciouſneſs that he was the admiral of a greater monarch. In their late addreſs, the Moors had treated the Zamorim as ſomewhat dependent upon them, and he ſaw that a commerce with other nations would certainly leſſen their dangerous importance. His avarice ſtrongly deſired the commerce of Portugal; and his pride was flattered in humbling the Moors. After many propoſals, it was at laſt agreed, that of Gama's twelve attendants, he ſhould leave ſeven as hoſtages; that what goods were aboard his veſſels ſhould be landed, and that Gama ſhould be ſafely conducted to his ſhip; after which the treaty of commerce and alliance was to be finally ſettled. And thus, when the aſſaſſination of Gama ſeemed inevitable, the Zamorim ſuddenly dropt the demand of the ſails and the rudders, reſcued him from his determined enemies, and reſtored him to liberty and the command of his ſhips.

As ſoon as he was aboard * the goods were landed, accompanied by a letter from Gama to the Zamorim, wherein he boldly complained of the treachery of the Catual. The Zamorim, in anſwer, promiſed to make enquiry, and to puniſh him if guilty; but did nothing in the affair. Gama, who had now anchored nearer to the city, every day ſent two or three different perſons on ſome buſineſs to Calicut, that as many of his men as poſſible might be able to give ſome account of India. The Moors, in the meanwhile, every day aſſaulted the ears of the king, who now began to waver; when Gama, who had given every proof of his deſire of peace and friendſhip, ſent another letter, in which he requeſted the Zamorim to permit him to leave a conſul at Calicut, to manage the affairs

---

* Faria y Souſa.

affairs of king Emmanuel. But to this requeſt, the moſt reaſonable reſult of a commercial treaty, the Zamorim returned a refuſal full of rage and indignation. Gama, now fully maſter of the character of the Zamorim, reſolved to treat a man of ſuch an inconſtant diſhonourable diſpoſition with a contemptuous ſilence. This contempt was felt by the king, who yielding to the advice of the Catual and the entreaties of the Moors, ſeized the Portugueſe goods, and ordered two of the ſeven hoſtages, the two who had the charge of the cargo, to be put in irons. The admiral remonſtrated by the means of Monzaida, but the king ſtill perſiſted in his treacherous breach of royal faith. Repeated ſolicitations made him more haughty; and it was now the duty and intereſt of Gama to uſe force. He took a veſſel in which were ſix Nayres or noblemen, and nineteen of their ſervants. The ſervants he ſet aſhore to relate the tidings, the noblemen he detained. As ſoon as the news had time to ſpread through the city, he hoiſted his ſails, and though with a ſlow motion, ſeemed to proceed on his homeward voyage. The city was now in an uproar: the friends of the captive noblemen ſurrounded the palace, and loudly accuſed the policy of the Moors. The king, in all the perplexed diſtreſs of a haughty, avaricious, weak prince, ſent after Gama, delivered up all the hoſtages, and ſubmitted to his propoſals; nay, even ſolicited that an agent ſhould be left, and even deſcended to the meanneſs of a palpable lie. The two factors, he ſaid, he had put in irons, only to detain them till he might write letters to his brother Emmanuel, and the goods he had kept on ſhore that an agent might be ſent to diſpoſe of them. Gama, however, perceived a myſterious trifling, and, previous to any treaty, inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the goods.

The day after this altercation, Monzaida came aboard the admiral's ſhip in great perturbation. The Moors, he ſaid, had raiſed great commotions, and had enraged the king againſt the Portugueſe. The king's ſhips were getting ready, and a numerous Mooriſh fleet from Mecca was daily expected. To delay Gama till this force arrived, was the purpoſe of the court and of the Moors, who were now confident of ſucceſs. To this information Monzaida added, that the Moors, ſuſpecting his attachment to Gama, had determined to aſſaſſinate him. That he had narrowly eſcaped from them; that it was impoſſible for him to recover his effects, and that his only hope was in the protection of Gama. Gama rewarded him with the friendſhip he merited, took him with him, as he deſired, to Liſbon, and procured him a recompence for his ſervices.

Almoſt immediately after Monzaida, ſeven boats arrived, loaded with the goods, and demanded the reſtoration of the captive noblemen. Gama took the goods on board, but refuſed to examine if they were entire, and alſo refuſed to deliver the priſoners. He had been promiſed an ambaſſador to his ſovereign, he ſaid, but had been ſo often deluded, he could truſt ſuch a faithleſs people no longer, and would therefore carry the captives in his power, to convince the king of Portugal what inſults and injuſtice his ambaſſador and admiral had ſuffered from the Zamorim of Calicut. Having thus diſmiſſed the Indians, he fired his cannon and hoiſted his ſails. A calm, however, detained him on the coaſt ſome days, and the Zamorim ſeizing the opportunity, ſent what veſſels he could fit out, twenty of a larger ſize, ſixty in all, full of armed men, to attack him. Though Gama's cannon were well played, confident of their numbers, they preſſed on to board him, when a ſudden tempeſt, which Gama's ſhips rode out in ſafety, miſerably diſperſed the Indian fleet, and completed their ruin.

After this victory, the Admiral made a halt at a little iſland near the ſhore, where he erected a croſs*, bearing the name and arms of his Portugueſe majeſty. And from this place, by the hand of Monzaida, he wrote a letter to the Zamorim, wherein he gave a full and circumſtantial account of all the plots of the Catual and the Moors. Still, however, he profeſſed his deſire of a commercial treaty, and promiſed to repreſent the Zamorim in the beſt light to Emmanuel. The priſoners, he ſaid, ſhould be kindly uſed, were only kept as ambaſſadors to his ſovereign, and ſhould be returned to India when they were enabled from experience to give an account of Portugal. The letter he ſent by one of the captives, who by this means obtained his liberty.

---

* It was the cuſtom of the firſt diſcoverers to erect croſſes on places remarkable in their voyage. Gama erected ſix; one, dedicated to St. Raphael, at the river of Good Signs, one to St. George at Mozambic, one to St. Stephen at Melinda, one to St. Gabriel at Calicut, and one to St. Mary, at the iſland thence named, near Anchediva.

The fame of Gama had now ſpread over the Indian ſeas, and the Moors were every where intent on his deſtruction. As he was near the ſhore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating iſle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight veſſels full of men, and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by ſurprize. But Gama's cannon made ſeven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and proviſions, he took. The beautiful iſland of Anchediva now offered a convenient place to careen his ſhips and refreſh his men. While he ſtaid here, the firſt miniſter of Zabajo king of Goa, one of the moſt powerful princes of India, came on board, and in the name of his maſter, congratulated the admiral in the Italian tongue. Proviſions, arms, and money were offered to Gama, and he was entreated to accept the friendſhip of Zabajo. The admiral was ſtruck with admiration, the addreſs and abilities of the miniſter appeared ſo conſpicuous. He ſaid he was an Italian by birth, but in ſailing to Greece, had been taken by pirates, and after various misfortunes, had been neceſſitated to enter into the ſervice of a Mohammedan prince, the nobleneſs of whoſe diſpoſition he commended in the higheſt terms. Yet, with all his abilities, Gama perceived an artful inquiſitiveneſs, that nameleſs ſomething which does not accompany ſimple honeſty. After a long conference, Gama abruptly upbraided him as a ſpy, and ordered him to be put to the torture—And this ſoon brought a confeſſion, that he was a Polonian Jew by birth, and was ſent to examine the ſtrength of the Portugueſe by Zabajo, who was muſtering all his power to attack them. Gama on this immediately ſet ſail, and took the ſpy along with him, who ſoon after was baptized, and named Jaſper de Gama, the admiral being his godfather. He afterwards became of great ſervice to Emmanuel.

Gama now ſtood weſtward through the Indian ocean, and after being long delayed by calms, arrived off Magadoxa, on the coaſt of Africa. This place was a principal port of the Moors; he therefore levelled the walls of the city with his cannon, and burned and deſtroyed all the ſhips in the harbour. Soon after this he deſcried eight Mooriſh veſſels bearing down upon him; his artillery, however, ſoon made them uſe their oars in flight, nor could Gama overtake any of them for want of wind. He now reached the hoſpitable harbour of Melinda. His men, almoſt worn out with fatigue and ſickneſs, here received, a ſecond time, every aſſiſtance which an accompliſhed and generous prince could beſtow. And having taken an ambaſſador on board, he again gave his ſails to the wind, in truſt that he might paſs the Cape of Good Hope while the favourable weather continued, for his acquaintance with the eaſtern ſeas now ſuggeſted to him, that the tempeſtuous ſeaſon was periodical. Soon after he ſet ſail, his brother's ſhip ſtruck on a ſand bank, and was burnt by order of the admiral. His brother and part of the crew he took into his own ſhip, the reſt he ſent on board of Coello; nor were more hands now alive than were neceſſary to man the two veſſels which remained. Having taken in proviſions at the iſland of Zanzibar, where they were kindly entertained by a Mohammedan prince of the ſame ſect with the king of Melinda, they ſafely doubled the Cape of Good Hope on April 26, 1499, and continued till they reached the iſland of St. Iago in favourable weather. But a tempeſt here ſeparated the two ſhips, and gave Gama and Coello an opportunity to ſhew the goodneſs of their hearts, in a manner which does honour to human nature.

The admiral was now near the Azores, when Paulus de Gama, long worn with fatigue and ſickneſs, was unable to endure the motion of the ſhip. Vaſco, therefore, put into the iſland of Tercera, in hope of his brother's recovery. And ſuch was his affection, that rather than leave him, he gave the command of his ſhip to one of his officers. But the hope of recovery was vain. John de Sa proceeded to Liſbon with the flag ſhip, while the admiral remained behind to ſoothe the death bed of his brother, and perform his funeral rites. Coello, in the mean while, landed at Liſbon, and hearing that Gama was not arrived, imagined he might either be ſhipwrecked, or beating about in diſtreſs. Without ſeeing one of his family, he immediately ſet ſail, on purpoſe to bring relief to his friend and admiral. But this generous deſign, more the effect of friendſhip than of juſt conſideration, was prevented by an order from the king, ere his ſhip got out of the Tagus.

The particulars of the voyage were now diffuſed by Coello, and the joy of the king was only equalled by the admiration of the people. Yet while all the nation was fired with zeal to expreſs their eſteem of the happy admiral, he himſelf, the man who was ſuch an enthuſiaſt to the ſucceſs of his voyage, that he would willingly have ſacrificed his life in India to ſecure that ſucceſs, was now, in the completion of it, a dejected mourner. The compliments of the court and the ſhouts of the ſtreet were irkſome to him, for his brother, the companion of his toils and dangers, was not there to ſhare the joy. As ſoon as he had waited on the king, he ſhut himſelf up in a lonely houſe near the ſea-ſide at Bethlehem, from whence it was ſome time ere he was drawn to mingle in public life.

During this important expedition, two years and almoſt two months elapſed. Of 160 men who went out, only 55 returned. Theſe were all rewarded by the king. Coello was penſioned with 100 ducats a year, and made a fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's houſhold, a degree of nobility in Portugal. The title of Don was annexed to the family of Vaſco de Gama; he was appointed admiral of the eaſtern ſeas, with an annual ſalary of 3000 ducats, and a part of the king's arms was added to his. Public thankſgivings to heaven were celebrated throughout the churches of the kingdom, and feaſts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainments, the taſte of that age, demonſtrated the joy of Portugal.

As the prophetic ſong in the tenth Luſiad requires a commentary, we ſhall now proceed to a compendious hiſtory of the negociations and wars of the Portugueſe in India; a hiſtory, though very little known, yet of the utmoſt importance to every commercial ſtate, particularly to that nation which now commands the trade of the Eaſtern World.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
RISE AND FALL
OF THE
PORTUGUESE EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

THE power, intereſt, and diſpoſition of the Moors, the maſters of the eaſtern ſeas, pointed out to Emmanuel what courſe he ought to follow, if he intended to reap either honour or advantage from the diſcovery of India. The accumulated treachery of the Moors had kindled a war; force was now neceſſary; a fleet therefore of thirteen ſail and 1500 men was fitted out for India, and the command of it given to an experienced officer, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral.

The chief inſtructions of Cabral, were to enter into a treaty of friendſhip with the Zamorim, and to obtain leave to build a fort and factory near Calicut. But if he found that prince ſtill perfidious, and averſe to an alliance, he was to proceed to hoſtilities on the firſt inſtance of treachery.

Cabral, in this voyage, was driven to America by a tempeſt, and was the firſt who diſcovered the Brazils. As he doubled the ſouth of Africa, he encountered a moſt dreadful ſtorm; the heavens were covered with pitchy darkneſs for many days, and the waves and winds vied with each other in noiſe and fury. Four ſhips were loſt, and all their crews periſhed; among whom was the celebrated Bartholomew Diaz, the diſcoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which, as if prophetic of his fate, he had named the Cape of Tempeſts.

When Cabral reached the coaſt of Zofala, he had only ſix ſhips. Here he engaged and took two Mooriſh veſſels, laden moſtly with gold duſt. But finding they belonged to the Xeque Foteyma, an uncle of the king of Melinda, he not only reſtored the prizes, but treated the Xeque with the greateſt courteſy. At Mozambique he agreed with a pilot to conduct him to Quiloa. The king of this place and the admiral had a pompous interview. An alliance was ſolemnly concluded. But Homeris, brother to the king of Melinda, was at Quiloa; and by him Cabral was informed of a treacherous preparation to attack him. As his deſtination was for Calicut, he delayed revenge, and proceeded to Melinda. Here he landed the Melindian ambaſſador, who had been ſent to Portugal; and here his generous treatment of Foteyma ſtrengthened the friendſhip and good offices which had begun with Gama.

When he arrived at Calicut, whither he was conducted by two Melindian pilots, he ſent Ayres Correa on ſhore to ſettle the manner how the Zamorim and the admiral were to meet. Six principal Bramins, whoſe names were brought from Portugal by the advice of Monzaida, were given as hoſtages for the ſafety of the admiral; and the Indian noblemen, who had been carried away by Gama, were returned. After much delay with the wavering Zamorim, a commercial alliance, by which the Portugueſe veſſels were to receive their lading before thoſe of any other nation, was ſolemnly confirmed by oath, and a houſe was appointed as a factory for the Portugueſe. Of this, Correa, with ſeventy men under his command, in the name of the king his maſter, took immediate poſſeſſion.

If the ſmalleſt circumſtances in the hiſtory of an infant colony are not attended to, the ſecret ſprings and principles of action eſcape us, and we are ſure to be led into error. Cabral's fleet was to be laded with ſpicery; but the Mooriſh merchants, ſtill intent on the ruin of their rivals the Portugueſe, did every thing in their power to retard it, in hope of another rupture. While promiſes to Cabral trifled away the time, the Zamorim deſired his aſſiſtance to take a large ſhip belonging to the king of Cochin, who not only intended to invade his dominions, he ſaid, but had alſo refuſed to ſell him an elephant, which was now aboard that ſhip. There were two Mooriſh agents with whom Cabral was obliged to tranſact buſineſs. One of theſe named Cemireci, pretending great friendſhip to the admiral, adviſed him by all means to gratify the Zamorim by taking the ſhip of Cochin. This veſſel was large and full of ſoldiers, but Cabral appointed one of his ſmalleſt, commanded by Pedro Ataide, not a ſixth part of her ſize, to attack her. When Ataide firſt made towards the enemy, the Indian inſulted him with every ſign of reproach; but the Portugueſe cannon drove her into the port of Cananor, a place forty miles to the north of Calicut. Here ſhe lay all the night, while Ataide watched the mouth of the harbour; and fearing to be burnt in the port, in the morning ſhe again took to ſea. But Ataide ſoon came up with her, and by the dexterous uſe of his artillery made her ſteer what courſe he pleaſed, and at laſt drove her in triumph before him into the harbour of Calicut.

This encounter was of great conſequence to the Portugueſe. It not only raiſed a high idea of their valour and art of war, but it diſcovered a ſcene of treachery, and gave them a moſt beneficial opportunity to diſplay their integrity and honour. When Cabral converſed with the captives, he found that the ſtory of the elephant and the invaſion were falſe, and that they had been warned by Cemireci, that the Portugueſe, a ſet of lawleſs pirates,

43840

intended to attack them. On this, Cabral not only reſtored the ſhip to the king of Cochin, but paid for what damage ſhe had ſuſtained, and aſſured him he had been abuſed by the villainy of the Moors.

The Zamorim profeſſed the greateſt admiration of the Portugueſe valour, yet while he pretended to value their friendſhip at the higheſt rate, he uſed every art to delay the lading of their ſhips. Twenty days was the time ſtipulated for this purpoſe; but three months were now elapſed, and nothing done. Cabral ſeveral times complained to the Zamorim of the infringement of treaty, that many Mooriſh veſſels had been ſuffered to lade, while he could obtain no cargo. The Zamorim complained of the arts of the Moors, and gave Cabral an order, on paying for the goods, to unlade whatever Mooriſh veſſels he pleaſed, and to ſupply his own. Cabral, however, was apprehenſive of ſome deep deſign, and delayed to put this order in execution. Correa, upon this, ſeverely upbraided him with neglect of duty, and he at laſt ſeized a veſſel which happened to belong to one of the richeſt of the Moors. A tumult was immediately raiſed, the Portugueſe factory was ſuddenly beſet by four thouſand of that people, and before any aſſiſtance could come from the ſhips, Correa, and the greateſt part of his companions, were maſſacred. Cabral, though greatly enraged, waited ſufficient time to hear the excuſe of the Zamorim; but he waited in vain. Ten large Mooriſh veſſels burnt in the harbour, the city of Calicut bombarded one day, and 600 of its inhabitants ſlain, revenged the death of Correa.

The king of Cochin, when Cabral returned the ſhip which he had taken, highly pleaſed with his honour, invited him to traffic in his port. Cabral now ſailed thither, and was treated in the moſt friendly manner. A ſtrong houſe was appointed for a factory, and a treaty of commerce ſolemnly concluded. Ambaſſadors alſo arrived from the kings of Cananor, Caulon, and other places, intreating the alliance of the Portugueſe, whom they invited to their harbours.

About eight hundred years before this period, according to tradition, Perimal, the ſovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been inſtructed by ſome Arabian merchants, reſolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He therefore divided his empire into different ſovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the Zamorim of Calicut. From this port Perimal ſet ſail, and the Arab merchants conceived ſuch a ſuperſtitious affection for this harbour, though not ſo commodious as many others around, that on the arrival of Gama it was the great centre of the Mooriſh commerce in India. A deſire to throw off their dependence on the Zamorim, without doubt had its influence in prompting the tributary kings to invite the Portugueſe to their harbours. But it was impoſſible they ſhould have ſo acted, unleſs they had conceived a high idea of the Portugueſe virtue and valour, which was thus rewarded by the friendſhip of ſome powerful princes, who ever after remained true to the cauſe of Emmanuel.

When Cabral was about to ſail from Cochin, he received information from the king, that the Zamorim, with a large fleet, containing 15,000 ſoldiers, intended to attack him. Cabral prepared for battle, and the Indian fleet fled. He afterwards touched at Cananor, where he entered into a friendly alliance. The king, ſuſpecting from the ſmall quantity of ſpicery which he bought, that the admiral was in want of money, intreated him to give a mark of his friendſhip by accepting, upon credit, of what goods he pleaſed. But Cabral ſhewed a conſiderable quantity of gold to the king's meſſengers, politely thanked him, and ſaid he was already ſufficiently loaded. Having left factors on ſhore, and received ambaſſadors on board, he proceeded on his homeward voyage. Near Melinda he took a large ſhip, but finding ſhe belonged to a merchant of Cananor, he ſet her at liberty, and told the commander, "that the Portugueſe monarch was only at war with the Zamorim and the Moors of Mecca, from whom he had received the greateſt injuries and indignities." The king of Melinda, and other Mohammedan princes, who had entered into alliances with Gama and Cabral, were not of the tribe or confederacy of thoſe who had in different parts attempted the ruin of the Portugueſe. That people were now diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Moors of Mecca, their principal harbour; and therefore to diſtreſs that port became now a principal object of the Portugueſe.

Emmanuel, now fully informed by Cabral of the ſtates and traffic of the Indian ſeas, perceiving that the reinforcement of three veſſels, which he had ſent under John de Nova *, could little avail, fitted out twenty ſhips, the command of which warlike fleet was given to the celebrated Vaſco de Gama. At the ſame time the pope iſſued a bull, in which he ſtyled Emmanuel, Lord of the Navigation, Conqueſts, and Trade, of Ethiopia, Arabia, Perſia, and India.

Gama, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, touched at Sofala, and made a treaty with the Mohammedan ſovereign of that rich country. Mozambic was now governed by a new monarch, who entreated an alliance with the Portugueſe, which was granted; and the iſle where Gama had the battle with the Moors †, became, for long after, a moſt convenient watering-place for the Portugueſe navies. In revenge of the plots againſt himſelf, and the injuries received by Cabral, he battered the city of Quiloa with his cannon, and made the king ſubmit to pay tribute to Emmanuel. As he proceeded for Calicut, he met a large ſhip of Mecca, which, with many people of diſtinction who were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of their prophet, had lately left that harbour. This veſſel, after an obſtinate ſtruggle, in which 300 Moors

---

* This officer defeated a large fleet of the Zamorim, but could not be ſuppoſed to effect any thing of permanency. On his return to Europe, Nova diſcovered the iſle of St. Helena. A Portugueſe, who in India had embraced Mohammediſm, in contrition for his apoſtacy became its firſt inhabitant. He deſired to be left aſhore to do penance for his crime. Here he continued four years, and by his knowledge of the ſprings, and the vegetables and fruit-trees which he planted, rendered that iſle an uſeful place of watering and rendezvous. He was named Fernando Lopez.

† See the firſt Luſiad.

Moors were killed *, he took and burnt. And from ſome veſſels of Calicut, as he approached that port, he took about thirty priſoners. As ſoon as he anchored near the city, the Zamorim ſent a meſſage to offer terms of friendſhip, to excuſe the maſſacre of the Portugueſe under Correa, as the ſole action of an enraged populace, with which government had no concern; and added, that the fate of the ſhip of Mecca he hoped would ſuffice for revenge. Gama, previous to any new treaty, demanded a reſtitution of the goods of which the Portugueſe factory had been plundered, and threatened to put his priſoners to death and batter the city in caſe of refuſal. After waiting ſome time in vain for an anſwer, Gama ordered his thirty priſoners to be hanged, and their bodies to be ſent aſhore, together with a letter, declaring war againſt the Zamorim, in the name of the king of Portugal. And next day, having for ſeveral hours played his cannon upon the city, he ſteered his courſe for the more friendly port of Cochin.

Here the factors who had been left by Cabral gave Gama the higheſt character of the faith of the king, and his earneſt deſire to cultivate the friendſhip of the Portugueſe; and the former alliance was mutually confirmed by the king and the admiral. The Zamorim, who with rage and regret beheld the commerce of Europe carried to other harbours, ſent a Bramin to Gama, while he was lading

---

* Twenty children were ſaved. Theſe were ſent to Liſbon, where they were baptized, and educated in the ſervice of Emmanuel. The Portugueſe writers mention their capture, and the care taken of them, as the happieſt fortune which could poſſibly have attended them.

lading at Cochin, intreating an oblivion of paſt injuries, and a renewal of the league of amity. The admiral, ſtill deſirous to cultivate friendſhip, gave the command of the fleet to his couſin Stephen de Gama, and with two ſhips only, in order to try the Zamorim's ſincerity, ſailed for Calicut; yet, leſt treachery ſhould be intended, he ordered Vincent Sodre with five ſhips to follow him. On his arrival at the city, he found that diſſimulation was ſtill the character of the ſovereign. Four and thirty veſſels, full of armed men, attacked Gama's ſhip with great fury; for the other veſſel he had ſent to haſten the ſquadron of Sodre. In this ſituation nothing but a briſk wind could poſſibly have ſaved Gama; and a briſk gale in this extremity aroſe, and carried him beyond the reach of the fleet of Calicut. But having met the reinforcement of Sodre, he immediately returned, and totally deſtroyed the fleet of the enemy.

Diſappointed in war, the Zamorim now by intreaties and threats endeavoured to bring the king of Cochin into his intereſt. But that prince, with the greateſt honour, refuſed to betray the Portugueſe; and Gama having promiſed to leave a ſquadron to protect his harbour, ſailed with thirteen loaded ſhips for the port of Cananor. On his way thither, as he paſt within a few miles of Calicut, he was again vigorouſly attacked by twenty-nine veſſels, fitted out by the Zamorim, on purpoſe to intercept him. Gama ordered three ſhips, which had the leaſt loading, to begin the engagement, and victory ſoon declared in his favour. He then proceeded to Cananor, where he entered into a treaty with the ſovereign, who bound himſelf never to make war on the king of Cochin, or to aſſiſt the Zamorim. And Gama, having left ſix ſhips under the command of Sodre, for the protection of Cochin and Cananor, ſailed for Portugal, where, after a proſperous voyage, he arrived with twelve ſhips, loaded with the riches of the Eaſt.

As ſoon as Gama's departure was known, the Zamorim made great preparations to attack Cochin. It was the purpoſe of Emmanuel, that Sodre ſhould be left with a ſquadron to cruiſe about the mouth of the Red Sea, and annoy the Moors of Mecca; but Gama, whoſe power was diſcretionary, ordered him not to leave Cochin, unleſs every thing bore the appearance of peace with the Zamorim. Sodre, however, though hoſtility was every day expected, prepared to depart. Diego Correa, the Portugueſe agent left at Cochin, urged him in the ſtrongeſt manner to do his duty and continue at that port; but in vain. While the king of Cochin reſolutely refuſed, though adviſed by many of his council, to deliver up the Portugueſe reſidents to the Zamorim, Sodre, contrary to the orders of Gama, ſailed for the Red Sea, in hope of the rich prizes of Mecca; and thus baſely deſerted his countrymen, and a prince, whoſe faith to the Portugueſe had involved him in a war which threatened deſtruction to his kingdom.

The city of Cochin is ſituated on an iſland, divided from the continent by an arm of the ſea, one part of which, at low water, is fordable. At this paſs the Zamorim began the war, and met ſome defeats. At laſt, by the force of numbers and the power of bribery, he took the city, and the king of Cochin fled to the iſland of Viopia. Yet, though ſtript of his dominions, he ſtill retained his faith to the Portugueſe. He took them with him to this place, where a few men could defend themſelves; and though the Zamorim offered to reſtore him to his throne if he would deliver them up, he replied, *that his enemy might ſtrip him of his dominions and his life, but it was not in his power to deprive him of his fidelity.*

While Trimumpara, king of Cochin, was thus ſhut up on a little rock, Sodre ſuffered a puniſhment worthy of his perfidy. His ſhip was beaten to pieces by a tempeſt, and he and his brother loſt their lives. The other commanders conſidered this as the judgment of heaven, and haſtened back to the relief of Cochin: by ſtreſs of weather, however, they were obliged to put into one of the Anchidivian iſlands. Here they were joined by Francis Albuquerque, who, on hearing the fate of Cochin, though in the rigour of the tempeſtuous ſeaſon, immediately ſet ſail for that port. When the fleet appeared in ſight of Viopia, Trimumpara exclaiming *Portugal, Portugal,* ran in an extacy to the Portugueſe; and they, in return, with ſhouts of triumph, announced the reſtoration of his crown. The garriſon left in Cochin by the Zamorim immediately fled. Trimumpara was reſtored to his throne without a battle, and Albuquerque gave an inſtance of his maſterly policy. Together with the aſſurances of the friendſhip of Emmanuel, he made the king of Cochin a preſent of 10,000 ducats. An act which wonderfully excited the admiration of the princes of India, and was a ſevere wound to the Zamorim.

Francis and Alonzo Albuquerque and Duarte Pacheco were now at Cochin. The princes, tributary to Trimumpara, who had deſerted to the Zamorim, were ſeverely puniſhed by the troops of Cochin, headed by the Portugueſe, and their depredations were carried into the Zamorim's own dominions. A treaty of peace was at laſt concluded, on terms greatly advantageous to the Portugueſe commerce. But that honour which had been of the greateſt benefit to their affairs, was now ſtained. A ſhip of Calicut was unjuſtly ſeized by the Portugueſe agent at Cochin; nor would Francis Albuquerque make reſtitution, though required by the Zamorim. Soon after this, Francis ſailed for Europe, but gave another inſtance of his infamy ere he left India. The Zamorim had again declared war againſt the king of Cochin, and Francis Albuquerque left only one ſhip, three barges, and about one hundred and fifty men, for the defence of Trimumpara; but this ſmall body was commanded by Pacheco. Francis Albuquerque, and Nicholas Coello celebrated in the Luſiad, ſailed for Europe, but were heard of no more.

Anthony Saldanna and Roderic Ravaſco were at this time ſent from Liſbon on purpoſe to cruiſe about the mouth of the Red Sea. The king of Melinda was engaged in a dangerous war with the king of Mombaſſa, and Saldanna procured him an honourable peace. But Ravaſco acted as a lawleſs pirate on the coaſt of Zanzibar. Though the innocent inhabitants were in a treaty of peace with Gama, he took many of their ſhips, for which he extorted large ranſoms, and compelled the prince of Zanzibar to pay an annual tribute and own himſelf the vaſſal of Emmanuel. The Pope's bull, which gave all the Eaſt to the king of Portugal, began now to operate. The Portugueſe eſteemed it as a ſacred charter; the natives of the Eaſt felt the conſequence of it, and conceived a ſecret jealouſy and diſlike of their new maſters. The exalted policy and honour of many of the Portugueſe governors delayed the evil operation of this jealouſy, but the remedy was only temporary. The Portugueſe believed they had a right to demand the vaſſalage of the princes of the Eaſt, and to prohibit them the navigation of their own ſeas. When the uſurpation of dominion proceeds from a fixed principle, the wiſdom of the ableſt governor can only ſkin over the mortal wound; for even the groſſeſt barbarians are moſt acutely ſenſible of injuſtice, and carefully remember the breaches of honour.

Along with theſe ideas of their right to claim dominion and to conquer, the Portugueſe brought to India an image of the degenerated conſtitution of Liſbon. The governor acted under a few general inſtructions, which contained rather advices * than orders, againſt what countries he ſhould

---

* See the commiſſion of the Portugueſe viceroys and the *Noticias*, in the Appendix. See alſo the letters of the king, queen, and prince of Portugal, to John de Caſtro, in Andrada's life of that governor.

ſhould direct the force of his arms. And in the executive power he was arbitrary. The revenue and regulations of commerce were alſo left to his diſcretion; ſuch was the inſecure and capricious plan of the Portugueſe commercial eſtabliſhment in India. It was (of all, the moſt liable to abuſe) the worſt of all MONOPOLIES, a *regal* ONE. Every ſhip which ſailed from Portugal to India was the king's property. Their Indian cargoes were depoſited in the cuſtom-houſe of Liſbon, and managed, for the uſe of the crown, by the revenue officers. The tribute paid by the vaſſal princes of Aſia was the king's; and the factories and forts were built and ſupported at his charge *. In a word, a military government was eſtabliſhed in India, and it was the duty of the governor to ſuperintend his majeſty's revenues and commercial monopoly.

The Zamorim had now collected a formidable power for the deſtruction of Cochin. But before we mention the wonderful victories of Pacheco, it will be neceſſary to give ſome account of the land and maritime forces of the Eaſt. And here it is to be lamented, that the Portugueſe authors have given us but very imperfect accounts of the military arts of India. Yet it is to be gathered from them, that though fire-arms were not unknown, they were but very little uſed before the arrival of the Portugueſe. Two natives of Milan, who were brought to India by Gama on his ſecond voyage, deſerted to the Zamorim, and were of great ſervice to him in making of powder and caſting of cannon. The Perſians deſpiſed the uſe of fire arms, as unmanly; and the uſe of artillery on board of a fleet is ſeveral times mentioned as peculiar to the Moors of Mecca. The veſſels of the Zamorim were large barges rowed with oars, and crouded with men, who fought with darts and other miſſile weapons. We are told by Oſorius, that the pilot of Melinda, who conducted Gama to Calicut, deſpiſed the Aſtrolabe, as if uſed to ſuperior inſtruments. We doubt, however, of his ſuperior knowledge, for we know that he coaſted northward to a particular limit, and then ſtood directly for the riſing ſun. We are alſo told by the Jeſuits of the perfection of the Chineſe navigation, and that they have had the uſe of the compaſs for 3000 years; but this is alſo doubtful. Some have even ſuppoſed, that Marco Paolo, or ſome of the earlieſt mercantile pilgrims, carried the loadſtone to China ere its uſe in navigation was fully known in Europe. Certain it is, that at this day the Chineſe cannot arm the needle with the virtues of the loadſtone, and of conſequence have the compaſs in great imperfection. In place of hanging the needle, they lay the loadſtone upon cork, and ſwim it in water. Vertomannus relates, that travelling to Mecca, he ſaw the Arabs uſe the compaſs to direct them through the ſandy deſarts of Arabia. But of this alſo we doubt; for there is not a name in any eaſtern language, except the Chineſe, for that inſtrument; nor do the Arabs know how to make one. They purchaſe them of Europeans, and the Italian word *Buſſola* is the name of the compaſs among the Turks, and all the natives of the Eaſt, on this ſide of China.

---

* See Oſorius, Faria, Barros, Caſtanneda, Commentaries written by Albuquerque's ſon, Andrada's Life of John de Caſtro, &c. &c. *paſſim in locis.*

While the Zamorim was preparing his formidable armament againſt Cochin, the ſecurity which appeared on the mien of Pacheco, prompted Trimumpara to ſuſpect ſome fraud: and he entreated that captain to confeſs what he intended. Pacheco felt all the reſentment of honour, and aſſured him of victory. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants, and uttered the ſevereſt threats againſt any perſon who ſhould dare to deſert to the Zamorim, or to leave the iſland *. Every precaution, by which the paſſage to the iſland of Cochin might be ſecured, was taken by Pacheco. The Portugueſe took the ſacrament, and devoted themſelves to death. The king of Cochin's troops amounted only to 5000; the fleet and army of the Zamorim conſiſted of 57,000 men. Yet this great army, though provided with braſs cannon, and otherwiſe aſſiſted by the two Milaneſe engineers, was defeated by Pacheco. Seven times the Zamorim raiſed new armies, ſome of them more numerous than the firſt, but all of them were defeated at the fords of Cochin, by the ſtratagems and intrepidity of Pacheco. Though the Zamorim in the latter battles expoſed his own perſon to the greateſt danger, and was ſometimes ſprinkled with the blood of his attendants; though he had recourſe to poiſon and every art of fraud, all his attempts, open and private, were

---

* Soon after this order, two fiſhermen were brought before him, who had been following their employment beyond the limits he had preſcribed. Pacheco ordered them to be hanged in priſon. The king pleaded for their lives, but Pacheco in public was inexorable. In the night, however, he ſent the two fiſhermen to the king's palace, where he deſired they might be concealed with the greateſt ſecrecy; and the ſeverity of their fate was publickly believed. Such was the humanity and ſtrict diſcipline of this brave officer.

were baffled. At laſt, in deſpair of revenge, he reſigned his crown, and ſhut himſelf up for the remainder of his days in one of his idol temples. Soon after the kingdom of Cochin was thus reſtored to proſperity, Pacheco was recalled to Europe. The king of Portugal paid the higheſt compliments to his valour; and as he had acquired no fortune in India, in reward of his ſervices he gave him a lucrative government in Africa. But merit always has enemies. Pacheco was accuſed, and by the king's order brought to Liſbon in irons: and thoſe hands which preſerved the intereſt of Portugal in India, were in Portugal chained in a dungeon a conſiderable time, ere a legal trial determined the juſtice of this ſeverity. He was at laſt tried, and honourably acquitted; but his merit was thought of no more, and he died in an alms-houſe. Merit thus repaid, is a ſevere wound to an empire. The generous ardour of military ſpirit cannot receive a colder check, than ſuch examples are ſure to give it.

Before the departure of Pacheco, a fleet of thirteen ſhips, commanded by Lopez Soarez, arrived in India. The new Zamorim beheld with regret the ruined condition of his kingdom, his tributary princes not only now independent, but poſſeſſed of the commerce which formerly enriched Calicut, the fatal conſequence of his uncle and predeceſſor's obſtinacy. Taught by theſe examples, he deſired a peace with the Portugueſe; but Soarez would hear nothing till the two Milaneſe deſerters were delivered up. This the Zamorim reſolutely refuſed. And Soarez, regardleſs of the fate of ſome Portugueſe who had been left at Calicut by Cabral, battered the city two days, in place of granting an honourable and commercial peace. Nor was this his only political error. By ſhewing ſuch eagerneſs to ſecure the Milaneſe engineers, he told the Zamorim the value of theſe European artiſts. And that prince ſoon after applied to the Soldan of Egypt, who ſent him four Venetians, able engineers, and maſters of the art of the foundery of cannon.

In the ſtately ſpirit of conqueſt Soarez traverſed the Indian ſeas, deſtroyed many Calicutian and Mooriſh veſſels, and made various princes pay tribute and confeſs themſelves the vaſſals of Emmanuel. But the Soldan of Egypt began now to threaten hoſtilities, and a ſtronger force of the Portugueſe was neceſſary. Franciſco d'Almeyda, an officer of diſtinguiſhed merit, was therefore appointed viceroy of India, and was ſent with two and twenty ſhips to aſſert his juriſdiction. And according to the uncommercial ideas of Gothic conqueſt with which he ſet out, he continued to act. On his arrival at Quiloa, a meeting between him and the king was appointed. Almeyda attended, but the king did not, for a black cat, as he ſet out, happended to croſs his way, and intimidated by this evil omen, he declined the interview. On this, Almeyda levelled his city with the ground, and appointed another king, tributary to Emmanuel. Some late treacheries of Mombaſſa were alſo revenged by the deſtruction of that city and the vaſſalage of its monarch. When the viceroy arrived in India, he defeated the king of Onor, built forts and left garriſons in various places. Trimumpara, king of Cochin, had now retired to ſpend the evening of his life in a Brahmin temple, and his nephew, who with great pomp was crowned by Almeyda, acknowledged himſelf the tributary of the king of Portugal.

The Soldan of Egypt was at this time one of the greateſt princes of the world. Much of the lucrative commerce of the Eaſt had long flowed to the Weſt through his dominions. His fleets and his armies were thus rendered numerous and powerful, and bound by their political religion, every Mohammedan prince, in a war with the Chriſtians, was his ally. A heavy revenge of the cruſades was in meditation, and Europe, miſerably divided in itſelf, invited its own ruin; when, as it is expreſſed by the Abbé Reynal, the liberties of mankind were ſaved by the voyage of Vaſco de Gama. The arrival of the Portugueſe in the eaſtern ſeas entirely unhinged the ſtrongeſt fences of the Mohammedan power; and the ſinews of the Egyptian and Turkiſh ſtrength were cut aſunder by that deſtruction of their commerce which followed the preſence of the Europeans. And thus alſo Europe is taught the means which will for ever ſecure her againſt the ravages of the Saracens, and other eaſtern barbarians, whom ſhe has already experienced as more cruel invaders, and whom Greece ſtill feels as more dreadful tyrants, than the Goths and the Vandals *.

Enraged

---

* A view of the commerce of the eaſtern world, and the channels in which it flowed, before the arrival of the Portugueſe, is thus accurately given by *Faria y Souſa.* " Before theſe our diſcoveries, the ſpicery and riches of the eaſtern world were brought to Europe with great charge and immenſe trouble.

Enraged with the interruption which his trade had already received, the Soldan reſolved to prevent its utter ruin. He threatened the extirpation of all the Chriſtians in his dominions, if the court of Rome would not order the king of Portugal to withdraw his fleets for ever from the eaſtern ſeas. One Maurus, a monk, was his ambaſſador to Rome and Liſbon, but in place of promiſes of compliance, he returned with the ſeverer threats of Emmanuel. War was now determined by the Soldan, and a moſt formidable fleet, ſixty veſſels of which were larger than the Portugueſe, manned with Turks experienced in war,

---

trouble. The merchandiſe of the clove of Malucca, the mace and nutmeg of Banda, the ſandal-wood of Timor, the camphire of Borneo, the gold and ſilver of Luconia, the ſpices, drugs, dyes, and perfumes, and all the various riches of China, Java, Siam, and the adjacent kingdoms, centered in the city of Malaca, in the golden Cherſoneſus. Hither all the traders of the countries, as far weſt as Ethiopia and the Red Sea, reſorted, and bartered their own commodities for thoſe they received; for ſilver and gold were eſteemed as the leaſt valuable articles. By this trade the great cities of Calicut, Cambaya, Ormuz, and Aden, were enriched; nor was Malaca the only ſource of their wealth. The weſtern regions of Aſia had full poſſeſſion of the commerce of the rubies of Pegu, the ſilks of Bengal, the pearls of Calicare, the diamonds of Narſinga, the cinnamon and rubies of Ceylon, the pepper and every ſpicery of Malabar, and wherever in the eaſtern iſlands and ſhores Nature had laviſhed her various riches. Of the more weſtern commerce Ormuz was the great mart; for from thence the eaſtern commodities were conveyed up the Perſian gulph to Baſſora on the mouth of the Euphrates, and from thence diſtributed in caravans to Armenia, Trebiſond, Tartary, Aleppo, Damaſcus, and the port of Barut on the Mediterranean. Suez on the Red Sea was alſo a moſt important mart. Here the caravans loaded and proceeded to Grand Cairo, from whence the Nile conveyed their riches to Alexandria; at which city and at Barut ſome Europeans, the Venetians in particular, loaded their veſſels with the riches of the eaſtern world, which at immenſe prices they diſtributed throughout Europe." While the eaſtern commerce flowed through theſe channels, the eaſtern kingdoms were wonderfully ſtrengthened and enriched by it. By the arrival of the Portugueſe every thing was reverſed, and the ſafety of Europe ſecured.

war, were ſent to the aſſiſtance of the Zamorim. But by the ſuperior naval ſkill and romantic bravery of Almeyda and his ſon Lorenzo, this mighty armament was defeated.

At this time Triſtan de Cugna, and the celebrated Alphonſo Albuquerque, arrived in the Eaſt, and carried war and victory from Sofala to India. Allured by the honour and commercial treaties of Gama and Cabral, ſeveral princes of India invited theſe ſtrangers to their harbours. But the alteration of the behaviour and claims of the Portugueſe, had altered the ſentiments of the natives. Almoſt every port now oppoſed the entrance of the Portugueſe, and the cargo of almoſt every ſhip they loaded was purchaſed with blood. At the ſack of the city of Lamo, ſome of the ſoldiers under Cugna cut off the hands and ears of the women, 'to get their bracelets and ear-rings with more expedition.' But though theſe miſcreants, by overloading their boat with their plunder, were all drowned, this ſtain on the Portugueſe character made deſtructive war againſt the Portugueſe name and intereſt. When Albuquerque arrived before Ormuz, he ſummoned the king to become the vaſſal of Emmanuel, and to be happy under the protection of ſo great a prince. The king of Ormuz, who expected ſuch a viſit, had provided an army of 33,000 men, 6000 of whom were expert archers, auxiliaries of Perſia. Yet theſe were defeated by 460 diſciplined men, well played cannon, and the dauntleſs valour of Albuquerque. And the king of Ormuz ſubmitted to vaſſalage. Lords of the ſeas alſo, the Portugueſe permitted no ſhip to ſail without a Portugueſe paſſport. Nor was this regarded, when avarice prompted that the paſſport was forged *. A rich ſhip of Cananor was on this pretence taken and plundered, and the unhappy crew, to conceal the villainy, were ſewed up in the ſail cloths and drowned. Vaz, it is true, the commander of this horrid deed, was broken. But the bodies of the Moors were thrown on ſhore by the tide, and the king of Cananor, the valuable ally of Portugal, in revenge of this treachery, joined the Zamorim, and declared war againſt the Portugueſe. Another powerful armament, commanded by Mir Hocem, a chief of great valour, was ſent by the Soldan. Perſia alſo aſſiſted. And even the mountains of Dalmatia †, by the connivance of Venice, were robbed of their foreſts, to build navies in Arabia to militate againſt the Portugueſe.

Almeyda ſent his brave ſon Lorenzo to give battle to Mir Hocem, but Lorenzo fell the victim of his romantic bravery. While the father prepared to revenge the death of his ſon, his recall, and the appointment of Albuquerque to ſucceed him, arrived from Europe; but Almeyda refuſed to reſign till he had revenged his ſon's defeat. On this, a diſpute between the two governors aroſe, of fatal conſequence to the Portugueſe intereſt in Aſia. Albuquerque

---

* Sometimes, in place of a paſs, the Mooriſh veſſels carried their own letters of condemnation. As thus, *The owner of this ſhip is a very wicked Moor. I deſire the firſt Portugueſe captain to whom this is ſhewn may make prize of her.* Vid. Faria.

† The timber was brought through the Mediterranean to Cairo, and from thence was carried by camels to the port of Suez.

querque was impriſoned, and future governors often urged this example on both ſides of the queſtion, both to protract the continuance, and preſs the inſtant ſurrender of office. Almeyda, having defeated the Zamorim and his Egyptian allies, ſailed for Europe*, crowned with military laurels. But though thus plumed in the vulgar eye, his eſtabliſhments were contrary to the ſpirit of commerce. He fought, indeed, and conquered; but he left more enemies of the Portugueſe in the Eaſt than he found there. The honours he attained were like his, who having extinguiſhed a few houſes on fire, marches out of a city in triumph, forgetful of the glowing embers left in every corner, ready to burſt forth in a general flame. It was left for the great Albuquerque to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe empire in Aſia on a ſurer baſis, on acts of mutual benefit to the foreign coloniſts and native princes.

Albuquerque, as ſoon as he entered upon his government, turned his thoughts to the ſolid eſtabliſhment of the Portugueſe empire. To extinguiſh the power of Calicut, and to erect a fortified capital for the ſeat of government, were his firſt deſigns; and in theſe he was greatly aſſiſted, both by the arms and the counſel of Timoja the pirate, who very much injured by the Indian princes, was glad to enter into alliance with the Portugueſe. Don Fernando Coutinho, previous to the advancement of Albuquerque, had arrived in India, veſted with a diſcretionary power independant of the will of the governor. The natural conſequences of this extraordinary policy ſoon appeared. With thirty veſſels and 2400 men, Albuquerque and Coutinho ſailed from Cochin to beſiege Calicut. It was agreed, that the troops under Coutino ſhould have the honour to land firſt. Thoſe under Albuquerque, however, galled by the enemy, leapt firſt aſhore. Coutinho, on this, roughly upbraided him: *To conquer the feeble Indians,* he ſaid, *was no ſuch honour as ſome boaſted. And I will tell the king of Portugal,* he added, *that I entered the palace of the Zamorim with only my cane in my hand.* Albuquerque remonſtrated the danger of raſhneſs in vain. Coutinho ordered Jaſper de Gama, the Polonian Jew, to conduct him to the palace; to which, with 800 men, he marched in confuſed ſpeed. Albuquerque, whoſe magnanimity could revenge no inſult when his country's intereſt was at ſtake in the hour of battle, followed in good order with 600 men, and left others properly ſtationed, to ſecure a retreat; for he foreſaw deſtruction. Coutinho, after ſeveral attacks, at laſt, with the loſs of many men, entered the palace, and gave his ſoldiers liberty to plunder. All was now diſorder among them. And Albuquerque, who perceived it, entreated Coutinho, by meſſage, to beware of a fiercer attack. He was anſwered, *He might take care of the troops under his own command.* After two hours ſpent in plundering the palace, Coutinho ſet fire to it, and marched out. But ere he could join Albuquerque, both parties were ſurrounded by enraged multitudes. Coutinho and his braveſt officers fell; Albuquerque was wounded by arrows in the neck and left arm. At laſt, ſtruck on the breaſt by a large ſtone, he dropped down, to appearance dead. On his ſhield he was carried off with great difficulty. All was confuſion in the retreat, till the body of reſerve, placed by Albuquerque, came up, and repulſed the enemy. Albuquerque was carried on board without hope of recovery. His health, however, was reſtored at Cochin, and the Zamorim allowed a fort to be built near Calicut, and ſubmitted to the terms of peace propoſed by the Portugueſe governor.

---

* See his fate, p. 66. vol. ii.

The iſland of Goa, on the coaſt of Decan, a moſt commodious ſituation for the ſeat of empire, and whoſe prince had been treacherous to Gama, after various deſperate engagements, was at laſt yielded to *Albuquerque*. According to his deſign, he fortified it in the beſt manner, and rendered it of the utmoſt conſequence to the preſervation of the Portugueſe power. He now turned his thoughts to Malaca, the great mart of the eaſtern half of the oriental world. Under the government of Almeyda, Sequeira had ſailed thither, and while about ſettling a treaty with the natives, narrowly eſcaped a treacherous maſſacre, in which ſeveral of his men were ſlain. Albuquerque offered peace and commerce, but demanded atonement for this injury. His terms were rejected, and this important place, won by moſt aſtoniſhing victories, was now added to the Portugueſe dominion.

Albuquerque now devoted his attention to the grand object of his wiſhes, the permanent eſtabliſhment of the Portugueſe dominion in Aſia. His ideas were great and comprehenſive; and his plan, perhaps, the beſt ever produced under an arbitrary government. His predeceſſor

Almeyda had the ſame object in view, but he thought the conqueſt and ſettlement of cities would weaken and divide the Portugueſe ſtrength. Superiority at ſea he eſteemed as the ſureſt method to command all India; and one ſafe ſtation, where the ſhips might winter, was all the eſtabliſhment he deſired. Albuquerque, on the contrary, deemed the poſſeſſion of many harbours, and adjoining territory, as the only effectual means to enſure the continuance of the naval ſuperiority. He eſteemed the ſupply of the regal monopoly, ſays Oſorius, as an inferior conſideration; to enlarge and render permanent the revenues of ſovereignty was his grand deſign. As one tempeſt might deſtroy the ſtrength of their navy, while there was only one harbour to afford refuge, he conſidered the Portugueſe dominion not only as very inſecure, but alſo as extremely precarious, while they depended upon military and naval ſupplies from Liſbon. To prevent and remedy theſe apparent evils was therefore his ambition; and for theſe purpoſes he extended his ſettlements from Ormuz in Perſia to the Chineſe ſea. He eſtabliſhed cuſtom-houſes in every port, to receive the king's duties on merchandiſe; and the vaſt revenue which aroſe from theſe and the tribute of the vaſſal princes, gave a ſanction to his ſyſtem. At Goa, the capital of this new empire, he coined money, inſtituted a council-chamber for the government of the city, and here and at all his ſettlements he erected courts of juſtice *, and gave new regulations to

---

* *Utimutirajah*, a native of Java, and one of the greateſt men of Malaca, was, together with his ſon and ſon-in-law, detected in a conſpiracy againſt the

to ſuch as had been formerly eſtabliſhed. And that this empire might be able to levy armies and build fleets in its own defence, he encouraged the marriage of the Portugueſe with the natives *. His female captives he treated with the utmoſt kindneſs, and having married them to his ſoldiers, gave them ſettlements in the iſland of Goa. And hence, during the regency of John de Caſtro, little more than thirty years after, the iſland of Goa itſelf was able to build the fleets and to levy the armies, which, by ſaving the important fort and city of Dio, preſerved the Portugueſe intereſt in India.

In conſequence of his plan of empire, Albuquerque conſtituted Malaca the capital of the eaſtern part of the Portugueſe dominion. Here, as at Goa, he coined money, and by his juſtice, and affable, generous manner, won the affection and eſteem of the people whom he had conquered. He received from and ſent ambaſſadors to the king of Siam and other princes, to whom he offered the trade of Malaca on more advantageous conditions than it had hitherto been. And an immenſe commerce from China and all the adjacent regions ſoon filled that harbour. For here, as at Ormuz and Goa, the reduction which he made in the cuſtoms, gave an increaſe of trade which

---

the Portugueſe. For this they were publickly tried in the court eſtabliſhed by Albuquerque; were condemned, and publickly executed. This is the firſt inſtance of the execution of natives under the authority of European courts.

* The deſcendants of theſe marriages people the coaſts of the eaſt at this day. They are called *Meſticos* or *Meſtizes*, are become ſavages, ſpeak a broken Portugueſe, called *lingua Franca* by the ſailors. Many of the black ſervants brought to Europe are of this race.

which almoſt doubled the revenue of the king of Portugal. When Albuquerque returned to Goa, he was received, ſays Faria, as a father by his family. The iſland was at this time beſieged by 20,000 of Hydal Can, the lord of Decan's troops, yet victory declared for Albuquerque. But to diſplay the terror of the Portugueſe arms was only the ſecond motive of this great man. To convince the Indian princes of the value of his friendſhip was his firſt care, and treaties of commerce were with mutual ſatisfaction concluded with the king of Biſnagar, the king of Narſinga, and other powerful princes. The city of Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea, was of great importance to the fleets of the Soldan. Albuquerque twice attacked this place, but could not carry it for want of military ſtores. By the veſſels, however, which he kept on theſe coaſts, he gave a ſevere wound to the Egyptian and Mooriſh commerce; and by the eſtabliſhments which he made in India, entirely ruined it. Mahomet, the expelled tyrant of Malaca, aſſiſted by 20,000 Javans, attempted to recover his throne; but the wiſh of the people was fulfilled, and Albuquerque, who ſailed to its relief, was again victorious. The Perſians, to whom Ormuz had been tributary, endeavoured to bring it again under their yoke*; but Albuquerque haſtened from Malaca, and totally defeated them, to the ſincere joy of the inhabitants. Here he fell ſick, and being adviſed by his phyſicians to go to India for the recovery of his health, the king of Ormuz, who called him his father, parted from him with tears. On his way to India he received intelligence, that a fleet, arrived from Portugal, had brought his recall; that Lopez Soarez was appointed to ſucceed him, and that Iago Mendez was come to be governor of Cochin. When he heard this, he exclaimed, *Are theſe whom I ſent priſoners to Portugal for heinous crimes, are theſe returned to be governors! Old man, Oh, for thy grave! Thou haſt incurred the king's diſpleaſure for the ſake of the ſubjects, and the ſubjects for the ſake of the king! Old man, fly to thy grave, and retain that honour thou haſt ever preſerved!* A profound melancholy now ſeized him; but finding the certain approaches of death, he recovered his chearfulneſs, and with great fervor gave thanks to God, that a new governor was ready to ſucceed him. On the bar of Goa, in the ſixty-third year of his age, he breathed his laſt [*], after a regency of little more than

---

* When the Perſians ſent a demand of tribute, Albuquerque ſaid it ſhould be paid; and a large ſilver baſon, under cover, was preſented to the ambaſſador. When uncovered, leaden bullets and points of ſpears appeared. There, ſaid Albuquerque, is the tribute which the kings of Portugal pay. Admiration of the virtues of their enemies was the ancient character of the Perſians. Iſmael, the Sophi from whom Ormuz was rent, ſoon after profeſſed the higheſt idea of the valour of Albuquerque. He courted his friendſhip,

---

friendſhip, and ſent ambaſſadors to Emmanuel. In this correſpondence the progreſs of fire-arms in the Eaſt may be traced. In 1515 he ſolicited that Portugueſe artiſts might be ſent to teach his ſubjects the art of caſting cannon. Vid. Oſor. l. x.

[*] A little before he died he wrote this manly letter to the king of Portugal. "*Under the pangs of death, in the difficult breathing of the laſt hour, I write this my laſt letter to your Highneſs; the laſt of many I have written to you full of life, for I was then employed in your ſervice. I have a ſon, Blas de Albuquerque; I entreat your Highneſs to make him as great as my ſervices deſerve. The affairs of India will anſwer for themſelves, and for me.*" Oſorius ſays, the latter part of the Goſpel of John was, at his deſire, repeatedly read to him; and he expired with the greateſt compoſure. Long after his death his bones were brought to Portugal; but it was with great difficulty, and after long delays, ere the inhabitants of Goa would conſent to part with his remains.

than five years. Yet, in this ſhort ſpace, he not only opened all the eaſtern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regulations of his humane and exalted policy, by the ſtrict diſtribution of juſtice which he eſtabliſhed, ſecured its power on a baſis, which nothing but the diſcontinuance of his meaſures could ſubvert. Under Albuquerque the proud boaſt of the hiſtorian Faria was juſtified. *The trophies of our victories*, ſays he, *are not bruiſed helmets and warlike engines hung on the trees of the mountains; but cities, iſlands, and kingdoms, firſt humbled under our feet, and then joyfully worſhipping our government.* The princes of India, who viewed Albuquerque as their father, cloathed themſelves in mourning on his death, for they had experienced the happineſs and protection which his friendſhip gave them. And the ſincerity of their grief ſhewed Emmanuel what a ſubject he had loſt. He was buried at Goa, and it became cuſtomary for the Mohammedan and Gentoo inhabitants of that city, when injured by the Portugueſe, to come and weep at his tomb, utter their complaints to his *manes*, and call upon his God to revenge their wrongs.

Accuſtomed to the affable manners of Albuquerque, the reſerved haughty dignity aſſumed by Soarez gave the Indian allies of Portugal the firſt proof that the mourning which they wore for his predeceſſor was not without cauſe. Now, ſay the Portugueſe authors, commenced the period when the ſoldier no more followed the dictates of honour, when thoſe who had been captains became traders, and rapacious plunderers of the innocent natives.

Hitherto

Hitherto the loading of the king's veſſels had been the principal mercantile buſineſs of the Portugueſe. They now more particularly interfered with the commerce of the Moors and Indians. Many quitted the military ſervice, and became private adventurers; and many who yearly arrived from Portugal, in place of entering into the king's ſervice, followed this example. But their commerce was entirely confined to the harbours of the eaſt, for it was the ſole prerogative of the king to ſend cargoes to Europe. This coaſting trade in the hands of the Portugueſe increaſed the revenue of the royal cuſtomhouſes. But the ſudden riches which it promiſed, drew into it many more adventurers than, it was feared, the military government of India could afford to loſe. And thence the diſcouragement of this trade was eſteemed the duty, and became a principal object of the Portugueſe viceroys. And indeed in its beſt ſtate it was only worthy of tranſported felons. It was governed by no certain laws. The courts eſtabliſhed by Albuquerque were either corrupted or without power, and the petty governor of every petty fort was arbitrary in his harbour. Under theſe diſadvantages, ſo inauſpicious to honeſt induſtry, the Portugueſe adventurers in this coaſting trade became mere pirates, and it was uſual for them to procure the loading of their ſhips, ſays Faria, in the military way, as if upon the forage in an enemy's country. Nor was this coaſting trade ſolely in the hands of private adventurers. The king had a large ſhare in it, and undoubtedly the moſt advantageous.

This is confirmed by Faria (ſub ann. 1540 and 1541) who mentions his majeſty's goods as carried from port to port, and committed from one officer to the charge of another. Such was the miſerable ſtate of the *free trade* of the Portugueſe in India, a trade, whoſe ſuperior advantages, (for *ſuperior advantages* muſt be implied in the argument) have lately been held forth* as an example and proof of the expediency of depriving the Engliſh Eaſt India Company of their charter. In the concluſion we ſhall cite the words of the philoſopher to whom we allude. And an attention to the facts of this hiſtory will prepare the reader for a diſcuſſion of that important queſtion.

Where there are no fixed laws of ſupreme authority, immediate confuſion muſt follow the removal of the beſt governor. Such confuſion conſtituted the political character of the regency of Soarez. His military expeditions do him as little honour. Having performed the parade of a new governor, in viſiting the forts, and in breaking and raiſing officers, Soarez prepared, according to his orders, to reduce the coaſts of the Red Sea to the obedience of Portugal. Another great Egyptian fleet, commanded by a Turk, named Raez Solyman, had ſailed from Suez; and Soarez, with twenty-ſeven ſhips, ſet ſail in ſearch of it. When he came before Aden, he found that ſtrong city defenceleſs. The governor had offended the court of Egypt, and Solyman, by order of the Soldan, had levelled a part of the wall. The governor of Aden, thus at his mercy, artfully offered the keys to Soarez, and intreated his friendſhip. Secure of the Moor's honeſty, Soarez delayed to take poſſeſſion, till he had given battle to the Soldan's fleet. This he found in the port of Gidda or Jodda, under protection of the cannon of the walls. He therefore did not engage it; and after burning a few defenceleſs towns, he returned to Aden. But the breaches of the fort were now repaired, and his own force, which had ſuffered greatly by tempeſtuous weather in the Red Sea, was, he deemed, unable to take that city, which now refuſed to ſurrender. While Soarez was employed in this inglorious expedition, Goa was reduced to the greateſt danger. A quarrel about a Portugueſe deſerter had kindled a war, and Hydal Can, with an army of 30,000 men, laid ſiege to that important city. But the arrival of three Portugueſe ſhips raiſed the ſiege, at a time when famine had almoſt brought the garriſon to deſpair. Nor was Malaca happier than Goa. The uncurbed tyranny of the Portugueſe had almoſt driven trade from that harbour, and the dethroned king once more invaded the iſland with a great army. But Alexis de Menezes, appointed governor of that place, arrived, in the moſt critical time, with 300 men, and ſaved Malaca. The trade with China after this greatly increaſed, and the king of Ceylon, with whom Albuquerque had eſtabliſhed a valuable commerce, was compelled by Soarez to pay tribute to the king of Portugal. A ſurveyor of the king's revenue about this time arrived in India, veſted with a power, which interfered with, and leſſened that of the governor. Hence complaints and appeals were by every fleet carried to Europe, and by every fleet that returned the removal of officers was brought. Integrity now afforded no protection, and to amaſs wealth with the utmoſt expedition, was now the beſt way to ſecure its poſſeſſion. Rapacity prevailed among the Portugueſe, and all was diſcontent among the natives, when in 1518, after a regency of about three years, Soarez was recalled, and in power and title of governor ſucceeded by Iago Lopez de Sequeyra. Albuquerque left Portugueſe Aſia in the moſt flouriſhing condition. Soarez left every thing embarraſſed, and in the decline. Albuquerque was dreadful to his enemies in war, and to his ſoldiers on the leaſt appearance of diſobedience: but at other times, his engaging manners won the hearts of all. And his knowledge of human nature, which formed his political conduct, was of the firſt rate. Soarez, on the contrary, the man who refuſed an equitable treaty offered by the Zamorim, and was for ſuch acts of incapacity ſent priſoner to Liſbon by Albuquerque, betrayed in all his tranſactions the meaneſt abilities. All his capacity ſeemed to reach no farther than to preſerve that ſolemn face of dignity, that haughty reſerved importance with which men of ſlender abilities tranſact the moſt trifling offairs; a ſolemnity of which heavy intellects are extremely jealous and careful, which the ignorant revere, and which the intelligent deſpiſe.

---

* In Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Cauſes of the Wealth of Nations.*

Sequeyra, the diſcoverer of Malaca, began his regency with the relief of that important mart; and the king of Bintam, the beſieger, after ſeveral attempts, was compelled to ſubmit to a treaty dictated by the Portugueſe. Forty-eight ſhips, under the command of the governor, failed to reduce the ſtrong fort and harbour of Diu or Dio, on the coaſt of Cambaya, an object of great importance to the Portugueſe, but nothing was attempted. Continual ſkirmiſhes, however, dyed every ſhore with blood, while no method of cultivating the friendſhip of the hoſtile natives was even in view. Every thing on the contrary tended to inflame them. John de Borba, ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Achem, was generouſly relieved by the ſovereign. George de Brito arrived ſoon after, and Borba informed him, that in the ſepulchres of the kings were immenſe treaſures of gold; and that the preſent king, his benefactor, had formerly robbed ſome Portugueſe veſſels. Brito, at the head of 200 men, immediately began hoſtilities, but was defeated and killed, and the kings of Achem became the inveterate enemies of the Portugueſe, and often gave them infinite trouble. The Maluco iſlands were now diſcovered. The kings of theſe, at ſtrife with each other, were each earneſt for the alliance of the Portugueſe. But they, led by their uſual ideas, ſoon involved themſelves in war and ſlaughter. Ormuz, where Albuquerque was beloved as a father, was now unable to bear the Portugueſe yoke. The tribute was raiſed, and the king complained that his revenues could not afford to pay it. Sequeyra on this ſent Portugueſe officers to impoſe and collect the king's cuſtoms. This impolitical ſtep was ſoon followed by its natural conſequence. The inſolence and oppreſſion of the officers produced a revolt. Sequeyra, however, defeated the people of Ormuz, and almoſt doubled the tribute which before they were unable to pay. It is truly aſtoniſhing how men ſhould expect that dominion thus ſupported ſhould continue long; that they could not ſee that ſuch victories both ſowed and nouriſhed the ſeeds of future war. Even the Portugueſe hiſtorians adopted the impolitical uncommercial ideas of their governors. Faria y Souſa makes an apology for mentioning the fate of the firſt Portugueſe who traded to China; calls it a matter of commerce, a ſubject unworthy of grave hiſtory. The political philoſopher, however, will eſteem it of more importance, and will draw the beſt of precepts from it. The king of Portugal, deſirous of the trade of China, ſent an ambaſſador and one of his captains to propoſe a commercial alliance. The ambaſſador was gladly received, and ſent by land to Nankin, and the honourable behaviour of Pedro de Andrade gained the important traffic of the harbour of Canton. On this officer's return to India, Sequeyra the governor ſent Simon de Andrade, brother to Pedro, with five ſhips to China; and whatever were his inſtructions, the abſurdity of his actions was only equalled by his groſs inſolence. As if he had arrived among beings of an inferior order, he aſſumed an authority like that which is claimed by man over the brute creation. He ſeized the iſland of Tamou, oppoſite to Canton. Here he erected a fort and a gallows; and while he plundered the merchants, the wives and daughters of the principal inhabitants were dragged from their friends to his garriſon, and the gibbet puniſhed reſiſtance. Nor did he ſtop even here. The Portugueſe in India wanted ſlaves, and Andrade thought he had found the proper nurſery. He publiſhed his deſign to buy the youth of both ſexes, and in this inhuman traffic he was ſupplied by the moſt profligate of the natives. Theſe proceedings, however, were ſoon known to the emperor of China, and the Portugueſe ambaſſador and his retinue died the death of ſpies. Andrade was attacked by the Chineſe Itao, or admiral, and eſcaped with much loſs, by the favour of a tempeſt, after being forty days haraſſed by a fleet greatly ſuperior to his own. Next year, Alonzo de Melo, ignorant of theſe tranſactions, entered the harbour of Canton with four veſſels. But his ſhips were inſtantly ſeized, and the crews maſſacred, as ſpies and robbers, by the enraged Chineſe. And though the Portugueſe afterwards were permitted to ſome trade with China, it was upon very reſtricted and * diſgraceful conditions, conditions which treated them as a nation of pirates, as men who were not to be truſted unleſs fettered and watched.

While

---

* The Chineſe had too much Dutch policy utterly to expel any merchandize from their harbours. A few years after this, the Portugueſe who brought gold from Africa and ſpicery from India, were allowed to purchaſe the ſilks, porcelain, and tea of China, at the port of Sanciam. And an event, which refutes all the Jeſuitical accounts of the greatneſs of the power and perfection of the Chineſe government, ſoon gave them a better ſettlement. A pirate, named Tchang-ſi-lao, made himſelf maſter of the little iſland of Macao. Here he built fleets which blocked up the ports of China, and laid ſiege to Canton itſelf. In this criſis of diſtreſs the Chineſe implored the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, whom they had lately expelled as the worſt of mankind. Two or three Portugueſe ſloops effected what the potent empire of China could not do, and the iſland of Macao was given them by the emperor, in reward of this eminent ſervice. The porcelain of China is not ſo brittle, nor the figures upon it more awkward, than the Chineſe ſtrength and policy muſt appear in the light which this event throws upon them.

While Sequeyra was engaged in a ſecond attempt upon Dio, Duarte de Menezes arrived in India, and ſucceeded him in office. Unmeaning ſlaughter on the coaſts of Madagaſcar, the Red Sea, India, and the Maluco iſlands, compriſe the whole hiſtory of his regency.

About this time died Emmanuel, king of Portugal. If this hiſtory ſeem to arraign his government, it will alſo prove how difficult it is for the moſt vigilant prince always to receive juſt intelligence. For Emmanuel was both a great and a good king. Of great vigilance in council, of great magnanimity in the execution of all his enterprizes: Of great capacity in diſtinguiſhing the abilities of men, and naturally liberal in the reward of merit. If ſuch a prince as Emmanuel erred, if his adminiſtration of Indian affairs in any inſtance arraign his policy, let it thence be inferred, what exactitude of intelligence is neceſſary to the happy government of a diſtant colony.

The mal-adminiſtration of Indian affairs was now the popular complaint at the court of Liſbon. The traffic of India, which had raiſed the caliphs of Egypt to the height of their formidable power, and which had enriched Venice, was now found ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupport the military method of commanding it, practiſed by the Portugueſe. A general of the firſt abilities was wanted, and the celebrated Vaſco de Gama, old as he now was, honoured with the title of Count de Vidigueyra, was appointed viceroy by John III. In 1524, Gama arrived the third time in India. Cochin, the faithful ally and chief trading port of the Portugueſe, was threatened by a powerful army of the Zamorim, and the Indian ſeas were infeſted by numberleſs fleets of the Moors, whom their enemies called pirates. To ſuppreſs theſe Gama ſent different ſquadrons, which were ſucceſsful in executing his orders. But while he meditated far greater deſigns, deſigns of the ſame exalted and liberal policy which had been begun by himſelf, and ſo gloriouſly proſecuted by Albuquerque, death, at the end of three months, cloſed the regency of Gama. It was the cuſtom of the kings of Portugal to ſend commiſſions, or writs of ſucceſſion, ſealed up, to India, with orders, which ſhould be firſt opened when a ſucceſſor to government was wanted. Gama, who brought with him three of theſe, finding the approach of diſſolution, opened the firſt writ of ſucceſſion. And as Henry de Menezes, therein named, was at Goa, he appointed Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, a man of great abilities, to take the command till Menezes arrived. When Menezes arrived at Cochin, he prohibited the uſual marks of public joy on his elevation, and ſaid, *it was more neceſſary to mourn for the loſs of their late viceroy.* Nor did the public conduct of the new governor, the firſt, ſays Faria, who honoured the memory of his predeceſſor, deviate from this generous principle. A Portugueſe veſſel at this time committed ſeveral depredations on ſtates at peace with Portugal. This ſhip, by order of Menezes, was taken, and the crew were impaled. A noble inſtance of juſtice, of more political ſervice than all the victories of a Soarez. The danger of Cochin required war, and Menezes carried it into the territories of Zamorim, whom he ſeverely humbled. The Portugueſe arms cleared the ſeas of pirates, took the ſtrong city of Dofar, and reduced ſome valuable iſlands on the Red Sea. Great preparations were alſo made for the reduction of Dio, when Menezes, after a regency of thirteen months, died of a mortification in his leg. That he left the military power of the Portugueſe much more formidable than he found it, is the leaſt of his praiſe. Every where, at Ormuz in particular, he curbed the inſolence and rapacity of his countrymen, and proved that time was only wanting for him to have reſtored the ſituation of India as left by Albuquerque. He convinced the Indian princes that rapacity was not the character of all the Portugueſe, for he accepted of no preſent, though many, as the cuſtom of the country, were offered to him. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth year, thirteen reals and an half, not a crown in the whole, was all the private property found in the poſſeſſion of this young governor.

Other tranſactions now ſucceed. The ſecond and third commiſſions, brought by Gama, were unopened, and leſt he who was firſt named ſhould be diſtant, Menezes, on his death-bed, appointed Francis de Sa to aſſume the command till the arrival of the proper governor. On opening the ſecond commiſſion, Pedro de Maſcarenhas was found named. As this officer was at Malaca, a council was held, wherein it was reſolved to ſet aſide Francis de Sa, and open the third commiſſion. Sampayo, who in this was appointed, took an oath to reſign on the arrival of Maſcarene, and immediately he aſſumed the power of government. Maſcarene about this time performed ſome actions of great military ſplendour in defence of Malaca. The king of Bintam, with ſeveral auxiliary princes, who with numerous armies threatened deſtruction to the Portugueſe ſettlement, were defeated by this brave officer. The Spaniards about this time took poſſeſſion of ſome of the Maluco iſlands, where the treachery of the Portugueſe had made their name odious. Don George de Menezes and Don Garcia Enriquez, two captains on this ſtation, put one another alternately in irons. They at laſt came to a civil war, wherein Garcia was worſted; and Menezes was defeated by the Spaniards, who publickly executed ſome of his officers, as traitors to Charles V. to whom they owed no allegiance. Oppreſſed by the tyranny of the Moors, the king of Sunda implored the protection of the Portugueſe, offered to pay a conſiderable tribute, and entreated them to build a fort in his dominions. Yet it was not in the power of Sampayo to reſtore the tranquillity of the Malucos, or to improve the offers of Sunda. He had engaged in a ſcheme of policy which fettered his operations. One villany muſt be defended by another, and the public intereſt muſt be ſecondary in the politics of the moſt able uſurper of power. Sampayo was reſolved to withhold the regency from Maſcarene, and therefore to ſtrengthen himſelf at Cochin was his firſt care. Where his own intereſt and that of the public were one, Sampayo behaved as a great commander; but where they were leſs immediately connected, that of the latter was even neceſſarily neglected, and even fell into ruin. It was his intereſt to cruſh the Zamorim, and he gained conſiderable victories over Cutial, admiral of the moſt formidable fleet which had hitherto been fitted out from the ports of Calicut. Sampayo then ſailed to Goa, where Francis de Sa refuſed to acknowledge him as governor. This diſpute was ſubmitted to the council of the city, and the man in power was confirmed. Sa was then ſent to build a fort in Sunda, but the politics of Sampayo could not ſpare a force ſufficient to overawe the Moors, and Francis de Sa was unable to effect his deſign.

The artful Sampayo now wrote to the king of Portugal, that a moſt formidable hoſtile alliance was in meditation. The northern princes were ready to aſſiſt the king of Cambaya, and Solyman, the Turkiſh admiral, had promiſed the ſultan to drive the Portugueſe from India, if he would give him a competent armament. It was the intereſt of Sampayo to make every preparation for defence, and every excuſe for preparation. But he ſtill kept near Cochin. The brave Hector de Sylveyra was ſent to Dio and other places, and the reputation of the actions he performed ſtrengthened the authority of the uſurper. A fleet of five ſhips now arrived from Portugal, and brought two new writs of ſucceſſion. Theſe, according to the royal authority, ought not to have been opened while an unrecalled governor was alive. But, conſcious undoubtedly of their contents *, theſe, in defiance of the eſtabliſhed rule, were opened by Mexia, inſpector of the revenue, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, contrary to the former commiſſions, was found in theſe new writs prior to Pedro

---

* The hiſtorian Faria expreſsly ſays, that Mexia opened them on purpoſe to kindle ſtrife, and diſturb the public tranquillity.

Pedro de Maſcarene. The fraud of office is here evident; and from the reſentment of the king, if we ſuppoſe he had one idea of juſtice, it afterwards appeared that this new commiſſion was ſurreptitiouſly obtained. Sampayo, when he took the oath to reſign to Maſcarene, diſpatched a meſſage to Malaca with the tidings. Maſcarene immediately aſſumed his power there, and Sampayo, who now expected his arrival, held a council at Cochin. It is almoſt needleſs to name the reſult. He was preſent, and in power; and it was reſolved that Maſcarene ſhould not be acknowledged as governor. Sampayo then retired to Goa, and left Mexia at Cochin to give Maſcarene the reception concerted between them. Immediately as Maſcarene landed, Mexia's ſpear run him through the arm, ſeveral of his company were wounded by the armed attendants of Mexia, and a retreat to the fleet ſaved the lives of Maſcarene and his friends.

When the tidings of this reached Goa, Henry Figuera, ſuppoſed the friend of the ejected governor, was diſpoſſeſſed of the command of Coulam, and Mexia was by Sampayo appointed to ſucceed. Anthony de Sylveyra was ſent to take Maſcarene at ſea, to put him in irons, and to deliver him priſoner to Simon de Menezes, commander of Cananor; all which was performed. This haughty tyranny, however, produced loud complaints. The murmur was general at Goa. Souza, commander of Chaul, remonſtrated, and the brave Hector de Sylveyra boldly upbraided Sampayo for his unworthy treatment of Maſcarene, to whom a trial had been refuſed. Sampayo, fierce, and reſolute to perſiſt, Hector retired, and ſummoned the council of Goa. A letter ſigned by three hundred, who promiſed to ſupport him as governor, was ſent to Maſcarene. It was alſo agreed to ſeize Sampayo, but he was no ſtranger to this deſign, and impriſonment was the fortune of the brave Hector. Menezes, governor of Cananor, as ſoon as he received information from Goa of the cauſe why Maſcarene was in chains, ſet him free, and, together with Souza, commandant of Chaul, and Anthony de Azevedo, admiral of the Indian ſeas, acknowledged him governor. The Portugueſe were now on the eve of a war among themſelves, when Azevedo and other leaders propoſed to accommodate diſputes by arbitration. Sampayo with great addreſs managed this affair. He delayed his conſent, though on the brink of ruin, till he knew who were named as judges, and till he had procured a pardon for Alonzo Mexia, his friend, who had attempted the life of Maſcarene. Yet, though the defenders of this brave officer had influence to remove one of the appointed judges, and to add five others of their own nomination, the arts of Sampayo prevailed. The chief inhabitants of Cochin attended, and conſcious of their former vote in council againſt Maſcarene, declared, that if his title was preferred, they would revolt to the Moors. He who does a man an injury, generally becomes the rancorous enemy of the injured man; and even the friends of him whoſe power is on the decline, cautiouſly withdraw from his intereſt. The council of Goa, who had promiſed to ſupport, now deſerted Maſcarene, forward to make their peace where they feared to oppoſe. Sampayo was declared lawful governor, and Maſcarene embarked for Liſbon, where he was honourably received by the king, and in reward of his merit, appointed governor of Azamor in Africa; on his return from whence he periſhed at ſea.

Sampayo, now undiſturbed by a rival, but conſcious of the accuſations which Maſcarene would lay againſt him, exerted all his abilities to recommend himſelf to his ſovereign. But Almeyda, not Albuquerque, was the pattern he imitated. The principal leaders of the Turkiſh fleet had been aſſaſſinated by the friends of each other, and their war ſhips were ſcattered in different places. Sampayo ſent Azevedo to deſtroy all he could find, and Alonzo de Melo was diſpatched with a proper force to erect a fort on the iſland of Sunda. What heavy accuſation of his former conduct, devoted to his private intereſt, was this late execution of theſe important deſigns! Other captains were ſent upon various expeditions. Hector de Sylveyra, one of the moſt gallant officers ever ſent from Portugal to India, greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; John Deza deſtroyed the remains of the Zamorim's fleets, commanded by Cutiale, a Chineſe admiral; and Sampayo himſelf ſpread ſlaughter and devaſtation over the ſeas and ſhores of India. Every where, ſays Faria, there was fire and ſword, ruin and deſtruction. In the midſt of this bloody career, Nunio de Cunha arrived with a commiſſion to ſucceed Sampayo. Sampayo pleaded to finiſh what he had begun, to clear the ſeas of pirates; and Nunio, according to the honour of that age, granted his requeſt, that it might not be ſaid he had reaped the laurels already graſped by another. Some time after this, Nunio, in his way to Cochin, put into the harbour of Cananor. Sampayo, who happened to be there, ſent his brother-in-law, John Deza, to Nunio, inviting him to come aſhore and receive the reſignation of the governor. But Nunio perhaps feared a ſnare; he inſiſted that Sampayo ſhould come on board. He came, and having reſigned with the uſual ſolemnities, was ordered by Nunio to attend him to Cochin, where, by order of the new governor, his effects were ſeized, and his perſon imprisoned. And ſoon after, amid the inſults of the crowd, he was put on board a ſhip, and ſent priſoner to Liſbon, where his life and his property were left to the determination of the ſovereign *, by whom he was condemned, and puniſhed for uſurpation.

The

---

* When Sampayo was arreſted, "*Tell Nunio*, ſaid he, *I have impriſoned others, and am now impriſoned, and one will come to impriſon him.*" When this was reported, "*Tell Sampayo*, ſaid Nunio, *that I doubt it not; but there ſhall be this difference between us; he deſerves impriſonment, but I ſhall not deſerve it.*" When the ſhip which carried Sampayo arrived at the iſle of Tercera, an officer, who waited his arrival, put him in irons. When he landed at Liſbon, he was ſet upon a mule, loaded with chains, and amid the inſults of the populace, carried to the caſtle, and there confined in a dungeon, where not even his wife was permitted to ſee him. After two years, the Duke of Braganza, who admired his military exploits, procured his trial. When he was brought before the king, who was ſurrounded with his council and judges, his long white beard, which covered his face, and the other tokens of his ſufferings, ſays Faria, might have moved Maſcarene himſelf to forgiveneſs. He made a long maſterly ſpeech, wherein he enumerated his ſervices, pleaded the neceſſities of public affairs, and urged the examples of others, who had been rewarded. His defence ſtaggered the king's reſolution againſt him, but his uſurpation could not be forgiven. He was ſentenced to pay Maſcarene 10,000 ducats, to forfeit his allowance as governor, and to be baniſhed into Africa. But he was afterwards allowed to return in a private ſtation to Portugal. His friend, Alonzo Mexia, the inſpector of the revenue, was alſo ſeverely puniſhed, if leſs than his rapacity deſerved may be called ſevere.

The acts and character of this extraordinary man demand the attention of every country poſſeſſed of colonies. His abilities were certainly of the firſt rate, but having made one ſtep of villainy, the neceſſity of ſelf-defence rendered his talents of little benefit, rather of great prejudice to his country. The Portugueſe writers, indeed, talk in high terms of his eminent ſervices and military glory. But there is a ſurer teſt than their opinion. The Indian princes ſincerely mourned over the aſhes of Albuquerque, whom they called their father; but there was a general joy on the departure of their tyrant Sampayo; a certain proof that his conduct was of infinite prejudice to the intereſt of Portugal. However high and dreadful they may ſeem, men in his ſituation never dare to puniſh without reſpect of the offender's connections. The tyranny of George de Menezes, governor of Malúco, under Sampayo, diſgraces human nature. He openly robbed the houſes of the Mooriſh merchants, cut off the hands of ſome, and looked on, while a magiſtrate, who had dared to complain, was, by his order, devoured by dogs[*]. If the embarraſſment of Sampayo was the only protection of this miſcreant, others, however, had his ſanction. Camoëns, that enthuſiaſt of his nation's honour, in an apoſtrophe to Maſcarene, thus characteriſes the regency of the uſurper: "Avarice and ambition now in India ſet their face openly againſt God and juſtice; a grief to thee, but not thy ſhame!

---

[*] This tyrant, on his return to Liſbon, was baniſhed to the Brazils, where, in a rencounter with the natives, he was taken priſoner, and died the death of an American captive. A death proper to awake the remembrance of his own cruelties. See Introduction, p. vii.

And Camoëns is exceeding accurate in the facts of hiſtory, though, with the reſt of his countrymen, he admired the military renown of Sampayo. But if Sampayo humbled the Moors, it ſhould alſo be remembered, that, according to Faria, theſe people had improved the diviſions made by his politics, greatly to the hurt of the Portugueſe ſettlements. And when he did conquer, puſhed on by the rage to do ſomething eminent, every victory was truly Gothic, and was in its conſequence uncommercial. Malaca, while governed by the injured Maſcarene, was the only diviſion of Portugueſe Aſia where commerce flouriſhed. After his departure, all was wretchedneſs; Portugueſe againſt Portugueſe, piracy and rapine here and at the Malucos. In what condition the reſt were left by Sampayo will ſoon appear.

The king of Cochin, the valuable ally and auxiliary of the Portugueſe, was confined by the ſmall-pox when Nunio arrived. Nunio offered to wait upon him, but the king declined the interview on account of the infection, though a ſight of the new governor, he added, he was ſure would cure his fever. Nunio waited upon him, and heard a long liſt of the injuries and rapine committed by Sampayo and Mexia. Theſe, in true policy, Nunio redreſſed; and the king, who complained that he had been kept as a ſlave in his own palace, was now made happy. Nunio viſited the other princes in alliance with Portugal, and at every court and harbour found oppreſſion and injuſtice. At Ormuz in particular, tyranny and extortion had defied reſiſtance. Nunio ſoothed, and relieved the wrongs of the various princes. Proclamation was every where made, inviting the injured Moors and Indians to appear before him, and receive redreſs. Many appeared, and to the aſtoniſhment of all India, juſtice was conſpicuouſly diſtributed. Raez Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, prime miniſter, or rather tyrant of the king of Ormuz, ſtood accuſed of the moſt horrid crimes of office. His rapine had been defended by murder; and the ſpirit of induſtry, cruſhed to the ground, ſighed for ſupport amid the deſolate ſtreets. Innocence and induſtry were now protected by Nunio; and Xarafo, though a native of India, was ſent in irons to Liſbon to take his trial. Nor was Nunio forgetful of the enemies, while thus employed in reſtoring to proſperity the allies of Portugal *. Hector de Sylveyra, with a large fleet, made a line acroſs the gulph at the mouth of the Red Sea, and ſuffered not a Mooriſh or Egyptian veſſel to eſcape. Anthony Galvam, a very enthuſiaſt in honeſty, was ſent by Nunio to ſucceed Ataide, governor of the Malucos, a tyrant who trod in the ſteps of Menezes. All was confuſion when Galvam arrived; but he had infinitely more difficulty, ſays Faria, to ſuppreſs the villainy of the Portugueſe, than to quell the hoſtile natives. By his wiſdom, however, reſolution, and moſt ſcrupulous integrity, the Malucos once more became a flouriſhing ſettlement, and the neighbouring

---

* Before his arrival, Nunio greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf on the Ethiopian coaſt. The king of Mombaza, in hatred to the Portugueſe, had again reduced the kings of Melinda and Zanzibar to great diſtreſs. Nunio laid Mombaza in aſhes, and left a garriſon at Melinda, which afterwards rendered conſiderable ſervice to that city.

ing kings, ſome of whom he had vanquiſhed, entreated his continuance when he received his recall. Anthony Sylveyra ſpread the terror of his arms along the hoſtile coaſt of Cambaya, and from thence to Bengal. Stephen de Gama, ſon of the great Vaſco, was ſent to Malaca, which he effectually ſecured, by the repeated defeats of the neighbouring princes in hoſtility; and the governor himſelf attempted Dio. But while he was employed in the reduction of the ſtrongly fortified iſland of Beth, where the brave Hector de Sylveyra fell, a great reinforcement, commanded by Muſtapha, a Turk, entered Dio, and enabled that city to hold out againſt all the vigorous attacks of Nunio *.

While the governor was thus employed in reſtoring the ſtrength of the Portugueſe ſettlements, ſcenes, new to the Portugueſe, opened, and demanded the exertion of all his wiſdom and abilities. One of thoſe brutal wars, during which the eaſtern princes deſolate kingdoms and ſhed the blood of millions, now broke forth. Badur, king of Guzarat or Cambaya, one of thoſe horrid characters common in

---

* During this ſiege Nunio diſcovered the greateſt perſonal bravery. One day, in attempting a moſt deſperate landing, as his boat haſtened from place to place, he was known by the enemy, for he was clothed in red, and ſtood up in the poſture of command. All their artillery was now directed againſt him, and D. Vaſco de Lima's head was ſevered from his ſhoulders by a cannon ball. A gentleman who had entreated to accompany him, ſhocked with ſuch danger, exclaimed, *Alas! was it for this I came hither*——. To whom, and the others, Nunio replied, with a ſmile of unconcern, *Humilitate capita veſtra.*—This alluſion to a part of the Romiſh ſervice, amid ſuch imminent danger, was a handſome rebuke of their fears, and in the true high military ſpirit of Luſian heroiſm.

in oriental hiſtory, aſcended the throne, through the blood of his father and elder brothers. Innumerable other murders, acts of perfidy, and unjuſt invaſion of his neighbours, increaſed his territories. The Mogul, or king of Delhi, ſent a demand of homage and tribute; but Badur flayed the ambaſſadors alive, and boaſted that thus he would always pay his tribute and homage. Armies of about 200,000 men were raiſed on each ſide, and alternately deſtroyed, ſometimes by the ſword, ſometimes by famine. New armies were repeatedly muſtered, inferior kingdoms were deſolated as they marched along, and Badur was at laſt reduced to the loweſt extremity. In his diſtreſs he implored the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, and the Mogul had alſo made large offers to the governor; but Badur's terms were accepted. His territory lay neareſt to Goa, and he not only yielded Dio, a city among almoſt inacceſſible rocks, the great object of the Portugueſe plan of empire, but gave permiſſion to Nunio to fortify it as he pleaſed *. And the king of Delhi's army ſoon after withdrew

---

* One Iago Botello performed the moſt wonderful voyage, perhaps, upon record, on this occaſion. He was an exile in India, and as he knew how earneſtly the king of Portugal deſired the poſſeſſion of Diu, he hoped, that to be the meſſenger of the agreeable tidings would procure his pardon. Having got a draught of the fort, and a copy of the treaty with Badur, he ſet ſail on pretence for Cambaya, in a veſſel only ſixteen feet and an half long, nine broad, and four and a half deep. Three Portugueſe, his ſervants, and ſome Indian ſlaves, were his crew. When out at ſea he diſcovered his true purpoſe: this produced a mutiny, in which all that were ſailors were killed. Botello, however, proceeded, and arrived at Liſbon, where his pardon was all his reward, though in conſequence of his intelligence, a fleet was immediately fitted out, to ſupply the new acquired garriſon. His veſſel, by the king's order, was immediately burned, that ſuch evidence of the ſafety and eaſe of the voyage to India might not remain.

withdrew from Cambaya. The king of Decan, entitled Hydal Can, had about this time laid ſiege to Golconda with an army of near half a million, but Cotamaluco, the prince whom he beſieged, found means to defeat him by famine *. The Hydal Can died ſuddenly, and Abraham, his ſon by a ſlave, one of his principal officers, uſurped the throne, and thruſt out the eyes of his legitimate ſon Mulacham, or Mealecan, who was yet in his nonage. Abraham continued the war, and Azadacam, an expert Mohammedan, at the head of a large army, endeavoured to revenge Mulacham, when the people of Decan, deſolated by theſe brutal wars, entreated Nunio to take the dominion of their country, and deliver them from utter ruin. As the Decan forms the continent oppoſite to Goa, the offer was accepted, and ratified by the conſent of Azadacam. Azadacam now fled to the king of Biſnagar, the old enemy of the Decan, and Abraham, now aſſiſted by Cotamaluco, the prince who had been beſieged in Golconda, invaded Biſnagar with an army of 400,000 men and 700 elephants. But while human blood flowed in rivulets, Azadacam made his peace with Abraham, and Cotamaluco, in diſguſt of the favour ſhewn to his enemy, joined the king of Biſnagar. Badur, who owed the poſſeſſion of his crown to the Portugueſe, now meditating their ruin, entered into a league with the Hydal Can. And Azadacam, who had ratified the treaty, by which the miſerable

---

* The Aſiatic armies, though immenſe in number, very ſeldom come to a general action. To cut off the enemy's proviſions, which produces famine and peſtilence among ſuch enormous armies, is one of the greateſt ſtrokes of Indian generalſhip.

miſerable inhabitants of Decan put themſelves under the protection of the Portugueſe dominion, now adviſed his maſter to recover his territory by force of arms. A war enſued, but neither Azadacam, nor Solyman Aga with his Perſian auxiliaries, could expel the Portugueſe. Hydal Can, tired by the groans of the people, ordered hoſtilities to ceaſe, but was not obeyed by Azadacam, who, to cover his treaſon, attempted to poiſon Hydal Can. His treachery was diſcovered, yet ſoon after the traitor bought his pardon with gold, for gold is omnipotent in the ſordid courts of the Eaſt. Nunio, however, compelled Azadacam to a truce, when a new enemy immediately aroſe. The Zamorim, encouraged by Badur, raiſed an army of about 50,000 men, but was ſix times defeated by the Portugueſe. Badur had now recourſe to perfidy. He entreated a conference with Nunio at Diu, and with Souza, the governor of the fort, with intention to aſſaſſinate them both. But ere his ſcheme was ripe, Souza, one day, in ſtepping into Badur's barge, fell into the water. He was taken up in ſafety, but ſome Portugueſe, who at a diſtance beheld his danger, rowed up haſtily to his aſſiſtance, when Badur, troubled with a villain's fears, ordered Souza to be killed. Four Portugueſe gentlemen, ſeeing Souza attacked, immediately boarded the barge, and ruſhed on the tyrant. Iago de Meſqueta wounded him, but though theſe brave men loſt their lives in the attempt, they forced Badur to leap overboard for ſafety. A commotion in the bay enſued, and the king, unable to ſwim any longer, declared aloud who he was, and begged aſſiſtance. A Portugueſe officer held out an oar, but as Badur laid hold of it, a common ſoldier, moved with honeſt indignation, ſtruck him over the face with a halbert, and repeating his blows, delivered the world of a tyrant, whoſe remorſeleſs perfidy and cruelty had long diſgraced human nature.

In this abridged view of the dark barbarous politics, unbluſhing perfidy, and deſolating wars of king Badur, the king of Delhi, and the Hydal Can, we have a complete epitome of the hiſtory of India. Century after century contains only a repetition of the ſame changes of policy, the ſame deſolations, and the ſame deluges of ſpilt blood. And who can behold ſo horrid a picture, without perceiving the ineſtimable benefits which MAY BE DIFFUSED over the Eaſt by a potent ſettlement of Europeans, benefits which true policy, which their own intereſt demand from their hands, which have in part been given, and certainly will one day be largely diffuſed? Nunio, as much as poſſibly he could, improved every opportunity of convincing the natives, that the friendſhip of his countrymen was capable of affording them the ſureſt defence. Greatly ſuperior to the groſs ideas of Gothic conqueſt, he addreſſed himſelf to the reaſon and the intereſts of thoſe with whom he negociated. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants and merchants of Cambaya, and laid the papers of the dead king before them. By theſe, the treacherous deſigns of king Badur fully appeared, and his negociation to engage the Grand Turk to drive the Portugueſe from India was detected. Coje Zofar, one of the firſt officers of Badur, and who was preſent at his death, with ſeveral others, witneſſed the manner of it;

and Moors and Pagans alike acquitted the Portugueſe. Letters to this purpoſe, in Arabic and Perſic, ſigned by Coje Zofar and the chief men of Cambaya, were diſperſed by Nunio every where in India and the coaſts of Arabia. Nor did this great politician ſtop here. Superior to bigotry, he did not look to the pope's bull for the foundation of authority. The free exerciſe of the Mohammedan and Brahmin religions was permitted in every Portugueſe territory, and not only the laws, the officers appointed, but even the penſions given by king Badur, were continued. The Portugueſe ſettlements now enjoyed proſperity. A privateering war with the Moors of Mecca, and ſome hoſtilities in defence of the princes, his allies, were the ſole incumbrances of Nunio, while India was again ſteeped in her own blood. While the new king of Cambaya was dethroned, while Omaum king of Delhi loſt an army of above 400,000 men in Bengal, and while Xercham, the king of that country, together with his own life, loſt almoſt as many in the ſiege of Calijor, Nunio preſerved his territory in the Decan in a ſtate of peace and ſafety, the wonder and envy of the other provinces of India. But the armament of the Turk, procured by Badur, now arrived, and threatened the deſtruction of the Portugueſe. Selim, ſultan of Conſtantinople, a few years before, had defeated the ſoldan of Egypt, and annexed his dominions to the Turkiſh empire. The Mohammedan ſtrength was now more conſolidated than ever. The Grand Turk was at war, and meditated conqueſts in Europe. The traffic of India was the mother and nurſe of his naval ſtrength, and the preſents ſent by king Badur gave him the higheſt idea of the riches of Indoſtan. Seventy large veſſels, well ſupplied with cannon and all military ſtores, under the command of Solyman, baſhaw of Cairo, ſailed from the port of Suez, to extirpate the Portugueſe from India. The ſeamen were of different nations, many of them Venetian galley-ſlaves, taken in war, all of them trained ſailors; and 7000 Janiſaries were deſtined to act on ſhore. Some Portugueſe renegados were alſo in the fleet; and * Coje Zofar, who had hitherto been the friend of Nunio, with a party of Cambayans, joined Solyman. The hoſtile operations began with the ſiege of Dio; but when Nunio was ready to ſail to its relief with a fleet of eighty veſſels, Garcia de Noronha arrived with a commiſſion to ſucceed him as governor. Nunio immediately reſigned, and Noronha, in providing a greater force, by a criminal loſs of time, reduced the garriſon of Dio to the greateſt extremity. Here the Portugueſe ſhewed miracles of bravery. Anthony de Sylveyra, the commander, was in every place. Even the women took arms. The officers ladies went from rampart to rampart, upbraiding the leaſt appearance of languor. Juan Roderigo, with a barrel of powder in his arms, paſſed his companions; *Make way*, he cried, *I carry my own and many a man's death.* His own, however, he did not, for he returned ſafe to his ſtation: but above a hundred of the enemy were deſtroyed by the exploſion of the powder, which he threw upon one of their batteries. Of 600 men, who at firſt were in the garriſon, forty were not now able to bear arms; when Coje Zofar, irritated by the inſolence of Solyman, forged a letter to the garriſon, which promiſed the immediate arrival of Noronha. This, as he deſigned, fell into the hands of Solyman, who immediately hoiſted his ſails, and with the ſhattered remains of his formidable fleet, fled to Arabia, where, to avoid a more dreaded puniſhment, he died by his own hands.

---

* This officer was by birth an Albaneſe, of Catholic parents, and had ſerved in the wars in Italy and Flanders. Having commenced merchant, he was taken at ſea by the Turks, and carried to Conſtantinople, from whence he went to Cambaya, where he embraced Mohammediſm, and became the prime miniſter and favourite of king Badur.

But while Nunio thus reſtored the affairs of India, the uncommercial principles of the court of Liſbon accumulated their malignity. He did not amuſe the king and nobility with the glare of unmeaning Gothic conqueſts, and the wiſdom of his policy was by them unperceived. Even their hiſtorians ſeem inſenſible of it, and even the author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique*, in his account of Portugueſe India, pays no attention to Nunio, though the wiſdom and humanity of his politics do honour to human nature; though in the arts of peace he effected more than any of the Portugueſe governors; and though he has left the nobleſt example for imitation, which the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia affords. Recalled from his proſperous government by the mandate of a court blind to its true intereſt, chains in place of rewards were prepared in Portugal for this great commander; but his death at ſea, after a happy regency of about ten years, prevented the completion of his country's ingratitude.

Noronha, the new viceroy, the third who had been honoured with that ſuperior title *, began his government with an infamous delay of the ſuccours deſtined by Nunio for Dio. Cojé Zofar, by the ſame ſpirit of delay, was permitted, long after the departure of Solyman, to haraſs the Portugueſe of that important place. The Hydal Can, many other princes, and even the Zamorim himſelf, awed by the dignity and juſtice of Nunio's government, had entreated the alliance of Portugal, and Noronha had the honour to negociate a general peace; a peace, which on the part of the Zamorim, gave the Portugueſe every opportunity to ſtrengthen their empire; for it continued thirty years.

Theſe tranſactions, the privateering war with the Moors; ſome ſkirmiſhes in Ceylon; the deſign, contrary to the king's commiſſion, to appoint his ſon to ſucceed him; his death, and the public joy which it occaſioned; compriſe the hiſtory of the regency of the unworthy ſucceſſor of the generous Nunio.

Both the Portugueſe and the natives gave unfeigned demonſtrations of joy on the appointment of Stephen de Gama, the ſon of the great Vaſco. By his firſt act he ordered his private eſtate to be publicly valued, and by his ſecond he lent a great ſum to the treaſury, which by Noronha was left exhauſted. He viſited and repaired the forts, and refitted the fleets in every harbour. By his officers

---

* Almeyda and Gama were the only two who had been thus honoured before him.

officers he defeated the king of Achem, who diſturbed Malaca. He reſtored tranquillity in Cambaya, where the Portugueſe territory was invaded by a very powerful army, led by Bramaluco, a prince who had been dethroned by king Badur; and his brother Chriſtoval he ſent on an expedition into Ethiopia[*]. The Moors of Mecca, as already obſerved, were the moſt formidable enemies the Portugueſe had hitherto found in the Eaſt. In naval art they were greatly ſuperior to the other nations of Aſia, and from their numerous fleets, which poured down the Red Sea, the Portugueſe had often experienced the greateſt injury; and a check to their power was now wanted. The governor himſelf undertook this expedition, and ſailed to the Red Sea with a fleet equipped at his own private expence. Here he gave a ſevere wound to the naval ſtrength of both the Turks and the Moors[†]. But while every thing was in proſperity under the brave and generous Stephen, he was ſuddenly ſuperſeded by the elevation of Martin Alonzo de Souza. Though no policy can be more palpably ruinous than that which recalls a governor of decided abilities ere he can poſſibly complete any plan of importance, yet ſuch recalls, ere now, had been frequently iſſued from the court of Liſbon. But none of them, perhaps, gave a deeper wound to the Portugueſe intereſt than this. Stephen de Gama trod in the ſteps of his father, of Albuquerque, and of Nunio. Souza's actions were of a different character. He began his government with every exertion to procure witneſſes to impeach his predeceſſor; but though he pardoned a murderer * on that condition, every accuſation was refuted, and Stephen de Gama was received with great honour at Liſbon. Having refuſed, however, to give his hand to a bride, choſen for him by John III. he found it convenient to baniſh himſelf from his native country, the country which his father had raiſed to its higheſt honours. And he retired to Venice, his eſtate 40,000 crowns leſs than when he entered upon his ſhort government of two years and one month.

---

[*] For his melancholy fate, ſee p. 405 vol. ii.

[†] During this expedition he took the important city and ſea-port of Toro in Arabia; after which he marched to mount Sinai, where he knighted ſeveral of his officers, a romantic honour admired by Charles V. De Luis de Ataide, having behaved with great courage as a volunteer, at the battle where Charles V. defeated the Duke of Saxony, was offered knighthood by the Emperor; but he replied, he had already received that honour upon mount Sinai. The Emperor, ſo far from being offended, declared in preſence of his officers, that he more envied that honour than rejoiced in his victory. The ſame ſpirit of romantic gallantry, ariſing from religious veneration, ſeems to have poſſeſſed Don Stephen himſelf. He ordered his epitaph to conſiſt of theſe words, "*He that made knights upon mount Sinai, ended his courſe here.*" Don Alvaro, the ſon of the great John de Caſtro, was alſo one of theſe knights, and his father thought it ſo great an honour, that he took for his creſt the Catherine-wheel, which his family ſtill continue. There is a chapel dedicated to St. Catherine on mount Sinai, ſaid, by the popiſh writers, to have been built by angels.

Wars of a new character now took place. By the toleration which Nunio gave to the religions of the natives, he rendered the Portugueſe ſettlements happy and flouriſhing. But gloomy ſuperſtition now prevailed, and Souza was under the direction of prieſts, who eſteemed the butcheries of religious perſecution as the ſervice of heaven. The

---

* Iago Saurez de Melo, who having fled from the ſentence of death in Portugal, was at this time a pirate in the Indian ſeas, commander of two veſſels and 120 men. Of this adventurer afterwards.

The temples of Malabar were laid in aſhes, and thouſands of the unhappy natives, for the crime of idolatry, were ſlaughtered upon their ruined altars. This the Portugueſe hiſtorians mention as the greateſt honour of the piety of their countrymen, ignorant of the deteſtation which ſuch cruelty muſt certainly bring upon the religion which inſpires it: ignorant too, that true religion, under the toleration of a Nunio, poſſeſſes its beſt opportunity to conquer the heart by the diſplay of its ſuperior excellence. Nor was Souza's civil government of the Portugueſe leſs capricious. Highly chagrined to ſee the military rank unenvied, and his forces weakened by the great numbers who quitted the ſervice on purpoſe to enrich themſelves in the coaſting trade, he endeavoured to render commerce both diſadvantageous and infamous. He laid the cuſtom-houſes under new regulations. He conſiderably lowered the duties on the traffic of all Mooriſh and Aſiatic merchants, and greatly heightened the rates on the Portugueſe traders. And felons and murderers, baniſhed from Liſbon, were by Souza protected and encouraged to become merchants, as only proper for ſuch employ. Yet while he thus laboured to render the military ſervice as only worthy of Portugueſe ambition, he began his regency with a reduction of the pay of the military. At the ſiege of Batecala, the Portugueſe ſoldiers quarrelled about the booty, and while fighting with each other, were attacked by the natives, and put to flight. Souza commanded them to return to the charge and revenge their repulſe. *Let thoſe who are rich revenge it*, exclaimed the ſoldiers, *we came to make good by plunder. the pay of which we are unjuſtly deprived.*—*I do not know you,* replied Souza, *you are not the ſame men I leſt in India two years ago.* To this the ſoldiery loudly returned, *Yes, the men are the ſame, but the governor is not the ſame.* Finding the mutiny violent, Souza retired to the ſhips; but the next day he renewed the ſiege, and the city was taken, and the ſtreets ran with blood: ſuch was the rage of the army to recompenſe themſelves by plunder. The yearly tribute impoſed by Albuquerque upon the king of Ormuz was 12,000 ducats. It was now raiſed to 100,000, and the king, unable to diſcharge ſuch an enormous burthen, was 500,000 ducats in arrear; and a reſignation of all the revenues of his crown was propoſed, and accepted by Souza. Azadacam, now in open war with his maſter the Hydal Can Abraham, drew Souza to his party. The deſign was to dethrone Abraham, who was then in alliance with the Portugueſe, and to place Mealecan his brother in his dominions. The Portugueſe officers murmured at this ſhameleſs injuſtice, but only Pedro de Faria, truſting to his venerable years, had the courage to remonſtrate with the governor. Souza, haughty as he was, liſtened to the man of fourſcore, and confeſſed that he had ſaved both his life and his honour. The attempt, however, was highly reſented by the Hydal Can, who gathered ſuch a ſtorm to cruſh the Portugueſe, that Souza, foreſeeing the tempeſt which was hovering over him, threatened to open the writs of ſucceſſion, and reſign to the governor next named. He complained that he could not govern men who had neither truth nor honour: he did not conſider, however, that his unjuſt treatment of the common ſoldiers occaſioned their diſorder and diſobedience. But while he thus meditated a treacherous and cowardly retreat, treacherous becauſe it was to deſert his poſt in the hour of danger, a fleet from Portugal brought the great John de Caſtro, the ſucceſſor of the embarraſſed undetermined Souza.

The naval and military ſtrength of the Portugueſe in India was in a very ſickly condition. Great diſcontent among the few who were honeſt; all was villainy and diſorder, rapine and piracy among the reſt. On the ſolicitations of Souza, Meale Can took refuge in Goa. When the Hydal Can made his formidable preparations for war, he demanded as the previous condition of peace, that Meale ſhould be delivered up to him. This Souza refuſed, but promiſed to ſend him to Malaca, where he ſhould remain under guard. Immediately on the acceſſion of Caſtro, the Hydal Can renewed his propoſal for the ſurrender of Meale, who was yet at Goa; but the new governor rejected this demand with firmneſs. It was deemed good policy by ſeveral of the Portugueſe governors to eſpouſe the cauſe of * this injured prince. They eſteemed him as

---

* The Portugueſe hiſtorians diſagree in their accounts of this Hydal Can Abraham. Barros ſays, he was not of the blood royal. But Faria, who ſelected his work from Barros, and ſeveral other authors, calls him the brother of Meale; whom he unjuſtly dethroned. When Souza, on pretence of doing juſtice, endeavoured to place Meale on the throne, the uſurper in an artful epiſtle aſked him what right the Portugueſe had to dethrone the kings of the Eaſt, and then pretend to do juſtice to an exiled prince? Poſſeſſion, he ſaid, proved the approbation of God; and the Portugueſe, he added, had no other title to dominion in Aſia.

as an engine, which, under their management, would either over-awe the Hydal Can, or dethrone him when they pleaſed. But the event did not juſtify this theoretical wiſdom. It had been puſillanimity in Caſtro, had he ſurrendered a prince who was under protection of the Portugueſe faith; but the contrary conduct, the conſequence of Souza's policy, produced an invaſion of the Portugueſe continental territory; and though Caſtro was victorious, the Hydal Can continued ever ready for hoſtilities, and occaſion was ever at hand. Scarcely had Caſtro given Hydal Can the firſt repulſe, when Mahumud, the nephew of king Badur, the heir of his crown and fierce diſpoſition, inſtigated by Coje Zofar, and aſſiſted by the Hydal Can and about 8000 troops from Conſtantinople, among whom were 1000 Janizaries, commenced hoſtilities, and threatened the total extirpation of the Portugueſe: their warlike operations began with the ſiege of Dio. John de Maſcarene, the governor, made a brave defence, and the Portugueſe diſplayed many prodigies of valour. Azadacan, Coje Zofar, and others, of the greateſt military reputation, directed the attacks, and periſhed in their attempts. Whenever a breach was made, the Turks and Indians preſſed on by ten thouſands, but were always repulſed. Nor were the ladies of the officers leſs active and courageous than in the former ſiege. Various reinforcements were ſent by the governor, one of which was commanded by his ſon Don Fernando. Unnumbered artillery thundered on every ſide, and mines were ſprung, by one of which Fernando was with his battalion blown up in the air. When Caſtro received the tidings of this diſaſter, he was at Goa. He bore it with the greateſt compoſure, and though it was the tempeſtuous ſeaſon, he immediately diſpatched his other ſon Don Alvaro with another reinforcement to Dio. After eight months had elapſed in this deſperate ſiege, the governor arrived with a large fleet, and without oppoſition entered the fort. From thence he marched out at the head of [illegible] Portugueſe, and ſome auxiliaries of Cochin. The numerous army of Mahumud continued in their trenches, which were defended with ramparts and a profuſion of artillery. But the enemy were driven from their works, and purſued with incredible ſlaughter through the ſtreets of the city. Rume Can, the ſon of Zofar, rallied about 8000 of his braveſt troops, and was totally defeated by Caſtro*. It was neceſſary to proſecute the war; and the governor, in great want of money to carry it on, meditated a loan of 20,000 pardaos from the citizens of Goa. He ordered the grave of Don Fernando his ſon to be opened, on purpoſe to ſend his bones as a pledge; but the putrid ſtate of the carcaſe prevented this, and he ſent a lock of his own muſtacheos as a ſecurity for the loan; a ſecurity indeed uncommon, but which included in it a ſignal pawn of his honour. The pledge was reſpectfully returned, and more money than he required was ſent; and even the women ſtript themſelves of their bracelets and other jewels to ſupply his wars. The ladies of Chaul followed the example, and by the hands of their little daughters ſent him their richeſt jewels. The jewels, however, he returned, and having with great aſſiduity improved his naval and military ſtrength, he and his captains carried fire and ſword over the dominions of the hoſtile princes, while Hydal Can, with an army of 150,000 men, retired before him. The king of Achem was alſo defeated at Malaca, and the ſtubborn villany of the debauched Portugueſe ſoldiers and traders was the only enemy unſubdued. *To prevent the ruin of the ſtate,* ſays his hiſtorian Andrada, *he made it unlawful for a ſoldier to become merchant.* But while he laboured in this much more arduous war, in correcting the abuſes of the revenue, and the diſtribution of juſtice, grief, it is ſaid, impaired Caſtro's health, and haſtened his end, at a time when Hydal Can and all who had been in arms againſt the Portugueſe were ſuing for peace. On the approach of death he appointed a council of ſelect perſons to take the management of affairs. And ſo poor was the great Caſtro, that the firſt act of this committee was an order to ſupply the expences of his death-bed from the king's revenue; for a few reals, not half a dozen, was all the property found in his cabinet*.

---

* During the heat of this engagement, Father Cazal, with a crucifix on the point of a ſpear, greatly animated the Portugueſe. Rume Can, notwithſtanding all the efforts of Caſtro, put his troops at laſt in great diſorder. But though the general could not, the prieſt led them to victory. A weapon broke off an arm of the crucifix, and Cazal exclaiming aloud, *Sacrilege, ſacrilege, revenge the ſacrilege,* inſpired a fury which determined the battle. In many other engagements the leaders promoted their intereſt in this manner. They often ſaw the ſign of the croſs in the air, and at different times ſome Mooriſh priſoners enquired after the beautiful young woman, and venerable old man, who appeared in the front of the Portugueſe ſquadrons. And the Portugueſe ſoldiers, who ſaw no ſuch perſonages, were thus taught to believe themſelves under the particular care of the Virgin and St. Joſeph.

---

* Caſtro, though he diſdained private emolument, was fond of public magnificence. After his victories he frequently entered Goa in the manner of a Roman

With the eulogium of Caſtro, Camoëns concludes his prophetic ſong, and here alſo the moſt glorious period of the Portugueſe empire in Aſia terminates. But the circumſtances of its fall, and the noble and partly ſucceſsful ſtruggles which it ſometimes made, when its total extinction ſeemed inevitable, are highly worthy of the attention of the political philoſopher, and form alſo the neceſſary concluſion of this hiſtory.

Garcia de Sa, an experienced officer, ſucceeded Caſtro, and concluded the various treaties of peace, procured by the arms, and in agitation at the death of that great man,

a Roman triumph. That, after his happy return from Dio, was ſo remarkably ſplendid, that the queen of Portugal ſaid, he had conquered like a Chriſtian, but had triumphed like a heathen. The gates and houſes were hung with ſilk and tapeſtry. The cannon and arms taken from the enemy were carried in the front. The officers in armour, with plumed helmets, followed: Caſtro, crowned with laurel, and with a laurel bough in his hand, walked upon ſilk, while the ladies from the windows ſhowered flowers and perfumes upon him; and Cazal, with the maimed crucifix, walked in his ſurplice immediately before him. Military and church muſic by turns reſounded. And *Juzarcan*, the general of the Indian horſe, and 600 priſoners guarded and in chains, cloſed the proceſſion. When he wrote to the king of Portugal the particulars of the relief of Dio, he ſolicited his recall, but this was rejected, and he was appointed to continue three years longer, with the additional honour of the title of Viceroy. His ſchool-companion, the Infant Don Lewis, wrote him an affectionate letter requeſting his acquieſcence, in which he uſes this expreſſion. "*After your performance of the royal will, I truſt you will cover the tops of the rocks of Cintra with chapels and trophies of your victories, and long enjoy them in profound repoſe.*" Cintra, for rocky hills, woods, and rivers, the moſt romantic ſituation in nature, was the family eſtate of Caſtro. It is ſaid he was the firſt who brought the orange-tree to Europe, and that he eſteemed this gift to his country, as the greateſt of his actions. Three orange-trees are ſtill preſerved at Cintra, in memorial of the place where he firſt planted that valuable fruitage. He died, ſoon after he was named Viceroy, in his forty-eighth year. His family ſtill remain, 'highly to the advantage and honour of Portugal.' The celebrated *St. Francis Xavier*, was now a principal character in Portugueſe Aſia. And while the converſion of the Eaſt was all he profeſſed, he rendered the throne of Portugal the moſt political ſervices. His unremitting diligence, and the danger and toil of his journies from kingdom to kingdom, beſpeak a great mind, ardently devoted to his enterprize; and the various princes who received baptiſm from his hands, and the many thouſands who, on his preaching, aſſumed the Chriſtian name, diſplayed a ſucceſs which his admirers eſteemed miraculous. Nothing, however, could be eaſier than ſuch converſion. Xavier troubled his new converts with no reſtraint, and required from them no knowledge of the Chriſtian principles. He baptized them, and gave them crucifixes to worſhip, and told them they were now ſure of heaven. But while he was thus ſuperficial as an apoſtle, as a politician he was minute and comprehenſive. Several friars of different orders had ere now attempted the converſion of ſome Indians; but a regular ſyſtem, of the moſt extenſive operation, was reſerved for the ſons of Ignatius Loyola;' and Xavier, his friend and arch-diſciple, laid the bold and arduous plan of reducing the whole Eaſt to the ſpiritual vaſſalage of the papal chair. What is implied in this he well knew, and every offer of religious inſtruction which he made, was attended with the moſt flattering propoſals of alliances; of alliances, however, which were calculated to render the natives dependent on the Portugueſe, and mere tributaries. In this plan of operation the great abilities of Xavier were crowned with rapid ſucceſs. Kings and kingdoms, won by his preaching, ſued for the friendſhip of the Portugueſe. But while the olive of peace ſeemed ready to ſpread its boughs over India, the unrelenting villainy of the Portugueſe ſoldiers and merchants counteracted the labours of Xavier; and ſeveral of the new baptized princes, in reſentment of the injuries they received, returned to paganiſm and hoſtility. Xavier, who acted as a ſpy on the military and civil government of India, not only, from time to time, laid theſe abuſes before the king of Portugal, but alſo intereſted himſelf greatly both in the military* and civil councils of Portugueſe Aſia. He was the intimate friend and counſellor of the great Caſtro, and his political efforts were only baffled by the hardened corruption of the Portugueſe manners.

While Xavier thus laboured in the direction of the ſprings of government, Garcia de Sa died ſuddenly, and in authority was ſucceeded by George de Cabral. The Zamorim, the king of Pimenta, and eighteen vaſſal princes, among whom was the late converted king of Tanor, who now had renounced his baptiſm, joined in a league againſt the king of Cochin, the faithful ally of Portugal, and took the field with near 200,000 men.

---

* In 1547 Malaca was ſaved by Xavier. The king of *Achem*, the inveterate enemy of Portugal, fitted out 60 veſſels againſt that port. And when the governor refuſed to ſail in ſearch of the enemy, ere they were fully equipped, Xavier perſuaded the merchants to fit out ten veſſels. He went on board, and by his perſuaſions and *prophecies* of ſucceſs, ſo encouraged this ſmall ſquadron, that they gained a complete victory over the fleet of *Achem*.

Cabral haſted to the aſſiſtance of Cochin, and in ſeveral expeditions gained conſiderable advantages over the enemy. The enemy's main army was now in the iſland of Cochin, and Cabral with 100 ſail, and an army of 40,000 Cochinians, had reduced them to the loweſt extremity, when, on the very day upon which the eighteen vaſſal princes were to have been given up as hoſtages, a new viceroy, Don Alonzo de Noronha, arrived, and inſtantly ſtopped the operations of Cabral: and by the miſunderſtanding between the two governors, the whole army of the enemy eſcaped. Xavier remonſtrated, by letter, in the ſtrongeſt terms to the king of Portugal, and adviſed the ſeverity of puniſhment; but to theſe ſalutary warnings no attention was paid by the court of Liſbon.

During Sa's government, the coaſting trade of the private adventurers became more and more piratical, and continually gave birth to an endleſs ſucceſſion of petty but bloody wars. Though the king of Cochin had ever been the faithful ally of Portugal, Cabral ordered, without even the pretence of complaint, one of his richeſt pagodas * to be plundered. This attempt, in the true ſpirit of the private traders, was defeated; but the royal monopoly, already miſerably inadequate both to its means and

---

* The Indian pagodas or temples are the repoſitories of their moſt valuable treaſures. When they intend to build a pagoda, ſays Faria, they ſow the ground with kidney-beans. When theſe are green, they bring a grey cow to feed among them, and on the ſpot where ſhe firſt dungs, they erect the throne of the idol to whom the pagoda, which they build around it, is to be dedicated. Pythagoras's veneration for beans, together with his metempſichoſis, was perhaps borrowed from the Indians.

and object, ſuffered by this breach of faith. It was the cauſe, ſays Faria, that the homeward fleet, of only three ſhips, ſet out ill laden, and late in the ſeaſon, when the tempeſts were coming on.

When Noronha opened his patent of commiſſion, he found that his power had received a limitation unknown before. A council was therein nominated, by whoſe advice he was enjoined to govern. But it does not appear, from his envious and ruinous *tranſaction with* Cabral, or from any other of his meaſures, that he was either reſtrained or influenced by their controul. Petty wars and uſual depredation marked the beginning of his regency; the latter part of it was truly infamous. The Portugueſe had valuable ſettlements in the rich iſland of Ceylon, and the king of Cota, their ally, was now treacherouſly invaded, in breach of a ſolemn peace, by Madune king of Ceytavaca. In one of the firſt battles the king of Cota loſt his life, and his ſucceſſor implored the ſtipulated aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe. Noronha himſelf haſtened to Ceylon, and his firſt action was to put to the rack ſome of the domeſtics of the king whom he came to defend, in order to make them diſcover their prince's treaſures. He then plundered the palace of the late king, and demanded 200,000 ducats to defray his charges, which ſum was immediately given to him. He afterwards defeated Madune, and raſed his city in ſearch of treaſure, and very conſiderable riches were found. By agreement one half of the booty was due to the king of Cota, but Noronha paid no regard to the faith of treaty. Nor would he leave one

Portugueſe ſoldier to defend his injured ally, though earneſtly ſolicited, and though the king of Ceytavaca remained in the mountains ready for revenge on the departure of the viceroy *.

The Grand Turk, ſtill intent on the extirpation of the Portugueſe from India, fitted out three formidable ſquadrons during the regency of Noronha. The firſt, commanded by a bold pirate named Pirbec, ſailed from Suez, with an armament of 16,000 men. He plundered the Portugueſe ſettlement at Maſcate, and even the city of Ormuz, though the fort held out againſt him. Having alſo plundered other coaſts, he returned to Conſtantinople with great riches, which he preſented to the ſultan. But, as nothing effectual was done towards the extirpation of the Europeans, in place of reward, Pirbec's head was ſtruck off by order of the Grand Signior.

The ſtrenuous and long continued efforts of the Porte to expel the Portugueſe from the eaſtern ſeas, diſplay the vaſt importance of the naval ſuperiority of the Europeans in Aſia. Though immediate gain ſeems to have been the ſole motive of the Europeans who firſt went to India, the Moors and Turks perceived the remote political conſequences of their arrival, in the cleareſt light. Diſſatisfied with the undeciſive expedition of Pirbec, two other formidable Turkiſh ſquadrons were ſent againſt the Portugueſe. But both of theſe were commanded by officers of mean

---

* By order of the king of Portugal, and by means of Xavier, the extortions of Noronha were aſterwards reſtored to the king of Cota.

mean abilities, and were totally defeated by ſhipwreck and battle. The Zamorim and the king of Pimenta, whoſe combined army Noronha had formerly permitted to eſcape, had continued, during the war in Ceylon and with the Turks, to haraſs the Portugueſe fleets, and the king of Cochin, their ally. Noronha, now at leiſure, went in perſon to revenge theſe inſults, and the rich iſlands of Algada, ſubject to the king of Pimenta, after a deſperate defence, were deſtroyed with fire and ſword. Our military poet, Camoëns, at this time arrived in India, and diſcovered his valour as a volunteer in this expedition.

While the royal monopoly and the coaſting trade were thus reduced and expoſed, under the languor and weakneſs of the military operations, the active ſpirit of Xavier was untired. Having viſited almoſt every ſettlement, every where endeavouring to inſpire political vigour and unanimity, he was now buſied in adding the Chineſe language to his other laborious acquirements of the oriental tongues; for the ſpiritual dominion of China was the grand object of his ſtupendous plan. But, alarmed at the ſpreading odium raiſed by the cruel and unjuſt actions of Noronha in Ceylon, he haſted thither, for he foreſaw the malign influence of the Portugueſe inſolence and oppreſſion. From Ceylon he went to the Malucos and Japan, and when ready to enter China, his death in the iſle of Sancyon cloſed his unwearied labours of twelve years in the Eaſt. To reſtrain the Portugueſe injuſtice and tyranny, and to win the affection of the natives, were the means by which Xavier endeavoured to eſtabliſh his ſtupendous plan of the vaſſalage of the eaſtern world. And, had he lived in the more virtuous days of Albuquerque, his views would probably have been crowned with ſucceſs. By the mean artifices and frauds of the Jeſuits who ſucceeded in his miſſion, whoſe narrow minds were earneſt for preſent emolument, what good effects the ſuperior mind of Xavier had produced, were ſoon counteracted, and totally loſt.

After a regency of three years Don Alphonſo de Noronha was ſucceeded by Don Pedro de Maſcarenhas, a gentleman in his ſeventieth year. Meale Can was now at Goa. Maſcarene adopted the former policy of ſupporting Meale's title to the throne of Hydal Can, and proclaimed him king of Viſapor. But Maſcarene's death, ere he had governed thirteen months, cloſed his regency, and Franciſco Barreto, his ſucceſſor, entering into his views, and deſirous of the immenſe emoluments of an Indian war, proſecuted his deſigns. The great Caſtro, by his patronage of Meale, had kept the Hydal Can in awe; but Caſtro's faith and abilities were now wanting. In breach of a treaty of peace with the Hydal Can, and on pretence of doing juſtice to an exiled prince, Barreto kindled a war, which proved highly injurious to the Portugueſe. Meale was defeated and taken priſoner in his kingdom of Viſapor; and ſeveral bloody undeciſive campaigns diſplayed the reſentment of the Hydal Can *. Nor were the affairs of the Malucos leſs unhappy. Deza, the Portugueſe governor, treacherouſly impriſoned the king

---

* See the note on Barreto, in the Life of Camoëns.

king of Ternate and his whole family, and ordered them to be ſtarved to death. He was relieved, however, by the neighbouring princes, who took arms in his defence; and the ſubmiſſion of the Portugueſe, who deprived Deza of his command, ended the war.

While the military reputation of the Portugueſe had almoſt loſt its terrors, while their empire in the Eaſt was thus haſtening to its fall, John III. was ſucceeded by Sebaſtian, an infant; and Don Conſtantine de Braganza, of the blood-royal, was appointed deputy-king of India. He governed three years, and never performed one action which did honour to his abilities. The officers he ſent out on various expeditions were generally defeated, particularly in a war with the Turks on the coaſts of Arabia. He himſelf ſhared the ſame fate, and once ſaved his life, at the city of Jafanapatan, by inglorious flight. His views were of no importance. He impriſoned Luis de Melo for loſing too much time in a victorious expedition on the coaſt of Malabar. In a deſcent on Ceylon, the Portugueſe ſeized the tooth of a monkey, a relick held ſacred by the pagans, for which, according to Linſchoten, 700,000 ducats were offered in ranſom; but Conſtantine ordered it to be burned. The kings of Siam and Pegu pretended the real tooth was ſaved by a Banian, and each aſſerting that he was in poſſeſſion of the genuine one, bloody wars, which much endangered the Portugueſe eaſtern ſettlements, were kindled; and Conſtantine, finding himſelf embarraſſed, reſigned, contrary to the deſire of the council of Liſbon. He is celebrated for his great politeneſs and affability; and his government is diſtinguiſhed by the eſtabliſhment of the Inquiſition at Goa.

Don Conſtantine was ſucceeded by the Count de Redondo. Petty wars continued as uſual on every coaſt. In 1564, a Portugueſe ſhip, contrary to the treaty of peace, was attacked by three veſſels of Malabar. Redondo complained, and was anſwered by the Zamorim, that *ſome rebels had done it, whom he was welcome to ſeize and chaſtiſe.* Irritated by this reply, and on purpoſe to retort it, he ſent Dominic de Meſquita with three ſhips to ſcour the coaſt of Malabar. And Meſquita ſoon murdered above 2000 Malabrians, the greateſt part of whom he ſewed up in their own ſail cloths and wantonly drowned. Redondo, however, died ſuddenly, ere the Zamorim complained; but ſuch was the ſameneſs of idea among the Portugueſe, that Juan de Mendoza, his ſucceſſor, in anſwer to the Zamorim's complaint, adopted the intended witticiſm of Redondo, and retorted the Zamorim's reply; *it was done by rebels, whom he was welcome to ſeize and chaſtiſe.* A ſpirited repriſal is often the moſt deciſive meaſure; but this inhuman one, ſurely, was not dictated by wiſdom. A bold woman of quality, whoſe huſband had been murdered by Meſquita, with all the fury aſcribed to an ancient Druideſs, ran from place to place, execrating the Portugueſe, and exciting to revenge. Many of the Moors entered into an oath, never to lay down their arms till they had rooted the Portugueſe out of India. They ſuddenly beſet the fort of Cananor, and burned above thirty Portugueſe ſhips that rode under its cannon; and a tedious war enſued. Mendoza, after ſix months, was ſuperſeded by Don Antonio de Noronha, who ended the war of Cananor with the deſolation of the adjacent country. Confuſion and bloodſhed covered the rich iſland of Ceylon, and the new converts, the allies of Portugal, were hunted down by the other natives. The king of Achem and other princes began now to meditate a general league for the extirpation of the Portugueſe. And the Grand Turk, deſirous of acquiſition in India, became a zealous auxiliary. But though the firſt attempt upon Malaca was defeated by the valour of Don Leonis, the commander, the league continued in agitation, while the Portugueſe ſeemed to invite and to ſolicit their own deſtruction. The rapine of individuals became every year more ſhameleſs and general. While an idolatrous devotion to ſaints and images rendered them inexorable in their cruelty to thoſe of a different worſhip, they abandoned themſelves without reſtraint to the moſt laſcivious luxury, and every officer had his ſeraglio of five, ſix, or eight of the fineſt women. Indian women of quality were publickly dragged from their kindred by Portugueſe raviſhers. The inhabitants of Amboyna had received the Portugueſe with the greateſt friendſhip. At a banquet given by the natives, a young officer, in the face of all the company, and in preſence of her huſband, attempted to raviſh one of the principal ladies, and was unreproved by his countrymen. The tables were inſtantly overturned, and the Portugueſe expelled the iſland. And here, as at Ceylon and other parts of India, the popular fury was firſt glutted with the blood of thoſe natives, now eſteemed as traitors, who had embraced the religion of the Portugueſe. Immediately another moſt daring breach of humanity called aloud upon the princes of the Eaſt to unite in the defence of each other. Ayero*, king of Ternate, had always been friendly and tributary to the Portugueſe, yet on renewing a treaty of alliance, after having mutually ſworn on the arms of Portugal, he was ſtabbed by order of the Portugueſe commandant. Nor did this treachery appeaſe the murderer. In preſence of his queen and daughters, who in vain implored permiſſion to bury him, his body was cut into pieces and ſalted, put into a cheſt, and thrown into the ſea. He had a ſon, however, Chil Babu, who, in revenge of this, proved the moſt formidable enemy the Portugueſe had ever known in the Eaſt. His ambaſſadors haſted from court to court, and the princes of India, haraſſed by their cruel awful tyrants, who trampled on every law of humanity and good policy, combined with him in a general league for the utter expulſion of the Portugueſe; and ſo confident were the natives of ſucceſs, that not only the diviſion of the Portugueſe ſettlements, but the poſſeſſion of the moſt beautiful of their wives and daughters, was alſo ſettled among them. Five years was this league in forming, and eaſtern politics never produced a better concerted plan of operation. The various forts and territories of the Portugueſe were allotted to the neighbouring princes. Goa, Onor, and Braçalor were to reward the victories of the Hydal Can; Chaul, Damam, and Baçaim were to be taken by Nizamaluco, a king of the Decan; the Zamorim was to poſſeſs himſelf of Cananor, Mangalor, Cochin, and Chale; the king of Achem was to reduce Malaca; and the king of Ternate was to attack the Malucos. Beſides theſe, many other princes had their appointed lines of action; and this tremendous ſtorm was to burſt, in every quarter, at the ſame inſtant. Don Luis de Ataide was governor of India when this war began. The Hydal Can, with an army which conſiſted of 100,000 infantry, 35,000 horſe, 2140 elephants, and 350 pieces of cannon, covered the continent oppoſite to Goa for ſeveral leagues, and the diſpoſition of his extenſive poſts diſplayed great generalſhip. Every eminence was fortified, and his batteries, of two leagues in extent, thundered upon Goa. The diſpoſitions of Ataide, however, not only protected that iſland, but his unexpected inroads often carried terror and ſlaughter through this immenſe encampment. The Hydal Can, though greatly diſpirited, began to plant gardens and orchards, and build banqueting houſes, as if reſolved to conquer, at whatever diſtance of time. While Goa was thus beſieged, Chaul, a place of leſs defence, was infeſted by Nizamaluco, at the head of an army of 150,000 men, Turks, Moors, Ethiopians, Perſians, and Indians. The king of Ternate attacked the Malucos; the queen of Garzopa carried her arms againſt Onor; and Surat was ſeized by Agalachem, a prince tributary to the

---

* This is the ſame prince whom Deza treacherouſly impriſoned, and attempted to ſtarve. He continued, however, faithful to the Portugueſe, till his nephew was murdered by ſome of their officers. Three of the aggreſſors were ſeized by the king's order, and put to death. On renewing the alliance with the Portugueſe, he was treacherouſly murdered by the commandant's nephew. As he was ſtabbed, he laid hold of a cannon which bore the arms of Portugal, and exclaimed, *Ah! Cavaliers, is it thus you reward the moſt faithful ſubject of your king my ſovereign!*

Mogul. And even the ancient Chriſtians of St. Thomas, perſecuted by the inquiſition of Goa, for non-ſubmiſſion to the ſee of Rome*, joined the Pagans and Mohammedans againſt the natives of Portugal. But where even the embers of haughty valour remain, danger and an able general will awake them into a flame. Don Luis, the viceroy, was adviſed to withdraw the Portugueſe from the exterior parts for the ſupport of Goa, the ſeat of their empire. But this he gallantry refuſed, and even permitted a fleet with 400 men to ſail for Portugal†. The Zamorim and the king of Achem, having met ſome repulſes at ſea, were not punctual in the agreed commencement of hoſtility. This favoured Ataide; and no ſooner did he gain an advantage in one place, than he ſent relief to another. He and the beſt troops haſtened from fort to fort, and victory followed victory, till the leaders of this moſt formidable combination ſued for peace. A ſignal proof of what valour and military art may do againſt the greateſt multitudes of undiſciplined militia.

---

* See Geddes's Hiſtory of the Malabrian Church. The Chriſtians of St. Thomas, according to the Portugueſe hiſtorians, diſturbed the new converts, by telling them that the religion the Portugueſe taught them was not Chriſtianity. This gave great offence to the Jeſuits, who in revenge perſecuted the Thomiſts with all the horrors of the newly eſtabliſhed inquiſition. The following ſhort account of the Chriſtians of the Eaſt may perhaps be acceptable. In the ſouth parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants profeſſed Chriſtianity before the arrival of the Portugueſe. They called themſelves the Chriſtians of St. Thomas, by which apoſtle their anceſtors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the Patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their *Meterane* or archbiſhop. Dr. Geddes, in his Hiſtory of the Church of Malabar, relates, that *Franciſco Roz*, a Jeſuit miſſionary, complained to Menezes, the Portugueſe archbiſhop of Goa, that when he ſhewed theſe people an image of our Lady, they cried out, "Away with that filthineſs, we are Chriſtians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

Dom Frey Aleixo de Menezes, archbiſhop of Goa, did "endeavour to "thruſt upon the church of Malabar the whole maſs of popery, which they "were before unacquainted with." To this purpoſe he had engaged all the neighbouring princes to aſſiſt him; "and had ſecured the major part of the "prieſts preſent, in all one hundred and fifty-three, whereof two-thirds "were ordained by himſelf, and made them abjure their old religion, and "ſubſcribe the creed of pope Pius IV."—Millar's Hiſtory of the Propag. of Chriſtianity.

† This was the trading fleet, or regal monopoly, the delay of which might have produced his recall.

An highly honourable peace was concluded with Nizamaluco; but while the Hydal Can was in treaty, and while the Zamorim, who was now in arms both by ſea and land, propoſed conditions to which Ataide would not liſten *, that brave commander was ſuperſeded by the arrival of his ſucceſſor, Antonio de Noronha. When Ataide left India, the Hydal Can was ſtill before Goa, and the new viceroy had the honour to conclude the treaty of peace. But the important fortreſs of Chale, near Calicut, ſurrendered to the Zamorim, who was ſtill in arms. And the new commiſſion of Noronha involved the Eaſt in perplexities unknown before. At the very time when the league began to exert its apparently invincible force, at that very time king Sebaſtian, now about his ſixteenth year, divided his eaſtern empire, as if it had been in the moſt flouriſhing condition, into three governments, independent of each other. Noronha was to command from Cape Gardafu, on the mouth of the Red Sea, to the coaſt of Pegu, with the title of Viceroy of

---

* *He would make no peace,* he ſaid, *but upon ſuch terms as the Zamorim might expect, were the* Portugueſe *in the moſt flouriſhing condition.*

of India. From Gardafu to Cape Corrientes, below Madagaſcar, was given to Franciſco Barreto, late governor of Portugueſe Aſia, now intitled Governor of Monomotapa; and from Pegu to China, with the title of Governor of Malaca, was appointed to Antonio Moniz Barreto. In this pompous diviſion of empire, Moniz Barreto was to be equipped from India; but Portugueſe India could not afford the force which his patent appointed, and Moniz refuſed to ſail to Malaca with an inferior equipment. The celebrated Echebar, the Great Mogul, or emperor of Hindoſtan, had now poſſeſſed himſelf of the throne of Cambaya[*]; and as Baçaim and Damam had formerly belonged to that kingdom, he meditated the recovery of theſe territories from the Portugueſe: but while he was ready to inveſt Damam, Noronha entered the river with ſo formidable a fleet, that Echebar conſented to a peace which confirmed the Portugueſe right of poſſeſſion, on condition of their alliance. The king of Achem, who according to the league was to have invaded Malaca, now performed his part, and reduced that ſettlement, which had no governor, to the deepeſt diſtreſs. The arms of Ternate were alſo proſperous in the Malucos. To the relief of theſe Noronha ſent ſome ſupplies, but while he was preparing to ſend more, an order from Portugal arrived, which empowered Don Gaſper archbiſhop of Goa to depoſe Noronha, and inveſt Moniz with the government of India. Don Leonis de Pereyra was at the ſame time appointed governor of Malaca. Moniz urged him to ſail to the relief of his ſettlement, but Leonis refuſed to go thither with leſs than the appointed equipment. Though on the private accuſatious of Moniz, Noronha was degraded for a like refuſal; though Noronha was then at war, and Moniz now at peace; and though Leonis abated in his demand, Moniz was immoveable. Leonis therefore ſailed for Portugal, where his conduct was juſtified, yet no puniſhment allotted to Moniz; ſuch was the unbluſhing partiality with which the miniſters of Sebaſtian governed the falling empire of Portugueſe Aſia.

---

[*] Mahumud, nephew of king Badur, was betrayed into Echebar's hands by one of his officers. The traitor was beheaded by order of Echebar.

While Malaca was thus deſerted by its governor, the king of Achem and the queen of Japara, with numerous fleets and armies, poured all the horrors of war upon that valuable territory. Time after time, as the ſhattered fleets of the one retired to repair, the new armaments of the other immediately filled their ſtations. And the king of Ternate, the author of the league, was victorious in the iſles of Maluco. The several ſupplies of relief, ſent by Moniz, one of which conſiſted of 2000 troops, all periſhed by ſhipwreck ere they reached their deſtined ports. The murderer of king Ayero was ſtabbed by the populace, and the Portugueſe were totally expelled from this ſettlement, which commanded the ſpice iſlands. Nor was the government of Francis Barreto, in Monomotapa, leſs unhappy. He, who had been governor of India, ſays Faria, accepted of this diminiſhed command for three reaſons; becauſe *he was poor*, becauſe it was the king's will, and becauſe it was a poſt of great danger.* His commiſſion was to make himſelf maſter of the mines which ſupply Sofala and the neighbouring ports with gold and ſilver: and one Monclaros, a jeſuit, accompanied him, without whoſe concurrence he was prohibited to act. He ſailed from Liſbon, with only three ſhips and a thouſand men, in 1569, and having received ſome ſupplies at Mozambique, together with tools for miners, camels * and other beaſts of burden, he proceeded to his viſionary government. He landed in the river of Good Signs, and propoſed to march to the mines by the route of Sofala. But to this Monclaros would not conſent, and by his direction he took a more diſtant courſe. After a march of ten days along the river Zambeze, during which his ſmall army ſuffered greatly by extreme heat and thirſt, he ſaw the mountains and vallies covered with innumerable multitudes of armed men. Theſe, however, were diſperſed by his fire-arms; and ſoon after another army, as numerous as the former, ſhared the ſame fate. The Cafres now ſued for peace, and offered to diſcover the mines. But when now on the eve of ſucceſs, Monclaros commanded

---

* Cortez is juſtly admired for the ready dexterity with which he improved every opinion of the Mexicans to his own advantage. Barreto gave an inſtance of this art upon this expedition. When the Cafres were ſuing for peace, and Barreto in great want of proviſions, one of the camels having broke looſe from its keepers, and after running till tired, happened to be met by Barreto, to whom it inſtantly kneeled, as is uſual for that creature when it receives its burden. The Cafres, who had never before ſeen ſuch an animal, thought it ſpoke to the governor, and earneſtly aſked what it ſaid. Theſe creatures, replied Barreto, live upon human fleſh; and this one has been ſent from its brethren to beg I would not make peace with you, otherwiſe they muſt be ſtarved. After much entreaty, Barreto promiſed to perſuade the camels to be contented with the fleſh of beeves; upon which the Cafres gladly ſupplied them with as many herds as he deſired.

manded him to deſiſt from his ruinous expedition, and immediately to return to Mozambique. And ſo deeply was Barreto affected with this diſappointment and diſhonour, that overwhelmed with the fever of indignation, without any other ſymptom of ail, he breathed out his life in ſighs, after the violent mental agitation of two days. Among his papers was found a commiſſion for Vaſco Homem, his major, to ſucceed him; who, perſuaded by the jeſuit, immediately returned to Mozambique. But Monclaros having ſailed for Portugal, Homem, upbraided by the officers of that ſtation, returned to Monomotapa. He landed at Sofala, and from thence, by a ſhort and eaſy march, arrived at the place where the mines were expected. After ſome ſkirmiſhes with the Cafres, the king of Chicanga pretended to be friendly, and offered to ſhew the mines. Having led the Portugueſe from province to province, he at laſt brought them to a place where he had ordered ſome ore to be buried and ſcattered, and here he told them was a rich ſilver mine. While the Portugueſe were ſeveral days buſied in digging around, the Cafres eſcaped; and Homem, his proviſions beginning to fail, retired to Sofala, leaving a captain named Cardoſo, with 200 men, to make farther trial. Fearleſs of this ſmall party, the Cafres returned, and with confident promiſes offered to diſcover the richeſt and eaſieſt worked mines in their country. Cardoſo believed them, and was led into defiles, where he and all his men periſhed by the weapons of the artful barbarians. Such was the end of the government of Monomotapa, the golden dream, the ill-concerted and ill-conducted plan of the weak miniſters of a giddy empire haſtening to its fall.

Moniz, after he had governed three years, the term now uſually named in the writs of ſucceſſion, was ſucceeded by Don Iago de Menezes, under whom the bloodſhed of the uſual petty wars with the Moors and Malabrians continued. His regency is diſtinguiſhed by no warlike event of note: and after he had held the ſword of command about two years, he was ſuperſeded by the brave Ataide *Count de Autouguia*, whoſe art and valour had lately triumphed over the moſt formidable efforts of the general league.

To ſuppoſe that Sebaſtian or his miniſters perceived the precarious and ruinous ſtate of their Eaſtern empire, when they appointed this able officer to that very critical command, were to allow them a merit, which every other part of their conduct relative to India diſclaims. Don Sebaſtian's ideas were totally debauched by the moſt romantic thirſt of military glory, and it was his ambition from his childhood to diſtinguiſh himſelf at the head of an army in Africa. Ataide ſtrenuouſly oppoſed this wild expedition, which, he was juſtly convinced, was ill-adapted to the ſtate of his country. But Sebaſtian, now in his twenty-fourth year, to be relieved of his diſagreeable counſel, ordered him to reſume the viceroyſhip of India. The ſpeech which Sebaſtian made to Ataide, upon this his ſecond appointment, ſtrongly characteriſes the frivolouſneſs which now prevailed at the court of Liſbon. Don Conſtantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, was one of the weakeſt governors that ever ruled India. Ataide, on the contrary, had performed moſt incredible actions; had ſaved the Portugueſe from the greateſt dangers they ever ſurmounted in Aſia. Yet Sebaſtian did not bid him reign as he had formerly done. No, he bid him reign like Don Conſtantine—a man, whoſe abilities reached no farther than perhaps to open a ball gracefully, for his politeneſs was his only commendation. When errors in government begin, the wiſe ſee the ſecret diſeaſe, but it is the next generation which feels the worſt of its effects. Camoëns, whoſe political penetration was perhaps unequalled in his age and country, ſaw the declenſion of manners, and foretold in vain the fall of empire. Portugal owed its exiſtence to the ſpirit of chivalry and the ideas of liberty, which were confirmed by the ſtatutes of Lamego. Camoëns, in a fine allegory, laments the decay of the ancient virtues. Under the character of a huntſman he paints the wild romantic purſuits of king Sebaſtian, and wiſhes that he may not fall the victim of his blind paſſion. The courtiers he characteriſes, as the moſt venal of ſelf-intereſted flatterers: and the clergy, the men of letters, he ſays,

—— trim'd the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power,
Sleepleſs at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The ſacred bulwarks of the people's cauſe,
Framed ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hackt ſwords was dry.

Unperceived by the unlettered nobility, the principles of the conſtitution gradually expired under the artful increaſe of the royal prerogative. If Sebaſtian was more abſolute than John I. his power was bought by the degeneracy of his ſubjects, and weakneſs of the ſtate, the certain price with which monarchs purchaſe their beloved deſpotiſm. The neglect of one man of merit is the ſignal for the worthleſs, if rich, to croud to court. Many of theſe ſignals were given in the reigns of Emmanuel, John III. and Sebaſtian, and thus the labours of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, a Caſtro, and an Ataide, were fruſtrated and reverſed. Theſe governors, bred in war, enthuſiaſts in honour, all died poor. Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, the tyrant of his maſter the king of Ormuz, juſtly accuſed of murders and the moſt unbounded extortion, was ſent in irons to Liſbon. But he carried his treaſures with him, and was reſtored to his employments. Anthony Galvam, the moſt honeſt of men, ſaved the Malucos, returned poor to Portugal, and, like Pacheco, died in an alms-houſe. But theſe, the errors and crimes of former reigns, were of little effect compared to the evil conſequences of the inattention to, and ignorance of Indian affairs, diſcovered by the miniſters of Sebaſtian. They ordered Don George De Caſtro, who ſurrendered the fort of Chale to the Zamorim, to be tried and beheaded; and he died on the ſcaffold at Goa. Yet a year after this, the court of Liſbon iſſued a commiſſion appointing him to command on another ſtation. The poverty of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, and a Caſtro, was now the public jeſt of the Portugueſe * commandants. Under the ſhade of ſilken umbrellas, ſome of the late viceroys rode to battle, in chairs carried on men's ſhoulders. All was diſunion, groſs luxury, and audacious weakneſs in Portugueſe Aſia, when Sebaſtian loſt his crown in his African expedition. And what greatly haſtened their ruin, the natives now perceived their weakneſs, and foretold their approaching fall. About fifty years before this period, it was the general opinion of India, that the Portugueſe were among men what lions are among beaſts: *and for the ſame reaſon,* ſaid an Indian captive to a Portugueſe officer, *nature has appointed that your ſpecies ſhould be equally few.* But as ſoon as their luxury began to appear, theſe ſentiments were changed. *Let them alone,* ſaid one Indian prince to another, *the frauds of their revenue, and their love of luxury will ſoon ruin them. What they gain as brave ſoldiers they will ſoon loſe as avaritious merchants. They now conquer* Aſia, *but* Aſia *will ſoon conquer them.* And a king of Perſia aſked a Portugueſe captain how many of the Indian viceroys had been beheaded by the kings of Portugal. *None,* replied the officer. *Then you will not long,* returned the Perſian, *be the maſters of India.*

When Ataide ſailed for India on his ſecond viceroyſhip, he dreaded the diſaſters which would follow the precipitate, ill-concerted expedition of Sebaſtian. And it was his firſt care, after his arrival in the Eaſt, to prevent the evil conſequences of the unhappy event. He immediately fitted out a fleet which ſtruck the princes of India with awe and terror. Any particular deſtination of this armament was never known; for ſo formidable did Ataide appear, that the tidings of the death and total defeat of Sebaſtian in Africa, produced no war in India. Sebaſtian was ſucceeded by an old weak man, his grand uncle, the cardinal Henry. Two years cloſed Henry's puſillanimous ſway. And Philip II. of Spain ſoon after made himſelf maſter of the kingdom of Portugal. The brave Ataide, after having humbled the Hydal Can for a breach of treaty, and conclued a peace, fell into a deep melancholy, of which he died in the third year of his regency; ſo ſincerely was he affected with the fall of his country, which he foreſaw and foretold *. He was ſucceeded by Hernan Tellez de Menezes, appointed by the five regents who governed Portugal after the demiſe of Henry. Under Menezes, Maſcate was plundered by the Turks. A ſquadron was fitted out to its relief; but this the commander never attempted. He avoided the Turkiſh galleys, but plundered and laid in aſhes the rich cities of Peſani, Gaudel, and Teis, on the coaſt of the Naytaques, near Cambaya, with whom the Portugueſe were not at war. After a government of ſix months, Menezes was ſuperſeded by Don Franciſco de Maſcarenhas, the firſt viceroy

---

* In particular, Don A. de Noronha, viceroy in 1568, is recorded for publickly branding ſuch conduct as madneſs. But the motives of theſe heroes perhaps diſplayed the trueſt policy and higheſt magnanimity. Of this hereafter.

---

* So clear was his heart from the infection of avarice, ſays Faria, that while others carried immenſe treaſures from Aſia to Portugal, he only brought four jars of water, filled from the four great rivers, Tygris, Euphrates, Indus, and Ganges, which were many years preſerved as his trophy in his caſtle of *Peniche*.

viceroy appointed by Philip. His brave defence of Chaul againſt Nizamaluco entitled him to this diſtinction; and Philip, for obvious reaſons, loaded him with honours, powers, and emoluments, ſuperior to thoſe enjoyed by any former viceroy. He was commiſſioned to proclaim Philip in India; but Menezes, though he loſt his reward, had already performed this confirmation of the uſurper's title *. But though Maſcarene found Philip peacefully acknowledged, all was confuſion and weakneſs in the Portugueſe ſettlements. Turks and *Moguls*, the Zamorim, and other princes, in little ſquadrons, unconnected with each other, ſpread all the horrors of piratical war from Melinda to Malaca. The Portugueſe ſquadrons were frequently defeated, and their military reputation was in deep decline. Cochin had long been the faithful and valuable ally of Portugal; but the preſent king, unable to pay the enormous, ungenerous taxes demanded by Maſcarene, reſigned his revenues to the Portugueſe. Twenty thouſand Cochinians bound themſelves in an oath to die in defence of their ancient rights, and Maſcarene was neceſſitated to ſuſpend his acquirement, an acquirement which was relinquiſhed by D. Duarte de Menezes, who, after the uſual regency of three years, ſucceeded him in command. Malaca, inveſted by the king of Ujantana, was now deſolated by famine. About an hundred people died every day, and mothers exchanged their children, that they might not eat their own offspring. The iſland of Ceylon was alſo ſteeped in blood, and the Portugueſe there reduced to the deepeſt diſtreſs. But though Don Paulo de Lima diſplayed the ancient valour of his countrymen in the relief of Malaca and the fort of Columbo in Ceylon, the frequent repulſes of the Portugueſe emboldened the natives to ſeize every opportunity of hoſtility.

---

* By the ſtatutes of Lamego, the *magna charta* of Portugal, a foreigner cannot hold the Portugueſe ſceptre.

Under the government of Menezes, a court of chancery, in 1586, was erected at Goa. The citizens, long oppreſſed by military tyrants, had requeſted Philip for ſuch juriſdiction. But what chiefly diſtinguiſhes this period, is the alteration of the *royal monopoly*, and the eſtabliſhment of a PORTUGUESE EAST INDIA COMPANY. The revenues of India, received by the exchequer of Liſbon, amounted to little more than a million of crowns. This, yearly ſent to Portugal in Indian goods on board of his majeſty's ſhips, had long been inadequate to the expence of the armaments almoſt annually equipped in Portugal for the ſupport of the Indian dominion *. And Philip, unwilling to continue ſuch prepoſterous courſe, farmed the trade of India to a company of merchants, under regulations of the ſame ſpirit by which the Spaniſh trade to Mexico, and the Portugueſe commerce with † Brazil, have ever been governed. As in theſe the ſovereign is ſole maſter of the garriſons and territory, which are protected by his fleets and armies, ſo Philip remained ſovereign of Portugueſe India. And as the annual flotas which ſail to Mexico and Brazil are under ſevere reſtrictions, but have the *excluſive* privilege of trading to thoſe regions, ſo the merchants who undertook the annual equipment of the Indian ſquadron, in reward of the revenue ſtipulated to be paid, received the *excluſive* privilege of trading with India. An eſtabliſhment upon other principles would have been inconſiſtent with every idea of colonization underſtood, or ever practiſed, by the courts of Spain and Portugal.

---

* According to Faria, the royal revenues, about this time, ſtood thus: The cuſtoms of Dio, above 100,000 crowns; thoſe of Goa, 160,000; thoſe of Malaca, 70,000; the tribute of princes and territories, 200,000; which, together with the king's ſhare of the prizes taken by his own ſhips, amounted to above a million of crowns yearly. It ought to have been two millions, ſays our hiſtorian, but was thus reduced by the frauds of office, and enormous ſalaries of the commanders of the various forts, which article alone amounted to more than half a million per annum.

† The trade to theſe places is confined to particular ports, annual flotas and regiſter ſhips, and even the quantity of goods limited. See Account of the European Settlements in America, fifth edit. vol. i. p. 234, &c. and 315.

When this new commercial regulation was known in India, it excited the greateſt diſcontent. And all the authority of the viceroy and of the clergy was hardly ſufficient to ſuppreſs an inſurrection at Goa. By its due operation, the lucrative licentiouſneſs of the private traders would have received ſome bounds; and a check upon their immenſe profits gave a general alarm. There were ſtated voyages performed under the direction of the viceroy to collect the king's revenues in the different ſettlements. And the commanders of theſe ſquadrons, acted now, without reſtraint, as private merchants, and their profits were almoſt incredible *. The idea of preventing the military to become merchants was now no more. And even the viceroys, after Caſtro and Ataide, became private traders. Beſides their yearly ſalaries, now raiſed to 18,000 crowns, ſome of them cleared 3, ſome 5, and ſome 800,000 ducats, by their own merchandiſe. And thoſe who bore the title of Don were not now aſhamed to command their own piratical merchant ſhips. After Caſtro, ſome of the firſt nobility of Portugal were ſent to govern India: and their hiſtorians bluntly confeſs, that they went thither to repair their fortunes. But though the new regulations were in the ſpirit of the Spaniſh trade to Mexico, nothing like the regularity of the flotas was attained in India. The viceroy ſtill retained the care of fitting out the homeward ſhips, and the exigencies of India rendered their number and cargoes ever precarious.

---

* According to Faria's eſtimate, the voyage from Goa to China and Japan, brought the captain 100,000 crowns, for only the freight of the goods of others which he carried; that from Coromandel to Malaca, 20,000; from Goa to Mozambique, 24,000; and the ſhort voyage to Ceylon, 4000. And the profits of their own trade were equally great.

Don Duarte de Menezes was ſucceeded, in 1588, by Emanuel de Souza Coutinno, who in 1590 reſigned the ſword to Matthias de Albuquerque, who governed about ſeven years. In 1597, Don Franciſco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra, and grandſon of the diſcoverer of India, aſcended the throne of Portugueſe Aſia. But not more degenerated were the times, than were his actions and manners from thoſe of his illuſtrious anceſtor. He was the moſt deteſted and moſt inſulted ruler * that ever governed India; and the meanneſs of his abilities, the ferocious ungrateful haughtineſs of his carriage, and his groſs injuſtice, merited the ſignal contempt with which he was treated.

---

* For inſtances of theſe, ſee the notes on the Life of Camoëns.

treated. The peninſula of Pudepatam, between Goa and Cochin, was at this time poſſeſſed by a Mooriſh pirate named Mahomet Cunnale Marca, who made war alike on the Portugueſe and the ſubjects of the Zamorim. The Zamorim and the viceroy entered into a treaty to cruſh this pirate; and the former, with an army of 20,000 men, and Don Luis de Gama, brother of the latter, with a fleet of above fifty veſſels, laid ſiege to Marca's peninſula; but both were ignominiouſly repulſed; and the Portugueſe arms under Don Luis received the greateſt diſgrace, ſays Faria, they had ever, except at Ormuz, experienced in the Eaſt. Andreas de Furtado, the only Portugueſe officer of this period whoſe name is recorded with honour, ſoon after compelled Marca to ſurrender on condition of life; a condition which was brutally violated by the ungenerous Gama *. But what principally marks the fatal regency of this count de Vidigueyra, is the arrival of the firſt warlike ſquadron of the Dutch in India, the heralds of the total ſubverſion of the Aſiatic empire of Portugal.

For the laſt twelve years, the Portugueſe cruelties † in Ceylon had diſgraced human nature. And for many years,

---

* Vid. Notes on the Life of Camoëns.

† Don Hierome de Azevedo commanded in Ceylon during the ruinous wars already mentioned. When he kept the field, and had gained any advantages, he compelled the Indian mothers to caſt their children between millſtones, and to look on while they were ground in pieces. At other times he ordered his ſoldiers to hold up the ſhrieking infants on the tops of their pikes. This he did for a moſt wretched pun. The natives of Ceylon called themſelves *Galas*, and *Gallos* is Spaniſh for a cock. *Hark how theſe young cocks crow*—is recorded as his uſual ſpeech, when the infants ſcreamed on the lance.

years, annual fleets had regularly been ſent to the coaſts of Malabar and the north of Goa, to make piratical wars, on pretence of the ſuppreſſion of pirates. Yet, as if all their former cruelties had been too little, a *Bull of Croiſade*, in 1594, arrived in India, commanding the Portugueſe to reduce the infidels to the faith by the force of arms. This was a new pretence to plunder the pagodas, the repoſitories of the Gentoo treaſures, and was procured by the Jeſuits, who now governed the ſprings of action over all Portugueſe Aſia. Though moſt adroit in fraudful cabals, that which bears the diſhoneſt name of low cunning was their only talent. Cruel, obſtinate, and narrow in their minds, the groſſeſt compulſion, and the horrors of the inquiſition *, were the methods by which they endeavoured to propagate their religion. Avaricious of power and riches, and eager for immediate poſſeſſion, they thruſt themſelves into every public tranſaction. The idle luxurious military eaſily ſuffered themſelves to be guided by them: and their intrigues and ignorance of the arts of civil and military government, embroiled and perplexed every operation. In almoſt every expedition was a monclaros: and it became uſual for the defeated commanders to vindicate themſelves by accuſing the Jeſuits. Impreſt with the enumeration of the facts from which the above conclusions are drawn, and having mentioned a diſpute amicably adjuſted by a Jeſuit, *The religious*, ſays the hiſtorian Souſa, *are ſucceſsful agents in the promotion of peace between lay governors; but when they take upon themſelves the government of ſecular affairs, they bring every thing to confuſion and ruin.*

---

* So different from Xavier were the Jeſuits of this period, that they totally impeded the converſion of the Gentoos, by the moſt abſurd topics of conteſt. The Gentoos wear a *Teſſera* of three threads, (of which ſee p. 410. vol. ii.) and are bigotted to the uſe of this their ancient badge. But the Jeſuits, who ſaid it was inſtituted by the Devil, obſtinately inſiſted that it ſhould be relinquiſhed by their new converts. The badge and their old religion were therefore continued.

While the Jeſuits thus cankered and confounded every ſpring of government, the civil and military officers, intent only on their own preſent gain, beheld the public weakneſs with the moſt languid indifference. Almoſt totally engroſſed by their immenſe American empire, and the politics of Europe, the Spaniſh court paid little attention to Portugueſe India. The will of the viceroy, now more arbitrary than ever, was the ſupreme law; headlong in its operation in his preſence, and headlong where his creatures, who ſhaped it to their pleaſure, were armed with power; but it was feeble and miſinterpreted, often contemned and diſobeyed, in the diſtant ſettlements. The commanders on the different ſtations ceaſed to act in concert with each other; and their forts were often in a ſtate of blockade, under all the miſeries of famine. It was now uſual for commanders and whole bands of the Portugueſe, without the conſent of their ſuperiors, to undertake piratical expeditions, and to enter into the ſervice of the Aſiatic princes *: and in many actions they fought againſt each other with the greateſt rancour. Their mother country groaned under the yoke of Spain. Moſtly natives of the Eaſt, the Portugueſe in India loſt all affection for Portugal, and indeed the political chain which bound them together was now but a ſlender thread. Unreſtrained by regular government, the will of the captain of the fort was abſolute, and his protection of the moſt audacious plunderers was the ſupport of his power. Deteſted by the natives, at ſtrife among themſelves, every circumſtance concurred to invite other merchants to India. In this wretched condition of Portugueſe Aſia, Houtman, a Dutch merchant, while in jail for debt at Liſbon, planned the eſtabliſhment of his countrymen in the Eaſt. The Hollanders paid his debts; he failed for Aſia, and returned with credentials of his promiſe, which gave

---

* About 1586, the Turks with powerful armies invaded Perſia. Some years after, the immenſe armies of the Mogul invaded the regions beyond the Ganges. And the great kingdoms of Pegu and Siam were alternately laid waſte by each other. Portugueſe adventurers diſtinguiſhed themſelves in

---

in all theſe wars; nor did they conſult the viceroy when they went off with their ſhipping and ſoldiers. Two of theſe renegadoes, by the moſt deteſtable treachery and cruelty, roſe to the ſovereign rank; and, under the regal title, negotiated with the Portugueſe viceroys. Of theſe hereafter.

The hiſtory of one of theſe renegadoes throws light on Portugueſe Aſia. Iago Soarez de Melo, guilty of murder, fled from the ſentence of death in Portugal. He was ſeveral years a pirate in the eaſtern ſeas. On his promiſe to accuſe Don Stephen de Gama, he was pardoned by M. Alonzo de Souza, the new governor. He afterwards, with above 1000 Portugueſe, who renounced allegiance to their ſovereign, went to Pegu, where he was appointed general of the army, gratified with immenſe treaſure, and entitled the king's brother. In this height of his fortune, he happened to paſs by the houſe of a rich merchant on the day of his daughter's wedding. He entered in with his armed followers, and was invited to partake of the ſumptuous entertainment. Struck with the beauty of the young lady, he attempted to take her away by force; the bridegroom and his kindred, who offered reſiſtance, were ſlaughtered upon the banqueting tables; and the frantic bride fled from the ſcene of horror, and ended her life with a cord. Soon after, however, the power of Melo, and the thouſand Portugueſe who ſerved under him, were not ſufficient to protect him from the rage of the people. The king delivered him up, and he was torn in pieces by the multitude.

gave birth to the Dutch India Company, an inſtitution of deep commercial wiſdom: a regular machine, connected in all its operations, and the very reverſe of that blind monſter, that divided polypus, the Portugueſe deſpotical anarchy.

The ſpice iſlands offered the faireſt field for the Dutch operations. Here the Portugueſe were both weakeſt and moſt deteſted. And at Amboina and Ternate the ſtrangers were gladly received, and conditions of commerce ſettled*. In 1600, Ayres de † Saldanna ſucceeded the weak Count de Vidigueyra; but he was equally remiſs, and made no head againſt the Dutch. One of his captains only, the brave Furtado, for five years carried on a petty war with the Hollanders among the Malucos; but though he gained ſeveral victories, he was unable to expel the new intruders. And new ſquadrons from Holland arrived yearly, and carried their hoſtilities from Mozambique to Bengal and other parts of India. The Portugueſe valour ſeemed to revive, and the Dutch, in many engagements, were defeated. Their vanquiſhed fleets, however, carried rich cargoes to Europe, and brought freſh ſupplies. The Jeſuits omitted no device, no fraud, that might inflame the natives againſt them; even their republican form of government was repreſented as big with ruin to the Indian princes. But the deteſtation of the Portugueſe name was deep in India; and that rooted odium, to which their villanies and cruelties had given birth, and had long nouriſhed, was now felt to militate againſt them more than millions in arms. Had the general conduct of the Portugueſe governors been like that of Albuquerque, had the princes of India mourned over their graves, no ſtrangers had ever eſtabliſhed themſelves on the ruin of ſuch allies. Though repeatedly defeated in war, the Dutch commerce increaſed, the harbours of India received them with kindneſs, and gave them aſſiſtance; while the friendleſs deteſted Portugueſe, though victorious in almoſt every ſkirmiſh, were haraſſed out and daily weakened. Like beaſts of prey in their dens, or mountaineer banditti, they kept their gloomy fortreſſes, their deſtruction the wiſh of the natives, who yet were afraid too openly to provoke the rage of ſuch wolves and tygers. About four years after the arrival of the Dutch, the Engliſh alſo appeared in India. The Dutch, who pleaded the law of nature, without ceremony entered the beſt harbours, and endeavoured to drive the Portugueſe from their ſettlements. The Engliſh, in 1601, under Sir James Lancaſter, erected ſeveral factories in India, but they went to ports open to all, and offered injury to neither Dutch, Portugueſe, nor Mooriſh ſettlement. Twenty Engliſh fleets made the voyage to India without hoſtility with the natives, when the Portugueſe Jeſuits brought on a rupture, which ended in the loſs of the Portugueſe military reputation. Every treacherous art which the Moors practiſed againſt Gama was repeated by the Jeſuits, and the event was the ſame: for he who fights with the weapons of fraud, whenever he miſſes his blow, ſtands naked and weakened, and every wound he receives is mortal.

---

* Nothing but the deep deteſtation of the Portugueſe could have procured ſuch favour; for previous to this, the very firſt operation of the Dutch had diſplayed their character. They were detected in offering money of baſe metal for the cargo of the firſt ſhip which they loaded with ſpicery. Thoſe who offered it were ſeized by the natives; and the ſquadron which firſt arrived at Ternate, endeavoured to reſcue their countrymen at Java, by force of arms, but were repulſed, and compelled to pay the ranſom which the natives demanded.

† He renewed the treaty of alliance with the celebrated Echebar, or Akbar, who was now maſter of all India, as far ſouth as Viſapor.

In 1604 Saldanna the viceroy was ſucceeded in office and languid negligence, by Don Alonzo de Caſtro; and on Caſtro's death, in the third year of his government, Don Frey Alexio de Menezes, archbiſhop of Goa, was inveſted with the authority, though not with the title of viceroy. The patronage of the inquiſition, and the reduction of the Chriſtians of St. Thomas, of Ethiopia and Armenia *, to the ſee of Rome, were the ſole employments of this governor. In 1609, the brave Furtado received the ſword of command: he was a ſoldier; and his firſt ambition was the expulſion of the Hollanders. He called the council and principal citizens of Goa, and urged them to aſſiſt him in ſtriking a deciſive blow, which might ruin the Dutch. His ſpeech was heard with joy; but when he had filled the port of Goa with a formidable navy, Ruy Lorenzo de Tavora arrived from Portugal, and

---

* For the miſeries with which the Jeſuits diſtreſſed Ethiopia, ſee the note, p. 413. vol. ii. Though attended with leſs bloodſhed, their conduct was the ſame in Armenia. This archbiſhop was a moſt zealous patron of this method of converſion. See p. clxxviii. vol. i.

and ſuperſeded Furtado, in the *third month* of his regency. The only circumſtance for which Tavora is diſtinguiſhed is his generous acknowledgment, that he thought it was Furtado who governed, when he ſaw ſuch warlike preparations, and that he was unhappy to ſuperſede ſo worthy a governor. And unhappy it was for the Portugueſe intereſt. It was now twelve years ſince the Engliſh, and fifteen ſince the Dutch, had portended the ruin of the Portugueſe; yet, except the armament of Furtado, no regular plan had ever been concerted for the expulſion of ſuch formidable rivals. About this time, captain Beſt, in a large Engliſh ſhip, and captain Salmon, in a bomb-ſketch, lay near Surat; Nunno de Cunha, with four large galliots, and twenty-five frigates, part of the armament prepared by Furtado, was ſent by Tavora to take or deſtroy them. The Mogul had an army at this time upon the ſhore. The beach and the eminences were covered with ſpectators. And now thoſe who had deemed the Portugueſe invincible at ſea, with aſtoniſhment beheld nine and twenty ſhips vanquiſhed and put to flight by two veſſels *. And a few days after, Thomas Beſt, in a harder conflict, was again victorious. Don Hierome de Azevedo, whoſe cruelties

---

* An Indian, who had been aboard the Engliſh ſhips, told Nunno that they had not above a week's proviſion, and that he had nothing to do but to prevent them to take in freſh water. Nunno replied, that *he would not ſpend a week's proviſions upon his own men to purchaſe a victory that might be gained in an hour.* And in the ſame high ſpirit he ſent Canning, an Engliſh priſoner in his cuſtody, to help his countrymen to fight, boaſting, that *he would ſoon take him again with more company.* As Nunno advanced, with red banners diſplayed, Beſt weighed his anchors, and began the fight in the centre of the four large galliots; and Captain Salmon, in the bomb-ketch, behaved with equal courage. Withington, a writer of king James's time, thus mentions the engagement: " Captain Salmon, of the bomb-ketch, the Oſiander, was " like

in

“ like a ſalamander amid the fire, dancing the hay about the Portugueſe, “ friſking and playing like a ſalmon.” The Portugueſe writers aſcribe theſe victories to the excellence of the Engliſh, and incapacity of their own gunners. Soon after, however, the Engliſh commerce in India greatly declined. The Dutch pretended that their hoſtilities in India were in revenge of the Spaniſh tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal alſo bowed down beneath the ſame cruel yoke; yet this, in the Dutch logic, was her crime; and thus, becauſe the Portugueſe groaned under Spaniſh oppreſſion, the Spaniſh oppreſſion in the Netherlands was revenged upon them. The truth is, the Portugueſe ſettlements were little regarded by Spain, and the Dutch intruded upon them as the ſtronger boars in a German foreſt ſhoulder the weaker ones from the beſt fall of acorns. Though beat off by the herdſmen, the ſtronger boars perſiſt and return; ſo the Dutch perſiſted, till they ſecured poſſeſſion. Every thing, however, was different in the firſt ſettlement of the Engliſh. The Author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique, &c.* ſeems to decry the policy of their firſt captains, who made themſelves maſters of no port, but bought their cargoes of the native merchants. But he ought to have owned that the hoſtilities of the Turks and Moguls, and the treachery of the latter in expelling the Engliſh factors, rendered retribution juſt. But with all the *ſang froid* of a Materialiſt, the Engliſh perceived, ſays he, *that great riches could not be acquired without great injuſtice*; and that to attain the advantages enjoyed by the Portugueſe and Dutch, they muſt alſo adopt their meaſures, and eſtabliſh themſelves by force of arms. But James, he adds, as if he condemned ſuch narrow policy, was too puſillanimous, and too much engaged in controverſial divinity to allow warlike operations. The treaty of the Engliſh with the potent king of *Perſia*, however, he mentions as an effort of great political wiſdom. But Sir D. Cotton's embaſſy into Perſia, in the Clarendon State Papers, vol. i. p. 36. fol. throws another light upon this affair. The treaty with Perſia was the idleſt ſtep the Engliſh could poſſibly have taken. According to this authentic record, the great monarch of Perſia appears little better than a captain of Italian banditti; and his prime miniſter, raiſed from the meaneſt ſtation, as a greater *ſhuffler* and villain than his *maſter*. The treaty with Perſia, indeed, alarmed the Mogul, the Portugueſe, and the Dutch, and brought hoſtilities upon the Engliſh, which the puſillanimous James would not allow them to puniſh as juſtice required. But it was not two months together in the mind, nor was it in the power of the tyrant of Perſia, to give any effectual aſſiſtance to the Engliſh. A Perſian ſtruck Lord Shirley, the Sophi's ambaſſador, in the preſence of James, and each charged the other with impoſture. The king of Perſia and his miniſter did nothing but ſcruple the credentials ſent

from

in Ceylon diſgraced the name of Man, in 1612 ſucceeded Tavora in the viceroyſhip of India. In every view of importance, the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia terminates with his government. And the occurrences of his regency are ſtrongly characteriſtic, not of a falling, but of a fallen empire.

The moſt fearleſs inſolence and treachery were now the characteriſtics of the Portugueſe commanders on every ſtation. Pereyra, captain of the fort of Mombaſſa, treacherouſly bribed the Cafres to murder the king, whoſe head he ſent as a trophy to the viceroy Azevedo. The inſolence of Don Luis de Gama brought the hoſtilities of the Turks and Perſians upon Ormuz and the adjoining territories. In Ceylon, the common ſoldiers robbed the natives at pleaſure, and the commanders added rapes and adulteries; *till the people,* ſays Faria, *ſought refuge among the wild beaſts of the mountains, to ſhun the more brutal outrage of men.* Near Surat, a Portugueſe captain, in breach of the peace, took a rich ſhip from Mecca, the property of the Mogul, and carried her in triumph into the harbour of Goa. Reſtitution was refuſed, and the Mogul, whoſe dominion was now extended from the kingdom of Delhi to the confines of Calicut,

---

from England, and endeavour to extort preſents. While James thus amuſed himſelf with his Perſian negociation, as ſagacious and fruitleſs as thoſe he held with the court of Spain and the Prince Palatine, the commerce of his ſubjects languiſhed in India. Hopeleſs of any help from Perſia, they entered into a kind of partnerſhip in ſome of the Dutch ſettlements. But when the Hollander found his opportunity, the Engliſh of Amboyna and other places experienced injuries and cruelties which are yet unatoned, and which for many years rendered them of little or no conſequence in the Eaſt.

Calicut, detained all the Portugueſe ſhips in his harbours; and, together with his tributary the king of Decan, laid ſiege to Damam, Chaul, and Baçaim, and deſolated the country around. Even the unwarlike Chineſe were exaſperated, and the humble ſubmiſſion of the Portugueſe to new and ſevere laws, preſerved their continuance at Macao. In 1606, a Dutch fleet had blocked up the mouth of the Tagus, and prevented the annual ſupplies to India; and their power was now greatly increaſed in the Eaſt. The natives, in hatred of the Portugueſe, in every part favoured them: the kings of Achem and Ternate often aſſiſted them with powerful armies againſt Malaca and the Malucos, and the Hollanders were now frequently victorious. While the eaſtern world was thus in arms againſt the Portugueſe, inſurrections among themſelves raged in every ſettlement. While the goldſmiths and mercers of Goa had a bloody engagement, the peace officers robbed the ſhops of both parties. An armament of ſeven ſhips and 250 ſoldiers was found neceſſary to ſuppreſs the murderous tumults at Meliapor. In the tumults of Chaul, Beçaim, Trapor, and Tana, ſome of the Portugueſe were almoſt daily ſlaughtered by each other; and while they were murdering one another in Ceylon, the natives iſſued from the foreſts and mountains, and reduced them to the greateſt extremity. Iago Simoens, for ſervices rendered to the emperor of Monomotapa, had received a grant of all the mines of that country in favour of the king of Portugal, and had built ſome forts on the river Zambeze. To enſure his ſucceſs, he ſolicited a reinforcement from the viceroy, which was ſent under the command of Fonſeca Pinto, a lawyer. But this reinforcement turned their arms againſt Simoens, and brought him and his ſettlement to utter ruin. Fonſeca, who was ſent as judge to Mozambique, enriched himſelf by the moſt flagitious acts of injuſtice and tyranny *, an example which was followed by his ſucceſſors, who without the authority of Azevedo, condemned an officer to the gibbet, and alternately impriſoned each other.

By conceſſions and preſents the viceroy had now purchaſed peace with the Mogul, who, influenced by the arts of the Jeſuit Pereyro, interdicted commerce with the Engliſh and Dutch; and the Portugueſe merchant ſhips which were detained in his harbours were relieved. During the laſt thirty years, the ſtrength and commerce of the Turks had conſiderably increaſed on the coaſts of Arabia †. Their trade with the ports of the Mogul was great, and conſiderable quantities of the produce of India were now again ſent to Europe by Egypt and Conſtantinople. The ſubjects of the Mogul refuſed commerce with

---

* He even ſold the proviſions, implements, and mining tools which he carried to Simoens, whom he accuſed to the emperor as a rebel againſt the viceroy, and urged the emperor to kill him. He ſeized the lands of Simoens, and ſold his ſlaves and effects. He depoſed Ruy de Melo, governor of Mozambique, and alſo ſeized his eſtate, which he appropriated to himſelf. Melo was acquitted at Goa. Iago de Cunha, another lawyer, was appointed to authority equal with Fonſeca, with command to reſtore Melo. When they arrived, they impriſoned Fonſeca, but an officer named Guerra relieved him, and impriſoned Cunha. And he, as Fonſeca had done, bribed his keepers, and eſcaped to Mombaſſa, where Melo then was. Melo and Cunha now ſailed for Mozambique, and Fonſeca with immenſe wealth fled to Goa; but Guerra, who remained, was tried by Cunha, and executed.

† By this increaſe, the cuſtoms of Ormuz and Maſcate were greatly reduced. Vid. Fariz, ſub ann. 1616.

with the Engliſh, and the Turks had offered hoſtilities to Sir Henry Middleton in the Red Sea. Middleton therefore appealed to the force of arms; but he did not act as a pirate. He ſeized ſome Mogul veſſels near Aden, but for the Indian traffic which he took from them, he gave them full value in Engliſh goods, according to the eſtimation of the Eaſt, profeſſing that he only deſired an equitable commerce. Fearful of ſuch rivals, Azevedo fitted out a fleet of eight ſhips, ſome of 8, ſome of 6, 5, and 400 tons, beſides 60 frigates, and ſome fly boats. But after a faint attack, Azevedo withdrew; and though often braved by the Engliſh, reinforced only with four veſſels, to the deeper aſtoniſhment of India, he declined the combat, and ſuffered the enemy, unmoleſted, to proceed homeward with loaded ſhips.

Nor was Miranda, the admiral of the ſeas of Malaca, more proſperous. After a hard engagement with a great fleet of Achem, he was totally defeated* by a Dutch ſquadron of eight veſſels. The trade with China was now annually interrupted by the Dutch, who, not ſatisfied with the route by the Cape of Good Hope, had now paſſed the ſtraits of Magellan, and opened a trade with Japan †. A Portugueſe adventurer, named Sebaſtian Gonſalez Tibao ‡, who, by betraying the Indian princes who favoured him, eſtabliſhed himſelf in Sundava, was there proclaimed king, and became an independent monarch. Conſcious that the king of Arracam, his late ally, whom he had treacherouſly deſerted when invaded by the Mogul, would meditate revenge, he ſent an embaſſy to Azevedo; to whom he offered alliance, and propoſed a war with the king of Arracam. Allured by Tibao's report of the immenſe treaſures of that prince, Azevedo, contrary, ſays Faria, to all laws, human and divine, concluded the deſired treaty with the renegado, and invaded Arracam. But here alſo the Portugueſe arms were diſgraced, and Tibao, deprived of every foot of territory, was reduced to his original meanneſs. Even more unfortunate was Philip de Brito e Nicote. By the moſt ungrateful treachery to the king of Tangu and other Indian princes, he alſo had raiſed himſelf to the ſovereign power, had been proclaimed king of Pegu, and his name was the terror of Siam and the neighbouring regions. The king of Ava, in revenge of his vaſſal the king of Tangu, with an army of 120,000 men, and a fleet of 400 veſſels, laid ſiege to Brito in his ſtrong fort of Siriam. Azevedo, in hope that he might prove an auſpicious ally, ſent an armament of five galliots to the ſupport of Brito; but Brito, ere its arrival, was overpowered, after a brave defence*. His

---

* So completely was he defeated, that he eſcaped to ſhore with only ſix men.

† This country was diſcovered by the Portugueſe, who opened a trade with it, about 1543.

‡ This adventurer went to India a private ſoldier. He deſerted from the ſervice, and became a ſeller of ſalt in Bengal. His profits increaſed, till he found himſelf maſter of a ſquadron of ten veſſels, with which he commenced piratical

wife

---

piratical wars; and having aſſumed regal power, he extended his territories, and made treaties with the neighbouring princes. The king of Arracam, threatened with an invaſion from the Mogul, entered into a league with Tibao. But, bribed by the Mogul, he ſuffered his army to paſs him; and while the Moguls plundered one part of the rich kingdom of Arracam, he plundered the cities of the other ſide.

* Brito had no powder to repel the enemy, an officer whom he had ſent with money to purchaſe that article having never returned. He was impaled with his face to his houſe, and lived two days, ſays Faria, in that dreadful condition.

wiſe and ſoldiers were maimed and ſent into ſlavery; and he himſelf and his male kindred were impaled on the ramparts of his garriſon.

Such were now the civil inſurrections, ſuch the * wars of the Portugueſe; the ſpirit of Azevedo's treaties are even more characteriſtic. Won by Middleton's gallant behaviour, and regardleſs of the viceroy's reſentment, the Mogul, contrary to the late treaty, not only admitted the Engliſh to free commerce with his ſubjects, but the Engliſh admiral was entertained, by his order, with all the ſplendor of eaſtern pomp. The Zamorim, the king of Cochin, and the king of the little iſland of Paru, prepared for hoſtilities; Azevedo ſent rich preſents, and begged for peace; the preſents were accepted, but the moſt contemptuous pretences excuſed delay, and the conditions were never ſettled. An embaſſy, with rich preſents, was ſent to Abas Xa, king of Perſia, who meditated the conqueſt of Ormuz; but this was alſo treated with ſcorn, and the Perſians, aſſiſted by the Engliſh, ſoon after wreſted Ormuz and its territory from the Portugueſe. Idle, undetermined treaties, were renewed with the Mogul, and tranſacted with the king of Siam, who would

---

* Though under the ſame monarch, the Spaniſh governor of the Philippine iſles ſent a party of men, in 1602, who, in defiance of the remonſtrances and threats of the Portugueſe commander, built a fort at the port of Pinal. Some years after, however, the increaſe of the Dutch power inclined the governor of Manilla to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of Azevedo, to expel the Dutch from the Malucos. But the viceroy could only afford an armament which conſiſted chiefly of tranſported felons. And theſe wholly deſerted ere they came to action. The admiral having, contrary to his orders, touched at Malaca, gave them the final opportunity.

would not conſent to expel the Engliſh from his harbours. The reaſons he urged ſpeak the deepeſt contempt: he excuſed the hoſtilities of the queen of Patane, his vaſſal, by ſaying ſhe was mad; and he liked the Engliſh, he ſaid, becauſe they were uſeful to him, and ſhewed him great reſpect. The prince of Pandar, a kingdom of Ceylon, though the Portugueſe had lately murdered an ambaſſador from his neighbour the king of Candea, ſent propoſals of peace and offered tribute to the viceroy; but finding the Portugueſe leſs formidable than he had eſteemed, he recanted; and Azevedo concluded the treaty, on condition of only one half of the tribute firſt propoſed. But the moſt contemptuous treatment is yet unmentioned. The king of Ava, alarmed at the treaty with Siam, and apprehenſive of revenge for the death of Brito, ſent an embaſſy to the viceroy. Azevedo accepted his propoſals, and Martinho de Coſta Falcam, his ambaſſador, went to ratify the treaty at the court of Ava. But the monarch's fears, and the reputation of the Portugueſe valour, were now no more. After many days ſpent by Falcam in vain ſolicitations for an audience, the hour of midnight was at laſt appointed. In the dark he was brought to an apartment, and in the dark alſo was ordered to deliver his embaſſy, for the king, they ſaid, was there, and liſtened. He delivered it, and received no anſwer. Yet though this haughty ſilence told him he had been talking to the walls, Falcam ſtill meanly ſolicited to ſee the ſovereign; and the former refined contempt was renewed. A day, and a place in the ſtreet were named, where Falcam might ſee his majeſty as he rode out on his elephant. The day came, but the king never deigned to turn his eye to the place where the ambaſſador ſtood. And Falcam, thus loaded with the moſt contemptuous diſgrace, returned to Goa.

On a voyage to Dio, Azevedo fell in with four Engliſh veſſels. He held a council of war, and it was reſolved not to fight, becauſe the ſtate of India, ſhould victory declare againſt them, could not ſuſtain the loſs of the large galleon in which the admiral ſailed. Such was the poverty of the Portugueſe cuſtom-houſes in the Eaſt; and the exchequer of Liſbon received an equally ſmall and precarious revenue from the company of merchants who were the proprietors of the goods brought to Portugal. In ſome of the laſt fifteen years, not a Portugueſe ſhip ſailed from India to Europe; and half of thoſe which ventured out, were either taken by enemies, or having ſailed late in the ſeaſon, were deſtroyed by tempeſt.

While thus degraded and broken down, the Spaniſh court completed the ruin of the Portugueſe eaſtern empire. The expence of the ſupplies, lately ſent againſt the Dutch and Engliſh, far exceeded the taxes of the company, reaped by Spain; and Azevedo received an order from the court of Madrid, to diſpoſe of every employment, of every office under him, by public ſale, that money might be raiſed to ſupport his government. We now need add few circumſtances more, for the hiſtory of the fall of the Portugueſe empire in Aſia is here eſſentially complete.

While the Indian ſtate was ſo poor, that it could not afford to riſque the loſs of a ſingle galleon, Azevedo the viceroy was immenſely rich. As he complained one day of the great loſſes ſuſtained by his trading veſſels, near the latter part of his reign, one of his officers told him he was ſtill worth 4 or 500,000 ducats. To this he replied, *I am ſtill worth more than that ſum in cattle only.*

Though the miniſtry of Spain ſeemed to have abandoned India, they beheld the ſucceſs of the Dutch with great reſentment. Becauſe he had not defeated the Dutch and Engliſh, Azevedo was recalled, was ſtripped of his riches, and condemned to a dungeon, in which [*] he ended his life, and in which he was maintained by the Jeſuits, who afterwards honourably buried him: a debt, no doubt, of gratitude for the ſervices which he had rendered that ſociety in India.

Even deeper declenſion followed the reign of Azevedo. The numerous Portugueſe forts, almoſt every where ſtripped of territory, had been long ſuffered to fall into decay; for their commanders were only intent on their own ſudden aggrandiſement. Shipwrecks and dreadful tempeſts added to the miſeries of the Portugueſe: and the moſt remarkable events of the government of John Count de Redondo, who in 1617 ſuperſeded Azevedo, are the ſolemn faſts held at Goa. In ſome of theſe, the citizens lay day and night on the floors of the churches, imploring the divine mercy, in the deepeſt and moſt awful ſilence, while not a ſound was to be heard in the mournful ſtreets.

---

[*] To the inſtances of Azevedo's cruelties already mentioned, let another be added. He uſed to amuſe himſelf and his ſoldiers, by throwing his priſoners over the bridge of Malvana, to ſee the crocodiles devour them. The crocodiles, ſays Faria, were ſo uſed to this food, that they would lift their heads above water and croud to the place, at the ſight of the victims.

Though Azevedo was puniſhed for not defeating the Dutch and Engliſh, ſo little regard did Spain pay to India, that Hernan de Albuquerque, who after Redondo governed for three years, never received one letter from the court of his ſovereign. In 1622, Don Franciſco de Gama ſailed from Liſbon with four ſhips, and the commiſſion of viceroy. On his voyage, the three veſſels which attended, contemptuouſly left him; and to ſave himſelf from a Dutch ſquadron, he burned his own ſhip on the coaſt of Mozambique, from whence, in a galliot, he proceeded to India. After a regency of five years, in which he neither executed nor planned one action of the ſmalleſt conſequence, he reſigned the government to Don Luis de Brito, the biſhop of Cochin. Malaca, again beſieged by the king of Achem, was again reduced to the deepeſt diſtreſs; but the biſhop would fit out no armament to its relief, jealous, it was thought, leſt the commander of it ſhould be appointed viceroy. On the biſhop's death, which happened after his having benumbed every buſineſs of ſtate for near two years, the writs of ſucceſſion were opened, and two governors were found named, one for the civil, the other for the military department. But ſo vague were the terms of expreſſion, that two gentlemen of different names claimed the ſword of command. The diſpute was ſubmitted to the council of Goa, and Alvarez Botello was declared governor. By a vigorous effort he relieved Malaca; but he fell ſoon afterwards in an engagement where the Hollanders were victorious; and Malaca was again inveſted by the neighbouring princes, aſſiſted by a ſquadron of twelve Dutch ſhips. Mozambique, Ceylon, various forts of the Moluccas and on every coaſt of India, were alternately loſt and recovered, were again repeatedly attacked by the enemy, and at laſt finally abandoned by the Portugueſe. In 1632, under the viceroyalty of the Count de Linarez, *Our European enemies*, ſays Faria, *roved over the ſeas without oppoſition, took many of our ſhips, and ruined our trade. They alſo every where incenſed the Indian princes againſt us: for we had no agent at any of their courts to vindicate our cauſe.* Yet, deep as ſuch declenſion appears, Linarez, on his return to Europe, preſented the king of Spain with a hat-band, and the queen with a pair of pendants, a gift valued at 100,000 crowns. In 1639, while another archbiſhop of Goa was governor, a ſquadron of nine Dutch veſſels rode in triumph in the river of Goa, and burnt three galleons in the harbour, without oppoſition; for the fort, ſays Faria, was deſtitute both of ammunition and men. In 1640, the kingdom of Portugal, by one of the nobleſt efforts upon record, threw off the yoke of Spain; and the Portugueſe in India acknowledged the duke of Braganza as their ſovereign. And in 1642, a viceroy was ſent to India by John IV. But though the new monarch paid attention to India, and though the Engliſh, during their civil wars, abandoned the commerce of the Eaſt, the Dutch were now ſo formidable,

midable, and their operations ſo well connected and continued, that every exertion to recover the dominion of India was fruitleſs and loſt. Soon after the civil wars, the Engliſh aroſe to more power and conſequence, than even the Dutch in Aſia; and many of the Portugueſe merchants became their agents and naval carriers. Towards the end of the ſeventeeth century, the court of Liſbon turned its attention to the Brazils, and neglected India. A ſucceſſion of viceroys was however continued; but of all their numerous ſettlements on every coaſt of the eaſtern world, the ports of Goa and Dio in India, and the iſle of Macao in the bay of Canton, only remained in the poſſeſſion of the Portugueſe. And, according to the information procured by the abbé Reynal, (who publiſhed his *Hiſtoire Philoſophique, &c.* about ten years ago,) two ſmall veſſels, often Chineſe, once in the year carry ſome porcelain to Goa and Dio: but theſe muſt touch at Surat and other ports to complete their return of ſilks and ſpicery. And one ſhip, with a poor cargo, partly furniſhed by the two ſloops of Macao, and partly purchaſed from the Engliſh, ſails once in the year from Goa to Liſbon. Such is the fall of that power, which once commanded the commerce of Africa and Aſia, from the ſtraits of Gibraltar to the eaſtern ſide of Japan.

But Dio and Goa are unrivalled ſtations; and the iſland of Macao, on the coaſt of China, is a poſſeſſion of the utmoſt value, a poſſeſſion which might be envied by the firſt power of Europe. Would the Portugueſe aboliſh the inquiſition of Goa, ſays Reynal, and open their ports upon liberal principles, the Portugueſe flag might again flow triumphant over the eaſtern ocean. But though this flouriſh cannot be realiſed, while the power of the Britiſh and Dutch continue, there is a wide and favourable field open for the increaſe of the Portugueſe Indian commerce; and a beginning that promiſes future importance has already taken place. In 1773, the late king of Portugal new-modelled the government of his Aſiatic ſettlements. By the new* laws the power of the governor is altered, and the title of viceroy is changed to that of Captain General. The inquiſition of Goa, formerly more dreadful in its cruelties than even that of Portugal, is utterly aboliſhed; and about ſix or ſeven veſſels are now annually cleared from Liſbon for India, but the commerce of theſe fleets is a *royal monopoly*, and regulated in the ſame ſpirit by which the trade to Brazil is now, and has always been, conducted and governed.

The hiſtories of wars, from the earlieſt times, are much alike; the names of the countries ravaged, the towns deſtroyed, and captains ſlain, are different; the motives and conduct of the oppreſſors, and the miſeries of the oppreſſed, are the ſame. Portugal raiſed the firſt commercial empire of the modern world; the hiſtory of her fate therefore opens a new field for the moſt important ſpeculation. The tranſactions of the Portugueſe in India are peculiarly the wars and negociations of commerce, and therefore offer inſtructions to every trading country, which are not to be found in the campaigns of a Cæſar or a Marla Marlborough. The proſperity and declenſion of foreign ſettlements, reſulting from the wiſdom or errors of the ſupreme power at home, from the wiſdom or imprudence, the virtues or vices of governors abroad; the ſtupendous effects of unſtained honour and faith; the miſerable ruinous embarraſſments which attend diſhoneſt policy, though ſupported by the greateſt abilities in the field or in the council; the uncommercial and dreadful conſequences of wars unjuſtly provoked, though crowned with a long ſeries of victories; the *ſelf-deſtructive* meaſures, uncommercial ſpirit, and inherent weakneſs of deſpotic rule; the power, affluence, and ſtability which reward the liberal policy of humane government; in a word, all thoſe cauſes which nouriſh the infancy, all thoſe which as a ſecret diſeaſe undermine, or as a violent poiſon ſuddenly deſtroy the vital ſtrength of a commercial empire; all theſe are developed and diſplayed, in the moſt exemplary manner, in the hiſtory of the tranſactions of Portugueſe Aſia.

---

* For which ſee the *Noticias*, in the Appendix.

And all theſe combine to aſcertain the great principles upon which that ſtupendous commonwealth the Britiſh Eaſt India Company muſt exiſt or fall. The commerce of India is of moſt eſſential value to the Britiſh nation. By the Indian goods diſtributed over Europe, the eſſential balance of trade is preſerved in our favour. But whether the Indian commerce ſhould be conducted by an excluſive company, or laid open to every adventurer, is the queſtion of the day, a queſtion of the very firſt importance to the Britiſh empire. And to this queſtion the example of the Portugueſe is of the firſt conſequence. Both in the ſenate, and in the works of ſome political writers, this example has been appealed to; an exact knowledge of the commercial principles of Portugueſe Aſia is therefore highly neceſſary; particularly, if the moſt groſs miſrepreſentations of it have already been given, with the profeſſed view of influencing the legiſlature. And an authenticated ſtate of the principles of the Portugueſe Aſiatic commerce, were it only to guard us againſt the viſionary and dangerous ſchemes of theory, cannot but be of ſome utility to that nation which now commands the commerce of India.

Throughout the foregoing hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia, the characteriſtics and principles of the Portugueſe military and commercial government have been ſtated and authenticated. But a retroſpect will be neceſſary, to bring the Portugueſe example deciſively home; and ſeveral facts, as for their proper place, have been hitherto reſerved for the following

RECAPITULATION.

When Gama arrived in India, the Moors, great maſters of the arts of traffic, were the lords of the eaſtern ſeas. They had ſettlements on every convenient ſtation, from Sofala to China; and though under different governments, were in reality one great commonwealth. They clearly foreſaw what injury their trade would ſuſtain, were Europeans to become acquainted with the Aſiatic ſeas. They exerted every fraudful art, that not one man of Gama's fleet might return to Europe. And when theſe arts were defeated, with the moſt determined zeal, they commenced * hoſtilities.

Garriſons and warlike fleets were now abſolutely neceſſary to the exiſtence of a naval commerce between Europe and Aſia. And on the return of Gama, Cabral was ſent with an armed fleet of thirteen veſſels. His commiſſion was to make alliances, to eſtabliſh forts and factories, and to repel hoſtilities. His commiſſion he executed, and the commanders who ſucceeded him greatly extended the Portugueſe ſettlements, which were reduced by Albuquerque into a regular plan of empire.

To increaſe the population and riches, and thence the ſtrength of the mother country, by the exportation of her domeſtic

---

* To the above let it be added, that the ſoldan of Egypt, and the Grand Turk, for near a century, continued their ſtrenuous efforts for the utter expulſion of the Portugueſe.

domeſtic manufactures, raiſed from her domeſtic ſtaples, is the great and only real advantage of foreign ſettlement. But this was not underſtood by the Portugueſe. To raiſe a revenue for the king his maſter, was the idea of Albuquerque. And the ſtupendous fabric which he raiſed does his genius immortal honour: for it muſt be remembered, that even had he underſtood the domeſtic advantages of a free trade, it was not in his power to open it. The king of Portugal was ſole merchant, every factory was his, and the traffic between Portugal and India was, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, a *regal monopoly*. There was a *ſpecies* of free trade indeed allowed in the eaſtern ſeas; but from this the mother country received no benefit; and the principles upon which it exiſted, naturally produced the fall of the Portugueſe eaſtern empire. We need not repeat its piratical anarchy. The greateſt and moſt accompliſhed of the Portugueſe governors ſaw its fatal tendency, and every method was attempted to reſtrict and render it infamous.

The tribute of the vaſſal princes, the territorial levies, and the duties of the various cuſtom-houſes, produced under ſome governors a conſiderable revenue. But how miſerably obvious is this ſyſtem to every abuſe! The foregoing hiſtory demonſtrates how, period after period, it fell into deeper and deeper diſorder. The yearly ſalary of Almeyda, the firſt viceroy, was only 15,000 rials (*i. e.* 1041*l.* 13*s.* 1½*d.* ſterling); about fourſcore or an hundred years after, the ſalary and profits of three years viceroyalty amounted to about one million and an half of ducats. Faria y Souſa has given, from the archives of Portugal, an exact liſt of all the ſhips cleared from Portugal for India, from the diſcovery of Gama to the year 1640*. During the firſt fifty years, which was the moſt flouriſhing period of Portugueſe Aſia, only nine or ten veſſels ſailed yearly from Portugal for India. And from that period to the end of the Spaniſh uſurpation, only one or two veſſels carried the annual traffic of India to Portugal.

Beſides the miſconduct which naturally reſults from that worſt of all monopolies, a regal one, many were the other circumſtances which included the future ruin of the Portugueſe.

The vague terms of the viceroy's commiſſion (*for which ſee the Appendix*) and his arbitrary power, from which there was no appeal to any body of laws of ſupreme authority, naturally produced the unjuſt wars, the inſolence, cruelty, and fearleſs rapine of the Portugueſe governors and their dependent officers.

---

* From the commencement of the Indian commerce under Cabral, in 1500, to the death of the great Caſtro, in 1548, 494 ſhips ſailed from Liſbon for India, of which 41 were loſt on the voyage. On an average, therefore, about 19 ſhips in each two years arrived in India. As many of theſe were war ſhips, ſent to continue in the Eaſt, we cannot ſuppoſe that, making allowance for ſhipwrecks, more than five returned annually to Portugal. From 1548 to the acceſſion of Philip, 173 ſailed from Liſbon for India, of which 17 were loſt. The yearly average is therefore near five ſhips ſent, and the return, as above proportioned, about three. During 57 years under the crown of Spain, only 285 ſailed for India, whereof only 236 arrived. Some years not one ſhip ſailed, either from Liſbon to India, or from India to Liſbon. At this period, ſay all our authors, the ſhips were moſtly overloaded, and ſailed at improper ſeaſons, by which means many were loſt, and many were taken by the Dutch and Engliſh. And thus, upon an average, at leaſt, from about the year 1616, not more than three veſſels in each two years arrived at Liſbon.

From every circumſtance it appears, that the courts of Liſbon and Madrid never conſidered the commerce of India as an object worthy of their attention. Sovereignty and revenue were the advantages they expected, and endeavoured to find in the eaſt.

Every hiſtorian of Portugueſe Aſia complains of the ſudden recals of the viceroys; and the ſtated term of three years viceroyalty is moſt apparently abſurd and ruinous. Every hiſtorian of theſe tranſactions mentions it as the general practice, that the new viceroy ſtopped and reverſed every preparation and plan of his predeceſſor.

Though no veſſels but thoſe of his majeſty carried the commodities of India to Europe, a contraband traffic of the officers and ſailors had been, moſt aſſuredly, of the earlieſt commencement. By a ſtatute paſſed in 1687, it appears that the viceroys had formerly obtained the privilége for themſelves, and of granting licences to others, to carry certain articles and quantities of their own private traffic, on board of his majeſty's veſſels, to Portugal. When this grant commenced, we have not been able to determine. Certain it is, however, that it muſt have been mentioned, had it been in exiſtence when Caſtro, Ataide, and other viceroys exerted the moſt ſtrenuous efforts to diſcourage the mercantile purſuits of the native Portugueſe. Were we allowed to venture a conjecture, we would place this *excluſive* grant to the viceroy and his creatures in the reign of John IV. who made a faint and vain endeavour to recover the dominion of India. And it outrages probability to ſuppoſe it older than the extraordinary but uncertified emoluments recorded as given by Philip II. to the viceroys of India. Whenever it commenced, however, in 1687 the legal right to this private traffic was aboliſhed; but the contraband practice, which certainly began with the firſt voyage of Cabral, was as certainly continued.

The excluſive company of merchants, who in 1587 contracted to fit out the Indian fleets, appear to have had little influence in the affairs of India. The power of the viceroy and the piratical anarchy were ſtill predominant. While only one or two ſailed annually for Portugal, the ſloops and other veſſels employed in the trade of the private adventurers amounted to a conſiderable number. Captain Beſt met a trading fleet of 240 Portugueſe veſſels on the coaſt of Cambaya: and when the Mogul declared war againſt the Portugueſe, in 1617, the number of their veſſels detained in his harbours (*vid. Far. ſub an.*) was 200. Yet were the adventurers in this trade liable to every inconvenience uſually ſuffered by ſmugglers and freebooters. It is true they carried the commodities of Ethiopia and the coaſts around Ormuz, to Malaca and China; and in return diſtributed the products of the eaſtern over the weſtern ſhores of the Indian ocean. But they had no certain protection of their property, and they were ſurrounded with monopolies. The viceroys and commanders of forts had monopolies of their own in every ſtation between Ethiopia and China. And it is eaſy to conceive how their creatures muſt have lorded it over all thoſe who dared to interfere with their profits. To render a foreign trade proſperous, the honeſt merchant muſt have every poſſible encouragement. If it is eaſy to acquire an handſome independence in an honourable channel, the ſons of men of property and of connexions will adventure; and where capital ſtock and real abilities are beſt rewarded, commerce muſt greatly increaſe. If on the other hand, the merchant is fettered with difficulties, only men of deſperate fortune will ſettle in a diſtant climate. And theſe, conſcious of the reſtraints under which they labour, conſcious that they have much to gain and little to loſe, will, in the nature of things, be ſolely influenced by the ſpirit of the mere adventurer; by that ſpirit which utterly ruined the Portugueſe in India.

Each of the fleets which ſailed annually from Liſbon to India, carried out, upon an average, about 3000 men. Very few of theſe ever returned to ſettle in Portugal. They married in the Eaſt, and became one people with the deſcendants of thoſe Portugueſe, who, at various periods, had ſettled and married with the natives, in the numerous colonies of Portugueſe Aſia. Their great commonwealth, in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, was a mere anarchy, and its revenue of ſo little value to the mother country, that Philip III. abandoned India in the moſt extraordinary manner: he made an edict, that every office under the government ſhould be ſold by public ſale, an edict that merit ſhould be neglected, and that only the moſt worthleſs and rapacious ſhould be entruſted with the affairs of ſtate.

The APPLICATION

Of the example of Portugueſe Aſia cannot be better enforced than by an examination of the popular arguments relative to the Britiſh commerce with India. A recent writer on the *Nature and Cauſes of the Wealth of Nations*, has ſtood forth as the philoſophical champion for the abolition of the *monopoly* of the Engliſh United Eaſt India Company. His arguments may be reduced to theſe four poſitions.

I. Excluſive companies are in every reſpect pernicious.

II. In the Portugueſe commerce with India, for more than a century, there was *no excluſive company;* ſuch monopoly is therefore unneceſſary for the ſupport of the Indian commerce.

III. Under a free trade, factors will ſettle in India of their own accord, and every commercial accommodation of ſelling and purchaſing cargo will naturally follow.

IV. Where forts and garriſons are abſolutely neceſſary, theſe will be beſt under the immediate protection of the ſovereign, under whoſe care his native ſubjects will find themſelves *perfectly ſafe and eaſy*.

The fable of Procruſtes, and his iron bed, was perhaps deſigned by the ancients to ſignify a ſyſtem builder and his ſyſtem. The reader will ſoon be enabled to form his own judgment on the juſtice of this explanation.

The firſt poſition is thus maintained by our author: "Of all the expedients that can *well* be contrived to *ſtunt* "the natural growth of a new colony, that of an ex"cluſive company is undoubtedly the moſt effectual." Vol. ii. p. 171.

Having diſtinguiſhed monopolies into two kinds, our author thus concludes his chapter: "Such excluſive com"panies, therefore, are *nuiſances* in *every reſpect*, *always* "more or leſs inconvenient to the countries in which they "are eſtabliſhed, and deſtructive to thoſe which have the "misfortune to fall under their government." Vol. ii. p. 256.

Thus, and throughout our author's whole work, monopolies are repreſented as *always*, *every where*, and *in every reſpect* pernicious. Yet when ſome hiſtorical facts, and the manners of nations, are put in the other balance, the ſcale, loaded with theſe aſſertions, will inſtantly fly up and kick the beam.

However ſome men may declaim, there was a time when the founding of abbeys and monaſteries was the moſt political method by which the monarchs of Europe could introduce civilization among their barbarous ſubjects. And, however ill adapted to the preſent times, that old monopoly, the inſtitution of corporations, was at one period highly political, and abſolutely neceſſary to ſupport infant commerce againſt the ſurrounding oppreſſions and uncommercial ſpirit of the feodal ſyſtem. The commerce of the Hans Towns began not only with incorporated companies, but alſo with a general ſtipulated league of theſe companies, for ſuch union was abſolutely neceſſary to protect the infancy of their naval commercial intercourſe againſt the numerous bands of ſavage pirates, who at that time infeſted the Baltic, the Daniſh, and the German ſeas.

When Prince Henry of Portugal, at his own private expence, had diſcovered Madeira, his brother, king Edward, made him proprietor of that iſland. Henry divided it into diſtricts, which he gave to ſome of his captains, who in return paid him a revenue. When the ſame prince had diſcovered the coaſt of Guinea, the united efforts of a company appeared to him as the moſt vigorous method of proſecuting his deſigns. Under a charter from him, and for which they paid him a revenue, ſeveral of his captains erected a commercial Company at Lagos, and the vigour of their purſuits anſwered the expectations of Henry. In the third year of their eſtabliſhment, fourteen ſhips ſailed from that port upon trade and farther diſcovery; and fifteen were the ſame year fitted out from Madeira. In 1471, Alonzo V. engroſſed by domeſtic quarrels, and the affairs of Morocco, granted Fernando Gomez a monopoly of the Guinea trade, for the ſmall ſum of 500 ducats annually, but upon condition that during the firſt five years he ſhould extend his diſcoveries 500 leagues farther along the ſea coaſt. This condition highly vindicates the wiſdom of this monopoly; as the numerous fleets of Lagos and Madeira juſtify Henry. Diſcovery was a moſt unpopular meaſure, and neither the attention of Alonzo, nor the finances of the ſtate, could afford to fit out ſquadrons on expeditions of hope. Even in 1497, two of the four ſhips which were ſent to diſcover India, were purchaſed from ſubjects; (*ſee Appendix*;) ſo unable were the royal dock-yards of Portugal to fit out fleets for diſcovery.

Without the regular connection of a company, under the ſanction of legiſlative authority, the Dutch might have as rationally attempted to eſtabliſh a commerce with the moon as with India. The natives, it is true, received at firſt, both the Dutch and the Engliſh with joy. But the Portugueſe were infinitely too ſtrong for all the unconnected attempts of all the private merchants of Europe, and it was their intereſt to prevent intruders. Nor did the good-will of the natives ariſe from any other cauſe than their deep hatred of the Portugueſe. It was the intereſt of the Moors, Egyptians, and Turks, that no Europeans ſhould navigate the eaſtern ſeas; and had the Dutch and Engliſh been the firſt who diſcovered India, they muſt have encountered the whole force of the Eaſt, and all the rage of the Moors.

A ſovereign who deſires to open a commerce with a diſtant country, under the circumſtances of India, has only this alternative: he muſt either give *excluſive* privileges to a company, or he muſt put his exchequer to the enormous expence of forts and garriſons, and warlike fleets year after year, to awe the hoſtile natives. In this laſt ſuppoſition, the trade with ſuch countries may be either reſerved as a monopoly of the crown, or laid open and free to all the ſubjects. Excluſive companies were choſen by the Dutch and Engliſh, in their proſecution of the commerce of India. And a crown monopoly was adopted by the kings of Portugal. But no ſovereign was ever ſo deep a theoriſt as to take upon himſelf the enormous and uncertain expence of conquering and bridling diſtant and warlike nations, in order that, after enriching themſelves with the commerce of ſuch countries, his ſubjects might be better enabled to pay what future taxes he might think proper to impoſe upon them.

The ſecond poſition aſcribed to our author is deduced from theſe ſentences: "The Portugueſe carried on the "trade both to Africa and the Eaſt Indies, *without* any "*excluſive* companies." Vol. ii. p. 248.

"*Except in Portugal*, and within theſe few years in "France, the trade to the Eaſt Indies has, in every European country, been ſubjected to an excluſive company." Vol. ii. p. 242.

"That ſuch companies are not in general neceſſary for "carrying on the Eaſt India trade, is *ſufficiently demonſtrated* by the *experience* of the Portugueſe, who enjoyed almoſt the whole of it for *more than a century together*, "without any *excluſive* company." Vol. ii. p. 246.

In political philoſophy an *excluſive company* and *excluſive trade* are exactly the ſame. Our author himſelf gives the very worſt of characters of a regal monopoly; but it ſeems to have been utterly unknown to him, that ſuch ever was, and is, the Portugueſe commerce between Europe and India; utterly unknown to him, that the Portugueſe *free* trade in the Indian ſeas was a diſgrace to commerce, was ruinous in every principle, was eſteemed infamous, only fit for felons, in the days of the Portutugueſe proſperity; and in order to its ſuppreſſion, was taxed greatly beyond the trade carried on by the natives. The continuance or abolition of the Eaſt India company is a matter of the firſt importance. If either method be adopted upon *falſe* principles, the conſequences will be ſeverely felt. We ſhall therefore claim ſome merit in holding up a conſpicuous example to future philoſophers, how imprudent it is to truſt to the *ſelf-ſufficiency of ſpeculation*, when, on the moſt important topics, they appeal to hiſtorical facts as a *ſufficient demonſtration* of the eaſe and ſafety of their theoretical ſchemes.

The third poſition aſcribed to our author will be found at *great length* in his fourth book. In Sweden and Denmark he owns that the encouragement of a monopoly was neceſſary to their trade with India. But where monopolies are neceſſary, ſuch countries, he ſays, ought not to trade directly to the Eaſt Indies. He takes it for granted, that the ſmallneſs of the national capital ſtock, which cannot be ſpared in the ſlow returns of ſo diſtant a trade, produces this neceſſity. And it were better, he adds, for ſuch countries to buy their Indian goods "ſomewhat "dearer" from other nations. But when a nation is rich enough to trade with India, a free commerce, according to our author, would naturally ſpring up in the moſt beautiful order. He ſtates the objection of the impoſſibility of a private merchant's capital being able to ſupport factors and agents in the different ports of India; to which he thus replies, (vol. ii. p. 246.) "There is no "great branch of trade in which the capital of any one "private merchant is ſufficient for carrying on all the "ſubordinate branches, which muſt be carried on in order "to carry on the principal branch. But when a nation "is ripe for any great branch of trade, ſome merchants "naturally turn their capitals towards the principal, and "ſome towards the ſubordinate branches of it..... If a "nation therefore is ripe for the Eaſt India trade, a cer-"tain portion of its capital will naturally divide itſelf "among all the different branches of that trade. Some "of its merchants will find it for their intereſt to reſide "in the Eaſt Indies, and employ their capitals there in "providing goods for the ſhips which are to be ſent out "by other merchants, who reſide in Europe."

When this ſcheme of commerce with India cannot be effected, it is a proof, according to our author (p. 247.) that ſuch country, at that particular time, was not ripe for that trade; and had better buy their Indian goods, "even at a higher price," from other nations. But had the Portugueſe, Dutch, and Engliſh, waited for ſuch *theoretical ripeneſs*, they had never yet ſet one foot in India.

In the moſt favourable view of ſuch eſtabliſhment of commerce with the great world of Aſia, its perfection cannot ſpring up in a few years, and would be always precarious. When the Moors were in force, ſuch peaceful eſtabliſhments were impoſſible, for they knew their preſent intereſt too well to liſten to the promiſes of European ſpeculation; and the preſent character of the Indian nations gives no prophecy when forts and garriſons will become unneceſſary to the European reſidents in India. Our author ſeems aware of this, in the ſentence which immediately follows the laſt cited, and which vindicates the fourth poſition into which we have divided his argument.

But it will be here neceſſary to give a ſhort analyſis of the great principles of our author's ſyſtem.

> The wealth of nations, he ſays, ariſes from labour; the value of which, he often tells us, is only to be fixed by the *higgling of the market.* That ſhare of land rent which is claimed by the ſovereign, is his favourite ſource of revenue. And were every ſubject allowed a free trade *too*, the whole nation would be enriched, and this ſource of revenue, of conſequence, greatly enlarged. But monopolies of all kinds, by *ſtunting* the uſe of ſtock and the conſequent increaſe of riches, *ſtunt* the ſources of revenue. Monopolies are therefore every where and in every reſpect prejudicial to ſovereign and people. As the ſovereign is chiefly intereſted in the flouriſhing ſtate of the land-rent revenue, it is moſt

likely to flouriſh under his care. *And over and above*, as the population of foreign colonies muſt enlarge the above natural ſource of revenue, for all other ſources are *round about*; ſo the population of foreign colonies is the chief end of colonization.

From this analyſis, which challenges the ſevereſt teſt, the propoſition to put the forts and territory of Britiſh India into the hands of the ſovereign, naturally follows. We ſhall give it in our author's own words:

"The ſettlements, ſays he, which different European "nations have obtained in the Eaſt Indies, if they were "taken from the excluſive companies to which they at "preſent belong, and put under the immediate protection "of the ſovereign, would render this reſidence" (i. e. *of the voluntary unconnected adventurers before mentioned*) "both "*ſafe* and *eaſy*, at leaſt to the merchants of the particular "nations to whom thoſe ſettlements belong."

But ere we examine this bold propoſition, our author's great objections againſt the Dutch and Engliſh Eaſt India companies require our previous attention. "Theſe," ſays our author, "though poſſeſſed of many conſiderable ſettlements, both upon the coaſt of Africa and in the Eaſt "Indies, have not yet eſtabliſhed in either of thoſe countries ſuch numerous and thriving colonies as thoſe in "the iſlands and continent of America. (p. 247.) .... "In the ſpice iſlands, the Dutch burn all the ſpicery "which a plentiful ſeaſon produces, beyond what they

" expect to diſpoſe of in Europe with ſuch a profit as " they think ſufficient. . . . . They have reduced the population of ſeveral of the Moluccas. Under the government even of the Portugueſe, however, thoſe iſlands " are ſaid to have been tolerably well inhabited. The " Engliſh company have not yet had time to eſtabliſh " in Bengal ſo perfectly deſtructive a ſyſtem. The plan " of their government, however, has had exactly the ſame " tendency. It has not been uncommon, I am well " aſſured, for the *chief*, that is the *firſt* clerk of a factory, " to order a peaſant to plough up a rich field of poppies, " and ſow it with rice or ſome other grain. The pretence was to prevent a ſcarcity of proviſions; but the " real reaſon to give the chief an opportunity of ſelling " at a better price a large quantity of opium, which he " happened then to have upon hand. Upon other occaſions the order has been reverſed, and a rich field of " rice or other grain has been ploughed up, in order to " make room for a plantation of poppies." p. 250. And thus, as our author expreſſes it, p. 253, " monopolies " *ſtunt* the natural growth of ſome parts, at leaſt, of the " ſurplus produce of the country, to what is barely ſufficient for anſwering the demand of the company."

Our author's abhorrence of commercial purſuits, and his keen predilection for *land rent* revenue, are ſtrongly marked in the following ſentence: " A company of merchants are, it ſeems, incapable of conſidering themſelves as ſovereigns, even after they have become ſuch. " Trade, or buying in order to ſell again, they ſtill con-

" ſider as their principal buſineſs, and by a *ſtrange abſur-*
" *dity*, regard the character of the ſovereign as but an
" appendix to that of the merchant, as ſomething which
" ought to be made ſubſervient to it, or by means of
" which they may be enabled to buy cheaper in India,
" and thereby to ſell with a better profit in Europe.
" They endeavour for this purpoſe to keep out, as much
" as poſſible, all competitors. . . . Their mercantile habits
" draw them in this manner, almoſt neceſſarily, though
" perhaps inſenſibly, to prefer, upon all ordinary occa-
" ſions, the *little* and *tranſitory* profit of the monopoliſt,
" to the *great* and *permanent* revenue of the ſovereign."
p. 252.

Such are the evils which attend the Dutch and Engliſh Eaſt India companies: The advantages which would follow, were ſuch monopolies to be aboliſhed, and the ſovereign to be ſole maſter of Indian acquiſition are theſe: all his ſubjects, who pleaſed, might turn their ſtock to the commerce of India. By ſuch means, the population of the colonies, and, of conſequence, the regal ſhare of their revenue, would be greatly increaſed.

And thus, according to our author, commerce is of very inferior conſequence; and the *importation* of the *ſovereign*'s revenue the very *ſummum bonum* of the political wiſdom of colonization. But theſe very *ſuſpicious* data demand a much deeper inveſtigation than our author has beſtowed upon them. In many places he expreſſes the moſt cordial affection for the kingly power. Becauſe it is the ſovereign's intereſt that his colonies ſhould proſper, he ſuppoſes, therefore, that colonies, if under his immediate protection, will and muſt * flouriſh. And becauſe "a monarch, at the head of a ſtanding army, *may* deſpiſe "the rudeſt and moſt licentious libellers, he concludes, "p. 311. that a ſtanding army is propitious † to the "cauſe of liberty." That perfection of wiſdom, magnanimity, and attention, which is moſt eſſentially implied in theſe ſuppoſitions, is not, however, to be found in a SUCCESSION of monarchs. No, not in an individual ſovereign, if we may believe an aſſertion which has eſcaped from our author, p. 441. "The ſervants," ſays he, "of "the moſt careleſs private perſon, are, perhaps, more "under the eye of their maſter, than thoſe of the moſt "careful prince."

When the Portugueſe Indian commerce was farmed, by a company of merchants, in 1587, about 87 years after its commencement, the regal monopoly was altered, not aboliſhed; for this commerce was continued, according to every idea ever known in the Spaniſh or Portugueſe colonies. It was carried on in a limited number of regiſter ſhips; and the ſovereign authority of the Indian viceroys was ſtill predominant. Our author confeſſes, p. 171. that the commerce of regiſter ſhips is "*very nearly* "*upon*

---

* This argument, abſolutely eſſential to his ſyſtem, is ſupported by our author, vol. ii. p. 251, &c. &c. &c.

† What a pity it is, that France and Spain have never found out this ſecret! What arbitrary impriſonments might be avoided, and what expence of legions of ſpies might be ſaved, could they perceive our author's advantages of a ſtanding army.

“ *upon the ſame principles* as that of an *excluſive* company.” And certainly, with reſpect to, his ſyſtem, they are exactly the ſame. In deſcribing the management of trade, where it is the ſole property of the ſovereign, our author has given, though very undeſignedly, a very accurate ſketch of the regal monopoly of Portugal. Talking of the mercantile purſuits of princes; “ They have ſcarce ever ſucceeded (ſays he, p. 414.). The profuſion with which the affairs of princes are always managed, renders it almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould. The agents of a prince regard the wealth of their maſter as inexhauſtible; are careleſs at what price they buy; are careleſs at what price they ſell; are careleſs at what expence they tranſport his goods from one place to another. Thoſe agents frequently live with the profuſion of princes, and ſometimes too, in ſpite of that profuſion, and by a proper method of making up their accounts, acquire the fortunes of princes. It is thus, we are told by Machiavel, that the agents of Lorenzo of Medicis, not a prince of mean abilities, carried on his trade.” And thus, alſo, the corrupted viceroys of India conducted the trade of the kings of Portugal.

But it may be ſaid, the conſequences of the above are inapplicable, for a regal monopoly of revenue, and not of trade, is our author’s ſyſtem. His ſyſtem is held forth as ſuch indeed, yet we apprehend its conſequences would be the ſame. A hoſtile country, of vaſt extent, bridled and awed, and the revenue of an immenſe territory, governed by the troops and officers of a diſtant ſovereign, is ſomething

thing exceedingly like the Portugueſe plan. The conſequences of the Portugueſe ſyſtem, therefore, require our ſtricteſt attention.

The Portugueſe viceroys, it may be ſaid, were arbitrary, and governed by no code of known laws: and the officers of a Britiſh ſovereign will not be armed with ſuch power. Yet our author is of opinion that the ſervants of the India company *aſſume* ſuch power, and that it is *completely fooliſh* to expect they would not. Monopoly, he ſays, is the intereſt of a company and its ſervants. A free trade, and revenue is the intereſt of a ſovereign. But does it follow, as our author's argument implies, that ſuch is the intereſt of his ſervants alſo? By no means. We may well enquire, what is that wonderful virtue, eſſential to our author's argument, which is conferred by the royal commiſſion; that virtue, which would correct all the ſelfiſh paſſions which influence the clerks of a counting-houſe, and would ſave the poppies and the rice of Bengal from an untimely plough? If the territory of Britiſh India is to be the king's, he muſt have men in office to manage it under him, and theſe will have their private intereſts to ſerve, as well as the officers of a company. Whence, then, are we to expect their ſuperior virtue? Not, ſurely, from their greater opportunities of extortion, and of evading enquiry.—But we ſhall here adopt a ſentence from our author, (vol. ii. p. 253.) only ſubſtituting the word *king*, where he writes *counting-houſe*: "Nothing "can be more *completely fooliſh* than to expect that the "clerks of a great king, at *ten thouſand miles diſtance*, and

“ conſequently *almoſt quite out of ſight*, ſhould, upon a “ ſimple order from their maſter, give up, at once, doing “ any ſort of buſineſs upon their own account, abandon “ for ever all hopes of making a fortune, of which they “ have the means in their hands, and content themſelves “ with the moderate ſalaries which their maſter allows “ them.”—Our author purſues his argument, how the ſervants of a company eſtabliſh monopolies of their own; and ſuch, attended with every circumſtance of unreſtrained enormity, was the conduct of the crown officers of Portugueſe Aſia.

The ſuperior opportunities of extortion and rapine enjoyed by the military governors of a very diſtant and rich country, are ſelf-evident. The clerks of a crown office have infinitely better opportunities of evading detection, and of amaſſing perquiſites, than thoſe of a company. Our author has already been cited to explain how the ſervants of a prince abuſe their truſt. “ It is perfectly “ indifferent,” ſays he, vol. ii. p. 255. “ to the ſervants “ of the India Company,” when they have carried their whole fortune with them, if, the day after they left it, “ the whole country was ſwallowed up by an earth- “ quake.” And, in the name of God, will not ſuch diſaſter be equally indifferent to a royal general, or a royal cuſtom-houſe officer, whenever he finds it convenient to retire from India?

But this is not applicable, it may be ſaid, to our author's ſyſtem, which is to plant colonies, like thoſe of

America, in India, on purpoſe to draw a revenue from them; and the proſperity of the country will then be the intereſt of the royal officers. But a hard queſtion here obtrudes itſelf; *Will it be the deſire of fixed reſidents to* export *a revenue, or to be careful of it?* Though many of the Portuguefe were natives of the Eaſt, war was their harveſt; and, like the ſavages of Louiſiana, who cut down the tree when they deſire the fruit, their rapacity deſtroyed the roots and ſources of revenue. The nature of their ſituation, explained by our author in the caſe of Lorenzo of Medicis, vindicates this aſſertion, and every period of Portugueſe Aſia enforces its truth. Though all the artillery of arguments, drawn from the abuſes committed by the ſervants of a company, may thus, with accumulated force, be turned againſt the ſervants of a prince; arguments of deeper import ſtill remain.

Whenever a ſociety emerges from what is called the *ſhepherd ſtate*, luxuries become its inſeparable attendants. And imported luxuries, however neglected and undervalued in our author's eſtimate, offer not only a plentiful, but the ſafeſt mode of taxing the wages of labour, the profits of ſtock, and the rent of land. The induſtry of the manufacturer and huſbandman can never thus be impeded or injured, which they moſt certainly are, for a time, by every new tax upon labour and land. The luxuries imported by the Eaſt India company have afforded a revenue * which has been equal to the land-tax of

---

* The revenue paid by the goods of the company, and the ventures of their ſervants, together with the former annual donation, have been above two millions yearly. The land-tax falls ſhort of two millions.

England. The queſtion then is, whether would this valuable revenue be diminiſhed or increaſed, were every port open, and every adventurer free to fit out what ſhips he pleaſed, to traffic with India?

But were this allowed, what an army of cuſtom-houſe officers muſt there be in waiting at every port of the kingdom? for who knows what port a veſſel from India, once in ſeven years, may chuſe to enter? What a door for ſmuggling the luxuries of India would this open? And we need not add, what a diminution of revenue!

Beſides the great revenue which it pays, the Eaſt India Company forms one of the moſt active ſinews of the ſtate. Public funds are peculiar to England. The credit and intereſt of the nation depend upon their ſupport *; and the Eaſt India Company is not the leaſt of theſe. It has often ſupported government with immenſe loans, and its continuance includes the promiſe of future ſupport on the like emergencies.

And

---

* "The credit and the intereſt of the nation depend on the ſupport of the public funds.—While the annuities, and intereſt for money advanced, is there regularly paid, and the principal inſured by both prince and people, (a ſecurity not to be had in other nations,) foreigners will lend us their property, and all Europe be intereſted in our welfare: the paper of the *companies* will be converted into money and merchandize, and Great Britain can never want caſh to carry her ſchemes into execution. In other nations, credit is founded on the word of the prince, if a monarchy; or on that of the people, if a republic; but here it is eſtabliſhed on the intereſts of both prince and people, which is the ſtrongeſt ſecurity."—— *Guthrie.*

And muſt this ſtupendous and important fabric be demoliſhed, to make way for an * *untried theory?*

For a free trade, which, while it encreaſed our imported luxuries, would greatly diminiſh the revenue which ariſes from them:

For a trade which would injure our own † manufactures, were the preſent reſtrictions aboliſhed:

For a trade which could not be eſtabliſhed in India for many years, and which, perhaps, is in its nature impracticable:

"For a tranſition, which, though poſſible, muſt be "attended with innumerable difficulties, conſidering "what convulſions, even the ſmalleſt ſtroke of legiſlative "authority upon private property generally produces, "notwithſtanding all the precautions which may be ‡ "uſed:"

For

---

[*] "In the progreſs of ſociety, additional props and balances will often become neceſſary. That of pulling down a whole edifice, to erect a new building, generally ends in the deſtruction of the community, and always leads to convulſions which no one could foreſee." *See* Governor Johnſtone's *Thoughts on our Acquiſitions in the Eaſt Indies.*

[†] Silks, muſlins, callicoes, embroidery, cottons, toys, and many of the Indian manufactures, would greatly injure thoſe of this country, were a free importation allowed. The woven manufactures of India, imported by the company, are reſtricted to foreign markets.

[‡] This ſentence in inverted commas is from a pamphlet, entitled *Thoughts on our Acquiſitions in the Eaſt Indies*—written by Governor Johnſtone.

For a ſyſtem, which muſt render the ſovereign the military deſpot of an immenſe and rich * territory, and make him the ſole maſter of an *unconſtitutional* revenue. A revenue, which, in the hands of a corrupt miniſtry, would eaſily defeat the nobleſt check againſt arbitrary power provided by the Britiſh conſtitution, the right of taxation in the Houſe of Commons.

America, paſſively ſubmiſſive at the feet of a junto in power, could not, for ſeveral centuries, afford the means of corruption, which India, already deeply enſlaved, would freely yield, for at leaſt a few years.

In every probability, for only a few years—however highly our author may think of the *great* and *permanent* revenue of the ſovereign; and however he may deſpiſe the *little* and *tranſitory* profit of the merchant, we will venture to ſupport the very oppoſite opinions.

Our author laments, that merchants will never conſider themſelves as ſovereigns, when they have really become ſuch. Commerce was deſpiſed, and ſovereignty was the ambition of the Portugueſe. Immenſe extenſion of dominion, greatly ſuperior to the ſettlements of both the Dutch and Engliſh, became therefore their object: and uncommercial, often unjuſt wars, naturally followed this ſearch for revenue. And this ſyſtem as naturally produced the deepeſt ruin. Wars after wars will ever be produced by a ſovereignty aſſumed in a diſtant region. The Spaniſh method of extirpation is the only preventive. Some territory is neceſſary to ſettlements in India. But ſuch extenſion as would depreſs the grand ſyſtem of the Indian commerce, muſt, like the Portugueſe ſovereignty, end in ruin. The plan of ſovereignty directly leads to war with the jealous natives of India. Such revenue, therefore, cannot be *permanent*, and moſt probably will not be *great* for a length of years. Our author upbraids the India company, becauſe their colonies in India are not ſo populous and thriving as thoſe in America. But were the Indian colonies as ſafe from the natives, as his ſcheme of unconnected ſettlers requires; as populous, and their revenue as *great*, as his idea of perfection may poſſibly include, how long would he INSURE the *permanency* of their revenue againſt the interruption of a *revolt* or *rebellion*, or ſuch colonies themſelves from a ſudden and final *diſmemberment?*—Alas! at this preſent hour we feel a moſt melancholy proof of the difficulties and diſappointments of raiſing a revenue in a diſtant country. May God never curſe Great Britain, by fixing her views and hopes on ſuch diſtant, ſuch *little* and *tranſitory* ſupport!

---

* "The immenſe power which would be added to the crown, by our dominions in the Eaſt falling immediately under its management, muſt be a ſerious conſideration, with every one who believes the preponderating weight which that part of the conſtitution already poſſeſſes; and who wiſhes, at the ſame time, to preſerve the juſt balance. Every intelligent mind muſt foreſee the immenſe additional influence that would accrue, by the command of ſuch a number of troops, the adminiſtration of ſuch extenſive revenues, and the diſpoſal of ſo many offices. The author of theſe reflections is perſuaded, we might expect the ſame effects that followed the annexation of the rich orders of St. Jago, Calatrava, and Alcantara, to the crown of Spain; which, a celebrated Spaniſh hiſtorian ſays, contributed more towards enſlaving that country, than all the other inſidious arts and expedients of Ferdinand and Iſabella." *Gov. Johnſtone's Thoughts, &c.*

if properly watched and defended, if not ſacrificed to the dreams and dotage of theory, the grand machine of her commerce will ever render Great Britain both proſperous and formidable. In this grand machine the Eaſt India Company forms a principal wheel. The *concentered* ſupport which it gives to the public credit; the vaſt and MOST RATIONAL *home tax* which its imported luxuries afford, a tax which forms a *conſtitutional* ſource of revenue, ever in our own hands, never to be affected by the polities of diſtant colonies; the population which it gives to the *mother country*, by the domeſtic induſtry employed upon the ſtaple * commodities which it exports; and the eſſential balance of trade given and ſecured by the exportation of its imports, are the great and permanent conſe-

---

* The firſt ſource of the Wealth of Nations, however neglected in our author's eſtimate, moſt certainly conſiſts in its ſtaples; and the plenty of theſe, and the degrees of their importance, in adminiſtering to the wants and deſires of mankind, fix the *natural* difference between the riches of countries. And to this ſource, the labour neceſſary to fit theſe ſtaples to their reſpective uſes, is dependent and ſecondary, if the fruit may be called dependent on, and ſecondary to the root of the tree. It is therefore the great duty of the ſtateſman to protect, direct and cheriſh the manufacture of ſtaples; and by making colonies contribute to this purpoſe, he produces the natural, advantageous, and permanent uſe of foreign acquiſition. This, however, is ſo far from being a part of our author's ſyſtem, that he even reprobates the idea, that the legiſlature ſhould give any protection or direction to any branch of manufacture. He calls it a power with which no miniſter can *ſafely be truſted.* Vol. ii. p. 36. "It is," he ſays, "in ſome meaſure to direct people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals," of which, he tells us, p. 35. they are much better judges than any ſtateſman or lawgiver. Nay, he even aſſerts, p. 37, &c. that were any branch of manufacture, for he excepts none, to fall into utter decay, by the freedom of foreign importation, the country would loſe nothing by it. The manufacturers, he owns, might ſuſtain the loſs of their tools and † workſhops, but they would immediately turn

† Some people are apt to apprehend the greateſt inconveniency, from ſetting a number of artificers adrift in ſearch of new employment. But this is nothing, according to our author, who tell us, that 100,000 ſoldiers and ſeamen, diſcharged at the laſt peace, immediately found employment. Very

quences

---

turn their capitals and induſtry into other channels, which would be of equal advantage to their country. Nay, farther, government bounty to the introduction of a new manufacture is hurtful; for that will diminiſh the revenue, and, of conſequence, the national capital. p. 38.

Thus ſays theory. But let it be aſked, if branches of our manufacture muſt thus, for the good of the nation, be ſuffered to fall into decay, what muſt become of the ſtaples, for our author excepts no materials, upon which the abandoned manufacture was employed? Their former value muſt be greatly diminiſhed, if ſold unworked to foreigners; and if unſold, annihilated. And thus the national capital will be moſt effectually injured. Our author talks very confidently of the eaſe with which individuals will find a proper field for their induſtry; but, ſurely, where a number of the ſtaples are thus reduced, the field for *domeſtic* induſtry muſt be proportionably narrowed; for *it is hard to make bricks without ſtraw.* “Every individual, ſays “our author, p. 32. is continually exerting himſelf to find out the moſt “advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command.” But this poſition, abſolutely neceſſary to our author's ſyſtem, we flatly deny. There is not only a torpor on the general mind of ſuch diſtricts as are ignorant of commerce, which requires to be rouſed into action by thoſe of ſuperior intelligence; but there is alſo a ſtubborn attachment in ſuch minds to their ancient uſages, which half a century can hardly remove. Our author might have ſeen both this ſtupor and obſtinacy ſtrongly exemplified in the vaſt difficulty of introducing modern agriculture into a certain country. But, “No regulation of commerce, ſays he, p. *ib.* can increaſe the “quantity of induſtry in any ſociety beyond what its capital can maintain.” It is our author's great leading principle, that no nation ought to attempt any branch either of manufacture or commerce, till its capital be ripe for ſuch branch; and till ſuch time, it is their intereſt, he ſays, to buy the articles of ſuch branches from their neighbours. But here let it be aſked, how

is

Very true, for the labourer took to his ſpade, the taylor to his needle, the ſhoe-maker to his awl, and the ſeaman to the merchant ſervice. But were only 10,000 weavers thrown out of employ, the caſe would be widely altered. But the certainty of finding an *unknown* employment, fully as advantageous as the branch *perfectly known*, forms a part of our author's ſyſtem. It was a *ſilly notion*, he tells us, vol. ii. p. 136. to defend Portugal, laſt war, for the ſake of its trade. Had that trade been loſt, ſays he, it would *only* have thrown the Portugueſe merchants out of buſineſs for a year or two, till they found out as good a method of employing their capitals. Some politicians have thought, the more channels of commerce, the more ſucceſs; but our author does not care how many were ſhut up; for this good reaſon, new ones are *ſure* to be found. But this is like knocking a man down, becauſe he is *ſure* to get up again.

quences of the commercial ſyſtem, conſequences which can never ariſe from the *importation* of the greateſt revenue. And ſoon would all theſe advantages be loſt, were the India Company to relinquiſh the mercantile character, and, according to our author's[*] plan, aſſume that of the ſovereign.

---

is the capital to be increaſed in this ſtate of torpor? Elizabeth, and ſome of her predeceſſors, imagined that bounties and regulations of commerce would rouſe to action, and thence to the increaſe of capital. At great expence they introduced the manufactures of the continent into their own dominions. And hence England became what ſhe now is. But a view of the ſtate of our author's native country will bring his theory to the fulleſt and faireſt trial. According to his ſyſtem, Scotland ought to be the moſt flouriſhing commercial country in Europe; for certain it is, and he himſelf often tells it, that the trade of North Britain is under much fewer regulations and reſtrictions than that of England, Holland, or any of her commercial neighbours. There was a time, indeed, before and in the fifteenth century, when her Jameſes aſſumed the *unſafe truſt* of directing the channels of induſtry; when they penſioned foreign artificers to ſettle in their kingdom, and made regulations of commerce. The conſequence was, the Scots were the maſters of their own fiſheries, and the ſhipping of Scotland were then greatly ſuperior to their preſent number. Soon after, however, our author's plan, that government ſhould leave every ſubject to the courſe of his own induſtry, took place, in the fulleſt latitude. And the conſequence of government ceaſing to watch over and direct the channels of commerce, as fully appeared. The Scottiſh navy fell into deep decline; and their fiſhery, perhaps the moſt valuable in the[†] world, was ſeized by thoſe *monopoliſts* the Dutch, who now enjoy it. A moſt excellent proof how the *unencouraged* and *undirected* Scots turned their capitals and induſtry to the beſt advantage! Neglected by government, the Scottiſh commerce long and deeply languiſhed, till Mr. Pelham, of late, endeavoured to rouſe it into action. But the people ſtill follow our author's precept, of buying, from their neighbours, the greateſt part of the manufactures they uſe. And the conſequence of all is, many thouſands of the Scots find a field for their ingenuity and induſtry in every commercial country of the world, *except in their own*.

[*] Yet, ſtrange as it may ſeem, our author, vol. ii. p. 415. condemns the Eaſt India Company for adopting the ideas of ſovereigns. It has made them bad traders, he *there* ſays, and, he adds, has almoſt brought them to bankruptcy.

[†] Of ſuch value is this fiſhery, that the arrival of the firſt fleet of buſſes is celebrated in Holland with public rejoicings, ſimilar to thoſe of the Egyptians on the overflow of the Nile.

ſovereign. Nor can we take leave of our author, without remarking, that he has been rather unhappy in fixing upon the Portugueſe as his favourites. His three great reaſons for this predilection are * obvious; and that theſe reaſons were extremely raſh and ill-founded, is alſo equally evident. His reaſons are—the Portugueſe had no excluſive African or Indian companies—A moſt unlucky miſtake! And

The population and revenue of the Portugueſe colonies are exactly in the ſpirit of his ſyſtem.

But the kingdom of Portugal ſuffered the ſevereſt evils from its vain *ſovereignty* of India; and the excluſive companies of England and Holland, however reprobated by our author, have long been, and ſtill are, by their vaſt *commerce*, of the moſt eſſential advantage to their mother countries.

Having thus followed our author's argument for laying open the India trade, through every gradation of his reaſoning, a retroſpect may not now perhaps be improper.

---

* According to our author, vol. ii. p. 248. it is owing to *the genius of excluſive companies* that the colonies of other nations in India have been leſs populous than thoſe of Portugal. He *who reads this work*, however, will find another cauſe for the Portugueſe population; and never were any colonies ſo vexed with monopolies within monopolies, as thoſe of Portugueſe Aſia. Our author, with the ſame knowledge of his ſubject, always repreſents the Portugueſe colonies as of more advantage to the mother country than thoſe of England in America. The latter, he ſays, "have been a ſource "of expence and not of revenue. But the Portugueſe colonies have contri- "buted revenue towards the defence of the mother country, or the ſupport "of her civil government."——Vol. ii. p. 194.

He founds his argument on the abſolute perniciouſneſs of all monopolies, in every circumſtance: the ſafety of laying open the Eaſt India trade, he aſſerts, is *ſufficiently demonſtrated* by the experience of the Portugueſe. Were the excluſive India companies aboliſhed, European merchants, he ſays, would voluntarily ſettle in India, by whom every office of factorſhip would be diſcharged. And where forts are neceſſary, theſe and the ſettlements, he aſſerts, would be moſt advantageous and proſperous under the immediate protection of the ſovereign: In ſupport of this laſt argument, he appeals to the abuſes committed by the ſervants of a company. And the advantages which he deduces from his ſyſtem, are, a free trade with India, in which every ſubject may employ his capital, and the importation of a royal revenue; which laſt circumſtance he eſtimates as of infinitely more real importance than all the benefits reſulting from commerce. But we have proved, by hiſtorical evidence, that monopolies and excluſive aſſociations were abſolutely neceſſary in the infancy of trade, and that their effects were rapid, extenſive, and highly proſperous. We have likewiſe brought demonſtration, both from the hiſtory and the archives of Portugal, confirmed by every principle of Spaniſh or Portugueſe commerce, that his appeal to the experience of the Portugueſe is founded upon a moſt egregious and capital error. Every page of the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia, and the preſent ſtate of India, demonſtrate the impoſſibility of the ſcheme of unconnected and unprotected ſettlers. And from the example of the Portugueſe, confirmed by every experience, certain it is that every argument againſt the ſervants of a company, may be turned, with redoubled force, againſt the officers of a crown. And were even this ſyſtem, whoſe baſis is overturned by hiſtorical facts, were it even founded on truth, the conſequences which he deduces from it are neither certain nor advantageous. By an appeal to undeniable principles, we have held up to view the unavoidable diſadvantages * of laying open the Indian commerce; and from other principles, equally fixed and evident, it amounts to demonſtration, that a deſpotic revenue, raiſed in a diſtant country, muſt ever be productive of war, tranſitory, unconſtitutional, and dangerous. On the contrary, we have evinced, that the benefits ariſing from the commerce of India, on the great principles of its preſent eſtabliſhment, are important, domeſtic, and permanent. In an auſpicious trade, therefore, we muſt ſubmit to that neceſſity of circumſtances which we cannot alter; we muſt not ſhut our eyes againſt the broad glare of the light of facts, and amputate the limbs, and diſlocate the joints of commerce, in order to ſhorten or to lengthen it to the ſtandard of theory, as Procruſtes is fabled to have fitted his unhappy captives to the ſtandard of his iron bed.

Every inſtitution relative to man, is not only liable to corruption, but, ſuch is the imperfection of human nature, is ſure to be corrupted. Both the ſervants of a company, and the officers of a king, are liable to the influence of

---

* That the India trade could not be carried on, with advantage to the nation, otherwiſe than by a company, is clearly proved by Sir Joſiah Child, whoſe arguments have had their due weight with former parliaments.

of ſelf-intereſt. But the monarch's ear is hard of acceſs, and often guarded; and the regulations of a regal monopoly, or deſpotic revenue, are variable at his will. Appeal here muſt be hopeleſs. But, under a company, governed by fixed inſtitutions, there exiſts not only a legal claim of redreſs, but a legal right of oppoſition. If errors and corruption, therefore, be natural to every ſyſtem of human government, let the ſyſtem moſt open to inſpection and correction be preſerved, and let its errors and corruptions be corrected. And happily the Britiſh parliament is poſſeſſed of the power of ſuch inſpection and correction; and happily alſo ſuch authority is the very reverſe of a regal power to raiſe a *foreign revenue*, this parliamentary power is *conſtitutional*.

The Abbé Reynal, in his reflections on the fate of the Portugueſe, informs his reader, that while the court of Liſbon projected the diſcovery of India, and expected inexhauſtible riches, the more moderate and enlightened foreſaw and foretold the evils which would follow ſucceſs. And time, ſays he, the ſupreme judge of politics, haſtened to fulfil their predictions. He, however, who is acquainted with the Portugueſe hiſtorians, muſt perceive the errors of this repreſentation. The objections againſt the voyage of Gama, were by no means of the enlightened kind. They were theſe: nothing but barren deſerts, like Lybia, were to be found; or, if the diſcovered lands were rich, the length of the voyage would render it unprofitable: or, if profitable, the introduction of wealth would beget a degeneracy of manners fatal to the kingdom. Foreign ſettlements would produce a depopulation and neglect of agriculture; or, if foreign colonies were neceſſary, Ethiopia offered both nearer and better ſettlements. And the wrath of the ſoldan of Egypt, and a combination of all Europe againſt Portugal, completed the prophecy of the threatened evils. But it was neither foreſeen nor foretold, that the unexampled miſconduct of the Portugueſe would render the moſt lucrative commerce of the world an heavy, and at laſt inſupportable expence on the treaſury of Liſbon or Madrid; nor was it foretold, that the ſhameleſs villainy, the faithleſs piracies and rapine of their countrymen would bring down deſtruction upon their empire. Of the objections here enumerated, few are named by our author. Nor does the evil of the increaſe of wealth, the depopulation and neglect of agriculture, which he mentions as the conſequences of the navigation to India, do honour to the political wiſdom, either of thoſe who foretold them, or of thoſe who adopt the opinion. The great population of Holland ariſes from its naval trade; and had the ſcience of commerce been as well underſtood at the court of Liſbon as at Amſterdam, Portugal, a much finer country, had ſoon become more populous, and every way more flouriſhing than Holland is now.

Mines of gold, though moſt earneſtly deſired, are the leaſt valuable parts of foreign acquiſition. The produce of mines, like the importation of revenue, neither puts into motion, nor cheriſhes domeſtic induſtry. To encreaſe the population of the mother country is the only real wealth; and this can only be attained by increaſing the means of employment, in ſuch manner as will naturally inſpire the ſpirit of induſtry. The ſtaple commodities of a country muſt therefore be manufactured at home, and from hence, agriculture will of neceſſity be improved. He, therefore, who foretels the neglect of agriculture on the increaſe of commerce, foretels an event contrary to the nature of things; and nothing but an infatuation, which cannot at a diſtance be foreſeen, may poſſibly fulfil the prediction. To export the domeſtic manufacture, and import the commodities of foreign countries, are the great, the only real uſes of foreign ſettlements. But did Spain and Portugal derive theſe advantages from their immenſe acquiſitions in the Eaſt and Weſt? Every thing contrary. The gold of Mexico and Peru levied the armies of Charles V. but eſtabliſhed or encouraged no trade in his kingdom. Poverty and depopulation, therefore, were not the natural conſequences of the diſcoveries of Columbus; but the certain reſult of the evil policy of Spain. We have ſeen how the traffic of India was managed by Portugal. That commerce, which was the foundation of the maritime ſtrength of the Mohammedan powers, and which enriched Venice, was not only all in the power of the Portugueſe; but it was *theirs* alſo to purchaſe that traffic on their own terms, with the commodities of Europe. But ſovereignty, with its revenue, and not commerce, was the ſole object of the Portugueſe ambition.

Many have pronounced, that the ſame evils which overwhelmed the Portugueſe, are ready to burſt upon the Britiſh empire. Ignorance of the true principles of commerce, that great cauſe of the fall of the Portugueſe empire, does not at preſent, however, threaten the Britiſh; nor is the only natural reaſon of that fall applicable to Great Britain. The territory of Portugal is too ſmall to be the head of ſo extenſive an empire as once owned its authority. Auxiliaries may occaſionally aſſiſt; but permanency of dominion can only be inſured by native troops. The numerous garriſons of Portugal in Brazil, in Africa, and Aſia, required more ſupplies than the uncommercial ſeat of empire could afford, without depriving itſelf of defence in caſe of invaſion. In the event, the foreign garriſons were loſt for want of ſupplies; and the ſeat of empire, on the ſhock of one diſaſter, fell an eaſy prey to the uſurpation of Spain. Great Britain, on the contrary, by the appointment of nature, reigns the commercial empreſs of the world. The unrivalled iſland is neither too large nor too ſmall. Ten millions of inhabitants are naturally ſufficient to afford armies to defend themſelves againſt the greateſt power; nor is ſuch radical ſtrength liable to fall aſunder by its own weight. Neither is nature leſs kind in the variety of the climate of the Britiſh iſles. That variety in her different provinces alike contributes to the production of her invaluable ſtaples and hardy troops. Won and defended from the Mohammedans in wars eſteemed religious, the circumſtances of Portugal produced a high and ardent ſpirit of chivalry, which raiſed her to empire; but when ſucceſs gave a relaxation to the action of this ſpirit, the general ignorance and corruption of all ranks ſunk her into ruin. The circumſtances of the Britiſh empire are greatly different. Her military ſpirit is neither cheriſhed by, nor dependent upon, cauſes which exiſt in one age and not in another. Nor is the increaſe of wealth big with ſuch evils as ſome eſteem. Portugal did not owe her fall to it, for ſhe was not enriched by the commerce of India. If Great Britain ever ſuffer by enormous wealth, it muſt be by a general corruption of manners. This, however, is infinitely more in the power of government than the many ſurmiſe. To remedy an evil, we muſt trace its ſource. And never was there national corruption of manners, which did not flow from the vices and errors of government. Where merit is the only paſſport to promotion, corruption of manners cannot be general. Where the worthleſs can *purchaſe* the offices of truſt, univerſal profligacy muſt follow. Mankind, it may be ſaid, are liable to be corrupted, and wealth affords the opportunity. But this axiom will greatly miſlead us from the line of truth, if taken in a general ſenſe. The middle rank of men is infinitely more virtuous than the loweſt. Profligacy of manners is not, therefore, the natural conſequence of affluence; it is the accident which attends a vulgar mind, in whatever external ſituation. And when vulgar minds are preferred to the high offices of church or ſtate, it is the negligence or wickedneſs of government, and not the increaſe of wealth, which is the ſource of the national corruption. Some articles of traffic have an evil influence on a people. But neither is this in juſtice to be charged on the increaſe of national trade. The true principles of commerce, on the contrary, require the reſtriction of many *, and perhaps the prohibition of ſome articles. And ignorance of the true ſpirit of commerce, and neglect in the legiſlature, are therefore the real ſources of theſe evils.

While our popular declaimers foreſee nothing but ruin in the increaſe of commerce and wealth, they overlook, or know not, the greateſt danger to which foreign acquiſition lies open, and which it even invites. The rapacity of diſtant governors, ſo ſtrongly exemplified by the Portugueſe, has a direct tendency to the production of every evil which can affect a commercial empire. Every governor feels two objects ſoliciting his attention, objects frequently incompatible, at leaſt not eaſily to be reconciled—the public, and his own private intereſt. If inſtitutions cannot be deviſed to render it the true intereſt of

---

* That private vices, the luxury and extravagance of individuals, are public benefits, has been confidently aſſerted, yet no theoretical paradox was ever more falſe. Luxuries, indeed, employ many hands, but all hands in employment conduce not alike to the ſervice of the ſtate. Thoſe employed on the natural ſtaples are of the firſt-rate ſervice; but thoſe engaged on luxuries often require materials which contribute to turn the balance of trade againſt the country where they reſide; and as the ſale of their labours depends upon faſhion and caprice, not upon the real wants of life, they are apt to be thrown out of employ, and to become a dangerous burden on the commonwealth. Nor is all which is ſpent by individuals gained, as ſome aſſert, by the public. National wealth conſiſts of the labour of the people, added to the value of the materials laboured upon. Every bankruptcy, therefore, annihilates the value of as much labour as its deficiency of payment amounts to; and thus the public is injured. Nor is this all; where private luxury is cheriſhed as a public benefit, a national corruption of manners, the moſt dreadful political diſeaſe, will be ſure to prevail, ſure to reduce the moſt flouriſhing kingdom to the moſt critical weakneſs.

of governors, to make that of the public their firſt care, ſtability cannot be preſerved. The voluntary poverty of Albuquerque and of Nunio was nobly adapted to the high and romantic ideas of Spaniſh honour; and without doubt had a wide effect. But no government has a right to require ſuch an example; and in Britiſh India it would be uſeleſs and abſurd, for we have no viſionary principles on which it could poſſibly operate. He who devotes his life to the ſervice of his country, merits a reward adequate to his ſtation. An eſtimate of the reward which true policy will give, may be drawn from the fate of the Dutch ſettlement at Brazil. Prince Maurice of Naſſau, the general of a Dutch Weſt India company, expelled the Portugueſe from one half of this rich and extenſive country. In reward of his ſervice he was appointed governor; but his mercantile maſters, earneſt for immediate gain, and ignorant of what was neceſſary for future ſecurity, were offended at the grandeur in which he lived, the number of fortreſſes which he built, and the expence of the troops which he kept. They forced him by ill-treatment to reſign, and the ideas of the mere counting-houſe were now adopted. The expence of troops and of fortreſſes was greatly reduced; even that of the court of juſtice was retrenched; in their commerce with their new ſubjects, every advantage of the ſordid trader was taken, and payment was enforced with the utmoſt rigour. Cent. per cent. was now divided in Holland, and all was happy in the idea of the Burgo-maſters, the lords of this colony; when the Portugueſe, invited by the defenceleſs condition, and joined by the diſcontented ſubjects of the

Dutch, overwhelmed them with ruin. Though the States now intereſted themſelves vigorouſly, all the great expence of their armaments was loſt. Brazil was recovered by the Portugueſe, and this Dutch Weſt India company was utterly extinguiſhed.

Nor can we cloſe our obſervations without one more. Nunio acquired an extenſive territory in India. Haraſſed by the horrible wars of their native princes, the regions around Goa implored the Portugueſe to take them under protection. And, ſafe and happy, while all around was ſteeped in blood, the territory under the dominion of Nunio was the envy and wonder of India. Taught by this example, every humane breaſt muſt warm on the view of the happineſs which the Britiſh India Company MAY diffuſe over the Eaſt; a happineſs which the Britiſh * are peculiarly enabled to beſtow. Beſides the many inſtances of Portugueſe tyranny and miſconduct already enumerated, there was a defect in their government, which muſt ever prove fatal to a commercial empire. All the

---

* The form of the government, and the national character of the Britiſh, peculiarly enable them to diffuſe the bleſſings which flow from the true ſpirit of commerce. The Dutch have a penurioufneſs in their manners, and a palpable ſelfiſhneſs in their laws, ill reliſhed by the neighbours of their ſettlements. They want a mixture of the blood of gentlemen; or, to drop the metaphor, they want that liberal turn of idea and ſentiment which ariſes from the intercourſe and converſation of the merchant with the man of property, educated in independence. India, perhaps the moſt fertile country in the world, has ſuffered more by famine than any other. For the thouſands who have died of hunger in other countries, India has buried millions of her ſons, who have thus periſhed. Amazingly populous, the failure of a crop of rice is here dreadful. It is the true ſpirit of commerce to prevent famine, by bringing proviſion from one country to another. And may this true ſpirit of it be exerted by the Britiſh in India!

the ſtupendous fabrics of Portugueſe colonization were only founded on the ſands, on the quick-ſands of human caprice and arbitrary power. They governed by no certain ſyſtem of laws. Their governors carried to India the image of the court of Liſbon; and againſt the will of the ruler there was no appeal to a ſupreme civil power. Confidence in the high juſtice of a Nunio may give nations habituated to oppreſſion a temporary ſpirit of induſtry; but temporary it muſt be, as a haſty journey made in the uncertain intervals of a tempeſt. The cheerful vigour of commerce can only be uniform and continued, where the merchant is conſcious of protection, on his appeal to known laws of ſupreme authority. On the firm baſis of her laws, the colonies of Great Britain have wonderfully proſpered, for ſhe gave them an image of her own conſtitution. And, even where the government of the natives cannot be new-modelled, an eaſy appeal to the ſupremacy of civil laws, muſt place commerce upon the ſureſt foundation. It is not the ſpirit of Gothic conqueſt; it is not the little cunning fineſſe of embroiling the Indian princes among themſelves; of cajoling one, and winning another; it is not the groveling arts of intrigue, often embarraſſed, always ſhifting, which can give laſting ſecurity. An eſſential deciſive predominancy of the juſtice of laws like the Britiſh, can alone ſecure the proſperity of the moſt powerful commercial ſyſtem, or render its exiſtence ADVANTAGEOUS or even SAFE to the ſeat of empire.

THE

LIFE OF LUIS DE CAMOENS.

WHEN the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian ſplendour, nature, as if in pity of the literary rudeneſs of that nation, produced one great poet, to record the numberleſs actions of high ſpirit performed by his countrymen. Except Oſorius, the hiſtorians of Portugal are little better than dry journaliſts. But it is not their inelegance which rendered the poet neceſſary. It is the peculiar nature of poetry to give a colouring to heroic actions, and to expreſs an indignation againſt the breaches of honour, in a ſpirit which at once ſeizes the heart of the man of feeling, and carries with it an inſtantaneous conviction. The brilliant actions of the Portugueſe form the great hinge which opened the door to the moſt important alteration in the civil hiſtory of mankind. And to place theſe actions in the light and enthuſiaſm of poetry, that enthuſiaſm which particularly aſſimilates the youthful breaſt to its own fires, was Luis de Camoëns, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities claimed the honour of his birth. But, according to N. Antonio, and Manuel Correa his intimate friend, this event happened at Liſbon, in 1517. His family was of conſiderable note, and originally Spaniſh. In 1370, Vaſco Perez de Caamans, diſguſted at the court of Caſtile, fled to that of Liſbon, where king Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordſhips of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other conſiderable lands; a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the ſucceſſion, which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Caamans ſided with the king of Caſtile, and was killed in the battle of Aljabarrota. But though John I. the victor ſeized a great part of his eſtate, his widow, the daughter of Gonſalo Tereyro, grand maſter of the order of Chriſt, and general of the Portugueſe army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three ſons, who took the name of Camoëns. The family of the eldeſt intermarried with the firſt nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Caſtera, with the blood royal. But the family of the ſecond brother, whoſe fortune was ſlender, had the ſuperior honour to produce the author of the Luſiad.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoëns, his father, commander of a veſſel, was ſhipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greateſt part of his fortune was loſt. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarene, provided for the education of her ſon Luis at the univerſity of Coimbra. What he acquired there, his works diſcover: An intimacy with the claſſics, equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taſte of a Milton or a Pope.

When he left the univerſity, he appeared at court. He was handſome [*], had ſpeaking eyes, it is ſaid, and the fineſt complexion. Certain it is, however, he was a poliſhed ſcholar, which, added to the natural ardour and gay vivacity of his diſpoſition, rendered him an accompliſhed gentleman. Courts are the ſcenes of intrigue, and intrigue was faſhionable at Liſbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoëns reſt unknown. This only appears: He had aſpired above his rank, for he was baniſhed from the court; and, in ſeveral of his ſonnets, he aſcribes this misfortune to love.

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his ſtudies, and began his poem on the Diſcovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament againſt Africa. Camoëns, tired of his inactive obſcure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly diſtinguiſhed his valour in ſeveral rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors, in the ſtraits of Gibraltar, in the conflict of boarding he was among the foremoſt, and loſt his right eye. Yet neither the hurry of actual ſervice, nor the diſſipation of the camp, could ſtifle his genius. He continued his *Luſiadas*, and ſeveral of his moſt beautiful ſonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expreſſes it,

---

[*] The French tranſlator gives us ſo fine a deſcription of the perſon of Camoëns, that it ſeems to be borrowed from the Fairy Tales. It is univerſally agreed, however, that he was handſome, and had a moſt engaging mien and addreſs. He is thus deſcribed by Nicolas Antonio, "*Mediocri ſtatura fuit, et carne plena, capillis uſque ad croci colorem flaveſcentibus, maxime in juventute. Eminebat ei frons, & medius naſus, cætera longus, et in fine craſſiuſculus.*"

> One hand the pen, and one the ſword employ'd.

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permiſſion to return to Liſbon. But while he ſolicited an eſtabliſhment which he had merited in the ranks of battle, the malignity of evil tongues, as he calls it in one of his letters, was injuriouſly poured upon him. Though the bloom of his early youth was effaced by ſeveral years reſidence under the ſcorching heavens of Africa, and though altered by the loſs of an eye, his preſence gave uneaſineſs to the gentlemen of ſome families of the firſt rank, where he had formerly viſited. Jealouſy is the characteriſtic of the Spaniſh and Portugueſe; its reſentment knows no bounds; and Camoëns now found it prudent to baniſh himſelf from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he ſailed for India, with a reſolution never to return. As the ſhip left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words of the ſepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, *Ingrata patria, non poſſidebis oſſa mea!* Ungrateful country, thou ſhalt not poſſeſs my bones! but he knew not what evils in the Eaſt world awake the remembrance of his native fields.

When Camoëns arrived in India, an expedition was ready to ſail to revenge the king of Cochin on the king of Pimenta. Without any reſt on ſhore after his long voyage, he joined this armament, and in the conqueſt of the Alagada iſlands, diſplayed his uſual bravery. But his modeſty, perhaps, is his greateſt praiſe. In a ſonnet he mentions this expedition: We went to puniſh the king of Pimenta, ſays he, *e ſuccedeones bem, and we ſucceeded well.* When it is conſidered that the poet bore no inconſiderable ſhare in the victory, no ode can conclude more elegantly, more happily than this.

In the year following, he attended Manuel de Vaſconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, ſays Faria, as Camoëns had no uſe for his ſword, he employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He viſited Mount Felix, and the adjacent inhoſpitable regions of Africa, which he ſo ſtrongly pictures in the Luſiad, and in one of his little pieces, where he laments the abſence of his miſtreſs.

When he returned to Goa, he enjoyed a tranquillity which enabled him to beſtow his attention on his Epic Poem. But this ſerenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote ſome ſatires which gave offence; and, by order of the viceroy, Franciſco Barreto, he was baniſhed to China.

Men of poor abilities are more conſcious of their embarraſſment and errors than is commonly believed. When men of this kind are in power, they affect great ſolemnity; and every expreſſion of the moſt diſtant tendency to leſſen their dignity, is held as the greateſt of crimes. Conſcious alſo how ſeverely the man of genius can hurt their intereſt, they bear an inſtinctive antipathy againſt him, are uneaſy even in his company, and, on the ſlighteſt pretence, are happy to drive him from them. Camoëns was thus ſituated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for ſatire than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet, whatever eſteem the prudence of Camoëns may loſe in our idea, the nobleneſs of his diſpoſition will doubly gain. And, ſo conſcious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his ſonnets he wiſhes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile ſhould ever be remembered *.

The

---

* Caſtera, who always condemns Camoëns, as if guilty of ſacrilege, when the ſlighteſt reproach of a grandee appears, tells us, "that poſterity "by no means enters into the reſentment of our poet; and that the Portugueſe hiſtorians make glorious mention of Barreto, who was a man of "true merit." The Portugueſe hiſtorians, however, knew not what true merit was. The brutal uncommercial wars of Sampayo are by them mentioned as much more glorious than the leſs bloody campaigns of a Nunio, which eſtabliſhed commerce and empire. But the actions of Barreto ſhall be called to witneſs for Camoëns.

We have already ſeen his ruinous treaty with Meale Can, which ended in the diſgrace of the Portugueſe arms. The king of Cinde deſired Barreto's aſſiſtance to cruſh a neighbouring prince, who had invaded his dominions. Barreto went himſelf to relieve him; but having diſagreed about the reward he required, (for the king had made peace with his enemy) he burned Tata, the royal city, killed above 8000 of the people he came to protect; for eight days he deſtroyed every thing on the banks of the Indus, and loaded his veſſels, ſays Faria, with the richeſt booty hitherto taken in India. The war with Hydal Can, kindled by Barreto's treachery, continued. The city of Dabul was deſtroyed by the viceroy, who, ſoon after, at the head of 17,000 men, defeated Hydal Can's army of 20,000. Horrid de-

ſolation

The accompliſhments and manners of Camoëns ſoon found him friends, though under the diſgrace of baniſhment. He was appointed commiſſary of the eſtates of the defunct in the iſland of Macao, on the coaſt of China. Here he continued his Luſiad; and here alſo, after five years reſidence, he acquired a fortune, though ſmall, yet equal to his wiſhes. Don Conſtantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India, and Camoëns, deſirous to return to Goa, reſigned his charge. In a ſhip, freighted by himſelf, he ſet ſail, but was ſhipwrecked in the gulph near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin-China. All he had acquired was loſt in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he ſaved himſelf with the other, were all he found himſelf poſſeſſed of, when he ſtood friendleſs on the unknown ſhore. But the natives gave him a moſt humane reception: this he has immortaliſed in the prophetic ſong in the tenth Luſiad *; and in the ſeventh he tells us, that here he loſt the wealth which ſatisfied his wiſhes:

Agora

ſolation followed theſe victories, and Hydal Can continued the implacable enemy of Portugal while he lived. Such was Barreto, the man who exiled Camoëns!

* Having named the Mecon:

Eſte recebera placido, e brando,
No ſeu regaço o Canto, que molhado, &c.

Literally thus: "On his gentle hoſpitable boſom (*ſic* brando *poeticè*) ſhall he receive the ſong, wet from woeful unhappy ſhipwreck, eſcaped from deſtroying tempeſts, from ravenous dangers, the effect of the unjuſt ſentence upon him, whoſe lyre ſhall be more renowned than enriched." When Camoëns was commiſſary, he viſited the iſlands of Ternate, Timor, &c. deſcribed in the Luſiad.

Agora da eſperança ja adquirida, &c.

Now bleſt with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For-ever loſt;——
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
By miracle prolong'd———

On the banks of the Mecon, he wrote his beautiful paraphraſe of the pſalm, where the Jews, in the fineſt ſtrain of poetry, are repreſented as hanging their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoëns continued ſome time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Conſtantine de Braganza, whoſe characteriſtic was politeneſs, admitted him into intimate friendſhip, and Camoëns was happy till Count Redondo aſſumed the government. Thoſe who had formerly procured the baniſhment of the ſatiriſt, were ſilent while Conſtantine was in power; but now they exerted all their arts againſt him. Redondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoëns; yet, with all that unfeeling indifference with which he planned his moſt horrible witticiſm on the Zamorim, he ſuffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common priſon. After all the delay of bringing witneſſes, Camoëns, in a public trial, fully refuted every accuſation of his conduct, while commiſſary of Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoëns had ſome creditors; and theſe detained him in priſon a conſiderable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be aſhamed, that a man of his ſingular merit ſhould experience ſuch treatment among them. He was ſet at liberty; and again he aſſumed the profeſſion of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at that time common in Portugueſe India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promiſes, allured the poet to attend him thither. The governor of a diſtant fort, in a barbarous country, ſhares, in ſome meaſure, the fate of an exile. Yet, though the only motive of Barreto was, in this unpleaſant ſituation, to retain the converſation of Camoëns at his table, it was his leaſt care to render the life of his gueſt agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a conſiderable time having elapſed in vain dependence upon Barreto, Camoëns reſolved to return to his native country. A ſhip, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and ſeveral gentlemen * who were on board, were deſirous that Camoëns ſhould accompany them. But this the governor ungenerouſly endeavoured to prevent, and charged him with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand; and Camoëns, ſays Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were ſold together.

After an abſence of ſixteen years, Camoëns, in 1569, returned to Liſbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the peſtilence then raged in that city, and prevented his publication

---

* According to the Portugueſe Life of Camoëns, prefixed to Gedron's, the beſt edition of his works, Diego de Couto, the hiſtorian, one of the company in this homeward voyage, wrote annotations upon the Luſiad, under the eye of its author. But theſe unhappily have never appeared in public.

lication for three years. At laſt, in 1572, he printed his Luſiad, which, in the opening of the firſt book, in a moſt elegant turn of compliment, he addreſſed to his prince, king Sebaſtian, then in his eighteenth year. The king, ſays the French tranſlator, was ſo pleaſed with his merit, that he gave the author a penſion of 4000 reals, on condition that he ſhould reſide at court. But this ſalary, ſays the ſame writer, was withdrawn by cardinal Henry, who ſucceeded to the crown of Portugal, loſt by Sebaſtian at the battle of Alcazar.

But this ſtory of the penſion is very doubtful. Correa, and other cotemporary authors, do not mention it, though ſome late writers have given credit to it. If Camoëns, however, had a penſion, it is highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. While Sebaſtian was devoted to the chace, his grand uncle, the cardinal, preſided at the council-board, and Camoëns, in his addreſs to the king, which cloſes the Luſiad, adviſes him to exclude the clergy from ſtate affairs. It was eaſy to ſee that the cardinal was here intended. And Henry, beſides, was one of thoſe ſtateſmen who can perceive no benefit reſulting to the public from elegant literature. But it ought alſo to be added in completion of his character, that under the narrow views and weak hands of this Henry, the kingdom of Portugal fell into utter ruin; and on his death, which cloſed a ſhort inglorious reign, the crown of Liſbon, after a faint ſtruggle, was annexed to that of Madrid. Such was the degeneracy of the Portugueſe, a degeneracy lamented in vain by Camoëns, and whoſe obſervation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

Though the great * patron of one ſpecies of literature, a ſpecies the reverſe of that of Camoëns, certain it is, that

---

* Cardinal Henry's patronage of learning and learned men is mentioned with cordial eſteem by the Portugueſe writers. Happily they alſo tell us what that learning was. It was to him the Romiſh friars of the Eaſt tranſmitted their childiſh forgeries of inſcriptions and miracles (*for ſome of which, ſee the note on p.* 413. vol. ii.). He correſponded with them, directed their labours, and received the firſt accounts of their ſucceſs. Under his patronage it was diſcovered, that St. Thomas ordered the Indians to worſhip the croſs; and that the Mooriſh tradition of Perimal, (who, having embraced Mohammediſm, divided his kingdom among his officers, whom he rendered tributary to the Zamorim,) was a malicious miſrepreſentation; for that Perimal, having turned Chriſtian, reſigned his kingdom, and became a monk. Such was the learning patroniſed by Henry, who was alſo a zealous patron of the inquiſition at Liſbon, and the founder of the inquiſition at Goa, to which place he ſent a whole apparatus of holy fathers to ſuppreſs the Jews and reduce the native Chriſtians to the ſee of Rome. Nor ought the treatment experienced by Buchanan at Liſbon be here omitted, as it affords a convincing proof, that the fine genius of Camoëns was the true ſource of his miſfortunes. John III. earneſt to promote the cultivation of polite literature among his ſubjects, engaged Buchanan, the moſt elegant Latiniſt, perhaps, of modern times, to teach philoſophy and the *belles lettres* at Liſbon. But the deſign of the monarch was ſoon fruſtrated by the cardinal Henry and the clergy. Buchanan was committed to priſon, becauſe it was alleged he had eaten fleſh in Lent; and becauſe, in his early youth, at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he had written a ſatire againſt the Franciſcans; for which, however, ere he would venture to Liſbon, John had promiſed abſolute indemnity. John, with much difficulty, procured his releaſe from a loathſome jail, but could not effect his reſtoration as a teacher. He could only change his priſon; for Buchanan was ſent to a monaſtery, *to be inſtructed by the monks*, the men of letters patroniſed by Henry. Theſe are thus characteriſed by their pupil Buchanan,—*nec inhumanis, nec malis, ſed omnis religionis ignaris.* " Not unciviliſed, not flagitious, but ignorant of every religion." A ſatirical negative compliment, followed by a charge of groſs barbariſm. In this confinement, Buchanan wrote his elegant verſion of the pſalms. Camoëns, about the ſame time, ſailed for India. The bleſſed effects of the ſpirit which perſecuted ſuch men, are well expreſſed in the proverb, *A Spaniard ſtript of all his virtues, makes a good Portugueſe.*

that the author of the Luſiad was utterly neglected by Henry, under whoſe inglorious reign he died in all the miſery of poverty. By ſome it is ſaid he died in an alms-houſe. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of ſubſiſtence which theſe houſes provide. He had a black ſervant, who had grown old with him, and who had long experienced his maſter's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to ſome writers, ſaved his maſter's life in the unhappy ſhipwreck where he loſt his effects, begged in the ſtreets of Liſbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had beſtowed thoſe talents, which have a tendency to erect the ſpirit of a downward age. To the eye of a careful obſerver, the fate of Camoëns throws great light on that of his country, and will appear ſtrictly connected with it. The ſame ignorance, the ſame degenerated ſpirit, which ſuffered Camoëns to depend on his ſhare of the alms begged in the ſtreets by his old hoary ſervant, the ſame ſpirit which cauſed this, ſunk the kingdom of Portugal into the moſt abject vaſſalage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees of Portugal were blind to the ruin which impended over them, Camoëns beheld it with a pungency of grief which haſtened his exit. In one of his letters he has theſe remarkable words, "*Em ſim accaberey à vida, e verràm todos que fuy afeiçoada a minho patria*, &c." "I am ending the courſe of my life, the world will witneſs how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her boſom, but to die with her." In another letter, written a little before his death, he thus, yet with dignity, complains, "Who has ſeen, on ſo ſmall a theatre as my poor bed, ſuch a repreſentation of the diſappointments of fortune? And I, as if ſhe could not herſelf ſubdue me, I have yielded and become of her party; for it were wild audacity to hope to ſurmount ſuch accumulated evils."

In this unhappy ſituation, in 1579, in his ſixty-ſecond year, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebaſtian, died Luis de Camoëns, the greateſt literary genius ever produced by Portugal; in martial courage, and ſpirit of honour, nothing inferior to her greateſt heroes. And in a manner ſuitable to the poverty in which he died was he buried. Soon after, however, many epitaphs honoured his memory; the greatneſs of his merit was univerſally confeſſed, and his Luſiad was tranſlated into various languages *. Nor ought it to be omitted, that the man ſo miſerably neglected by the weak king Henry, was earneſtly enquired after by Philip of Spain, when he aſſumed the crown of Liſbon. When Philip heard that Camoëns was dead, both his words and his countenance expreſſed his diſappointment and grief.

From the whole tenor of his life, and from that ſpirit which glows throughout the Luſiad, it evidently appears that

---

* According to Gedron, a ſecond edition of the Luſiad appeared in the ſame year with the firſt. There are two Italian and four Spaniſh tranſlations of it. An hundred years before Caſtera's verſion, it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, biſhop of Targa in Africa, tranſlated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoëns: a mean, but vain attempt to paſs his verſion upon the public as an original. Le P. Niceron ſays, there were two other Latin tranſlations. It is tranſlated alſo into Hebrew, with great elegance and ſpirit, by one Luzzetto, a learned and ingenious Jew, author of ſeveral poems in that language, and who, about thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land.

that the courage and manners of Camoëns flowed from true greatneſs and dignity of ſoul. Though his poliſhed converſation * was often courted by the great, he appears ſo diſtant from ſervility, that his imprudence in this reſpect is by ſome highly blamed. Yet the inſtances of it by no means deſerve that ſeverity of cenſure with which ſome writers have condemned him. Unconſcious of the feelings of a Camoëns, they knew not that a careleſſneſs in ſecuring the ſmiles of fortune, and an open honeſty of indignation, are almoſt inſeparable from the enthuſiaſm of fine imagination. The truth is, the man poſſeſſed of true genius feels his greateſt happineſs in the purſuits and excurſions of the mind, and therefore makes an eſtimate of things, very different from that of him whoſe unremitting attention is devoted to his external intereſt. The profuſion of Camoëns is alſo cenſured. Had he diſſipated the wealth he acquired at Macao, his profuſion indeed had been criminal; but it does not appear that he ever enjoyed any other opportunity of acquiring independence.

---

* Camoëns has not eſcaped the fate of other eminent wits. Their ignorant admirers contrive anecdotes of their humour, which in reality diſgrace them. Camoëns, it is ſaid, one day heard a potter ſinging ſome of his verſes in a miſerable mangled manner, and by way of retaliation, broke a parcel of his earthen ware. "Friend," ſaid he, "you deſtroy my verſes, "and I deſtroy your goods." The ſame fooliſh ſtory is told of Arioſto; nay, we are even informed, that Rinaldo's ſpeech to his horſe in the firſt book,

Ferma Baiardo mio, &c.

was the paſſage miſ-tuned; and that, on the potter's complaint, the injured poet replied, "I have only broken a few baſe pots of thine, not worth a "groat; but thou haſt murdered a fine ſtanza of mine, worth a mark of "gold." But both theſe ſilly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's Life of Arceſilaus, where the ſame dull humour is told of Philoxenus. "He heard ſome brickmakers miſ-tune one of his ſongs, and in return he deſtroyed a number of their bricks."

But Camoëns was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

—— through the dim ſhade his fate caſts o'er him:
A ſhade that ſpreads its evening darkneſs o'er
His brighteſt virtues, while it ſhews his foibles,
Crouding and obvious as the midnight ſtars,
Which in the ſunſhine of proſperity
Never had been deſcried ——

Yet, after the ſtricteſt diſcuſſion, when all the cauſes are weighed together, the misfortunes of Camoëns will appear the fault and diſgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have ſecured him an apartment in the palace of Auguſtus, but ſuch talents are a curſe to their poſſeſſor in an illiterate nation. In a beautiful digreſſive exclamation, at the end of the fifth Luſiad, he gives us a ſtriking view of the neglect which he experienced. Having mentioned how the greateſt heroes of antiquity revered and cheriſhed the muſe, he thus characteriſes the nobility of his own age and country:

Alas! on Tago's hapleſs ſhores alone
The muſe is ſlighted, and her charms unknown.
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
Unheard, in vain their native poet ſings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muſe's wings.

And what particularly ſeems to have touched him—

Even he whoſe veins the blood of Gama warms*
Walks by, unconſcious of the muſe's charms:
For him no muſe ſhall leave her golden loom,
No palm ſhall bloſſom, and no wreath ſhall bloom.
Yet ſhall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal——

---

* The political evils impending over his country, which Camoëns almoſt alone foreſaw, gave not, in their fulfilment, a ſtronger proof of his ſuperior abilities, than his prophecy of Don Franciſco de Gama—

Nem as Filhas do Tejo, que deixaſſem
As tellas douro fino, e que o cantaſſem.

No nymph of Tagus ſhall leave her golden embroidered web, and ſing of him— affords of his knowledge of men. Camoëns was ſuperior to a mean reſentment; he moſt undoubtedly perceived that ignorance, unmanly arrogance, and inſignificance of abilities, which 18, and 38 years after his death, diſgraced the two viceroyalties of his hero's grandſon. Juſtice to the memory of Camoëns, and even to the cauſe of polite literature itſelf, requires ſome ſhort account of this nobleman, who appears to have treated our author with the moſt mortifying neglect. He was named Don Franciſco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra. Facts will beſt give his character: He had not one idea, that the elegant writer who immortaliſed his anceſtor had the leaſt title to his countenance. Several years after the death of Camoëns, he was made viceroy of India, by the king of Spain. Here he carried himſelf with ſuch ſtate, ſays Faria, that he was hated by all men. When he entered upon his government, he beſtowed every place in his gift upon his paraſites, who publickly ſold them to the beſt bidders. And though Cunnale, the pirate, who had diſgracefully defeated Don Luis de Gama, the viceroy's brother, had ſurrendered, upon the ſole condition of life, to the brave Furtado, Cunnale, his nephew Cinale, and 40 Moors of rank, were brought to Goa. But the Moors were no ſooner landed, than the lawleſs rabble tore them in pieces, and Cunnale and his nephew were publickly beheaded, by order of the viceroy. And thus, ſays Faria, government and the rabble went hand in hand in murder and the breach of faith. Over the principal gate of Goa ſtood a marble ſtatue of Vaſca de Gama. This, in hatred of the grandſon, the enraged inhabitants broke down, in the night, and in the morning

In ſuch an age, and among ſuch barbarous nobility, what but wretched neglect could be the fate of a Camoëns! After all, however, if he was imprudent on his firſt appearance at the court of John III. if the honeſty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he ſatiriſed the viceroy and the firſt Goths in power; yet let it alſo be remembered, that "The "gifts of imagination bring the heavieſt taſk upon "the vigilance of reaſon; and to bear thoſe faculties "with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, re-"quires a degree of firmneſs and of cool attention, "which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the "mind. Yet difficult as nature herſelf ſeems to have "rendered the taſk of regularity to genius, it is the ſu-"preme conſolation of dullneſs and of folly to point "with Gothic triumph to thoſe exceſſes which are the "overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Per-

"fectly

---

ing the quarters were found gibbeted in the moſt public parts of the city. And thus the man who deſpiſed the wreath with which Camoëns crowned his grandfather, brought that grandfather's effigies to the deepeſt inſult, which can be offered to the memory of the deceaſed. Nor were his own effigies happier. On his recal to Europe, the firſt object that ſtruck him, when he went on board the ſhip appointed to carry him, was a figure hanging by the neck at the yard-arm, exactly like himſelf in feature and habit. He aſked what it meant; and was reſolutely anſwered, *It repreſents you, and theſe are the men who hung it up.* Nor muſt another inſult be omitted. After being a few days at ſea, he was neceſſitated to return to the port from whence he had ſailed, for freſh proviſions, for all his live ſtock, it was found, was poiſoned. After his return to Europe, he uſed all his intereſt to be reinſtated in India, which, in his old days, after twenty years ſolicitation at the court of Madrid, he at laſt obtained. His ſecond government, however, is wrapped in much obſcurity, and is diſtinguiſhed by no important action or event.

"fectly unconſcious that they are indebted to their "ſtupidity for the conſiſtency of their conduct, they "plume themſelves on an imaginary virtue, which has its "origin in what is really their diſgrace.—Let ſuch, if "ſuch dare approach the ſhrine of Camoëns, withdraw "to a reſpectful diſtance; and ſhould they behold the "ruins of genius, or the weakneſs of an exalted mind, "let them be taught to lament, that nature has left the "nobleſt of her works imperfect *."

And poetry is not only the nobleſt, but alſo not the leaſt uſeful, if civilization of manners be of advantage to mankind. No moral truth may be more certainly demonſtrated, than that a Virgil or a Milton are not only the firſt ornaments of a ſtate, but alſo of the firſt conſequence, if the laſt refinement of the mental powers be of importance. Strange as this might appear to a † Burleigh

---

* This paſſage in inverted commas is cited, with the alteration of the name only, from Dr. Langhorne's account of the life of William Collins.

† Burleigh, though an able politician, and deep in ſtate intrigue, had no idea, that to introduce polite literature into the vernacular tongue, was of any benefit to a nation; though her vernacular literature was the glory of Rome when at the height of empire, and though empire fell with its declenſion. Spenſer, the man who greatly conduced to refine the Engliſh muſes, was by Burleigh eſteemed a ballad-maker, unworthy of regard. Yet the Engliſh polite literature, ſo greatly indebted to Spenſer, is at this day, in the eſteem which it commands abroad, of more real ſervice to England, than all the reputation or intrigues of Burleigh. And ten thouſand Burleighs, according to Sir W. Temple, are born for one Spenſer. Ten thouſand are born, ſays Sir William, with abilities requiſite to form a great ſtateſman, for one who is born with the talents or genius of a great poet. Locke's ideas of poetry are accounted for in one ſhort ſentence; HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE MATTER. An extract from his correſpondence with M. Molyneux and a citation from one of his treatiſes, ſhall demonſtrate the truth of this aſſertion.

leigh or a Locke, it is philoſophically accounted for by Bacon; nor is Locke's opinion either inexplicable or irrefutable.

Molyneux writes to Locke:

“ Mr. Churchill favoured me with the preſent of Sir R. Blackmore's K. Arthur. I had read Pr. Arthur before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all leſſened by this ſecond piece. *All our Engliſh poets* (except Milton) *have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon to him.* Upon the publication of his firſt poem, I intimated to him, through Mr. Churchill's hands, how excellently I thought he might perform a philoſophic poem, from many touches he gave in his Pr. Arthur, particularly from Mopas's ſong. And I perceive by his preface to K. Arthur he has had the like intimations from others, but rejects them as being an enemy to all philoſophic hypotheſis.”

Mr. Locke anſwers:

“ I ſhall, when I ſee Sir R. Blackmore, diſcourſe him as you deſire. There is, I with pleaſure find, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.”

Molyneux replies;

“ I perceive you are ſo happy as to be acquainted with Sir Rich. Blackmore; he is an extraordinary perſon, and I admire his two prefaces as much as I do any parts of his books: The firſt, wherein he expoſes “ the “ licentiouſneſs and immorality of our late poetry,” is incomparable; and the ſecond, wherein he proſecutes the ſame ſubject, and delivers his thoughts concerning hypotheſes, is no leſs judicious; and I am wholly of his opinion relating to the latter. However, the hiſtory and phænomena of nature we may venture at; and this is what I propoſe to be the ſubject of a philoſophic poem. Sir R. Blackmore has exquiſite touches of this kind, diſperſed in many places of his books; (to paſs over Mopas's ſong) I'll inſtance one particular in the moſt profound ſpeculations of Mr. Newton's philoſophy, thus curiouſly touched in King Arthur, Book ix. p. 243.

The conſtellations ſhine at his command,
He form'd their radiant orbs, and with his hand
He weigh'd, and put them off with ſuch a force
As might preſerve an everlaſting courſe †.

“ I doubt not but Sir R. Blackmore, in theſe lines, had a regard to the proportionment of the projective motion of the *vis centripeta*, that keeps the planets in their continued courſes.

---

† Theſe lines, however, are a dull wretched paraphraſe of ſome parts of the Pſalms.

irrefutable. The great genius of Ariſtotle, and that of his great reſembler, Sir Francis Bacon, ſaw deeper into the

"I have by me ſome obſervations, made by a judicious friend of mine, on both of Sir R. Blackmore's poems. If they may be any ways acceptable to Sir R. I ſhall ſend them to you."

Mr. Locke again replies:

"Though Sir R. B's vein in poetry be what every body muſt allow him to have an extraordinary talent in; and though, with you, I exceedingly valued his firſt preface, yet I muſt own to you, there was nothing that I ſo much admired him for, as for what he ſays of hypotheſes in his laſt. It ſeems to me ſo right, and is yet ſo much out of the way of the ordinary writers and practitioners in that faculty, that it ſhews as great a ſtrength and penetration of judgment *as his poetry has ſhewn flights of fancy.*"

As the beſt comment on this, let an extract from Locke's Eſſay on Education fully explain his ideas.

"If he have a poetic vein, 'tis to me the ſtrangeſt thing in the world that the father ſhould deſire or ſuffer it to be cheriſhed or improved. Methinks the parents ſhould labour to have it ſtifled and ſuppreſſed as much as may be; and I know not what reaſon a father can have to wiſh his ſon a poet, who does not deſire to have him bid defiance to all other callings or buſineſs; which is not yet the worſt of the caſe; for if he proves a ſucceſsful rhymer, and gets once the reputation of a wit, I deſire it may be conſidered, what company and places he is like to ſpend his time in, nay, and eſtate too; for it is very ſeldom ſeen that any one diſcovers mines of gold or ſilver in Parnaſſus. 'Tis a pleaſant air, but barren ſoil, and there are very few inſtances of thoſe who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence. Poetry and gaming, which uſually go together, are alike in this too, that they ſeldom bring any advantage but to thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on. Men of eſtates almoſt conſtantly go away loſers; and 'tis well if they eſcape at a cheaper rate, than their whole eſtates, or the greateſt part of them. If therefore you would not have your ſon the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the ſparks could not reliſh their wine, nor know how to ſpend an afternoon idly; if you would not have him waſte his time and eſtate to divert others, and contemn the dirty acres left him by his anceſtors, I do not think you will much care he ſhould be a poet."

This ignorance of poetry is even worſe than the Dutch idea of it. But this, and his opinion of Blackmore, fully prove, that Locke, however great in other reſpects, knew no difference between a Shakeſpeare, that unequalled philoſopher of the paſſions, and the dulleſt Grub-ſtreet plodder; between a Milton and the tavern rhymers of the days of the ſecond Charles.

But

the true ſpirit of poetry and the human affections than a Burleigh. In ancient Greece, the works of Homer were

---

But Milton's knowledge of the affections diſcovered in the cultivation of the muſes an uſe of the firſt importance. A taſte formed by the great poetry, he eſteems as the ultimate refinement of the underſtanding. "This (ſays he, in his Tractate on the Education of Youth) would make them ſoon perceive, what deſpicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and ſhew them what religious, what glorious and magnificent uſe might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right ſeaſon of forming them to be able writers and compoſers [illegible] every excellent matter . . . whether they be to ſpeak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then alſo appear in pulpits other viſages, other geſtures, and ſtuff otherwiſe wrought, than what we now ſit under."—Milton evidently alludes to the general [illegible] of the furious ſectaries of his own time. The furious bigots of every ſect have been as remarkable for their inelegance as for their rage. And the cultivation of polite literature has ever been found the beſt preventive of gloomy enthuſiaſm, and religious intolerance. In Milton, and every great poet, the poet and ſublime philoſopher are united, though Milton was perhaps the only man of his age, who perceived this union or ſameneſs of character. Lord Clarendon ſeems to have conſidered poetry merely as puerile ſing-ſong. Waller, he ſays, addicted himſelf to poetry at thirty, the time when others leave it off. Nor was Charles I. leſs unhappy in his eſtimate of it. In the dedication of Sir John Denham's works to Charles II. we have this remarkable paſſage: "One morn-"ing, waiting upon him (Charles I.) at *Cauſham*, ſmiling upon me, he "ſaid he could tell me ſome news of myſelf, which was that he had ſeen "ſome verſes of mine the evening before, and aſking me when I made "them, I told him two or three years ſince; he was pleaſed to ſay, that "having never ſeen them before, he was *afraid* I had written them ſince "my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would adviſe "me to write no more, alleging, that when men are young, and have *little* "*elſe to do*, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but "when they were thought fit for more ſerious employments, if they ſtill "perſiſted in that courſe, it would look as if they minded not the way to "any better." Yet this monarch, who could perceive nothing but idle puerility in poetry, was the zealous patron of architecture, ſculpture, and painting; and his favourite, the duke of Buckingham, laid out the enormous ſum of 400,000l. on paintings and curioſities. But had Charles's bounty given a Shakeſpeare or a Milton to the public, he would have done his kingdoms infinitely more ſervice than if he had imported into England all the pictures and all the antiques in the world.

The

were called the leſſon or philoſophy of kings; and Bacon deſcribes the effects of poetry in the moſt exalted terms. What is deficient of perfection in hiſtory and nature, poetry ſupplies; it thus erects the mind, and confers magnanimity, morality, and delight; "and therefore," ſays he, "it was ever thought to have ſome participation of divineneſs *." The love of poetry is ſo natural to the

---

The reader who is deſirous to ſee a philoſophical character of the natural and acquired qualifications neceſſary to form a great poet will find it delineated, in a maſterly manner, in Raſſelas, Prince of Abyſſinia, an Eaſtern tale, by Dr. Johnſon.

* His high idea of poetry is thus philoſophically explained by the great Bacon:

"So likewiſe I finde, ſome particular writings of an elegant nature, touchg ſome of the affections, as of *anger*, of *comfort*, *upon adverſe accidents*, of tenderneſſe of countenance, and other. But the poets and writers of hiſtories are the beſt doctors of this knowledge; where we find painted forth with the life, how affections are kindled and incited, and how pacified and reſtrained: and how againe contained from act and farther degree: how they diſcloſe themſelves, how they worke, how they vary, how they gather and fortify, how they are inwrapped one within another, and how they doe fight and encounter one with another, and other the like particularities; amongſt the which this laſt is of ſpecial uſe in moral and civile matters."

Here poetry is ranked with hiſtory; in the following its effect on the paſſions is preferred.

"The uſe of this fained Hiſtory (*Poetry*) hath been to give ſome ſhadowe of ſatisfaction to the mind of man in thoſe points in which nature doth deny it: the world being in proportion inferior to the ſoul: By reaſon whereof there is agreeable to the ſpirit of man a more ample greatneſſe, a more exact goodneſſe, and a more abſolute variety than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, becauſe the events of true hiſtory have not that magnitude which ſatisfieth the mind of man, Poeſy ſayneth acts and events greater and more heroicall; becauſe true hiſtory propoundeth the ſucceſſes and iſſues of actions not ſo agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice; therefore Poeſy faynes them more juſt in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence: becauſe true hiſtory repreſenteth actions and events more ordinary and leſs interchanged; therefore Poeſy endueth them with more rareneſſe, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So then it appeareth that Poeſy ſerveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, the ſtronger affections, that the moſt barbarous nations delight in it. And always it is found, that as the rude war ſong and eulogy of the dead hero refine, the manners of the age refine alſo. The hiſtory of the ſtages of poetry is the philoſophical hiſtory of manners; the only hiſtory in which, with certainty, we can behold the true character of paſt ages. True civilization, and a humaniſed taſte of the mental pleaſures, are therefore ſynonimous terms. And moſt certain it is, where feeling and affection reſide in the breaſt, theſe muſt be moſt forcibly kindled and called into action by the animated repreſentations, and living fire, of the great poetry. Nor may Milton's evidence be rejected, for though a poet himſelf, his judgment is founded on nature. According to him, a true taſte for the great poetry gives a refinement and energy to all other ſtudies, and is of the laſt importance in forming the ſenator and the gentleman. That the poetry of Camoëns merits this high character, in a ſingular manner, he that reads it with taſte and attention muſt own: A diſſertation on it, however, is the duty of the tranſlator.

rality, and delectation; and therefore it was ever thought to have ſome participation of divineneſſe, becauſe it doth raiſe and erect the mind, by ſubmitting the ſhewes of things to the deſires of the mind; whereas reaſon doth humble and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

DISSERTATION ON THE LUSIAD,

AND

OBSERVATIONS UPON EPIC POETRY.

VOLTAIRE, when he was in England, previous to the publication of his Henriade, publiſhed in * Engliſh an Eſſay on the Epic Poetry of the European Nations. In

---

* In his French editions of this Eſſay, he has made various alterations, at different times, in the article of Camoëns. The original Engliſh, however, ſhall be here cited, and the French alterations attended to as they occur. Nor is it improper to premiſe, that ſome moſt curious falſities will be detected; the groſs miſrepreſentation of every objection refuted; and demonſtration brought, that when Voltaire wrote his Engliſh Eſſay, his knowledge of the Luſiad was entirely borrowed from a very ſlight acquaintance with the bald, harſh, unpoetical verſion of Fanſhaw.

" While Triſſino, ſays Voltaire, was clearing away the rubbiſh in Italy, which barbarity and ignorance had heaped up for ten centuries, in the way of the arts and ſciences, Camouëns in Portugal ſteered a new courſe, and acquired a reputation which laſts

In this he highly praiſed and ſeverely attacked the Luſiad. Yet this criticiſm, though moſt ſuperficial and erroneous,

laſts ſtill among his countrymen, who pay as much reſpect to his memory, as the Engliſh to Milton.

" He was a ſtrong inſtance of the irreſiſtible impulſe of nature, which determines a true genius to follow the bent of his talents, in ſpight of all the obſtacles which would check his courſe.

" His infancy loſt amidſt the idleneſs and ignorance of the court of Liſbon; his youth ſpent in romantic loves, or in the war againſt the Moors; his long voyages at ſea, in his riper years; his misfortunes at court, the revolutions of his country, none of all theſe could ſuppreſs his genius.

" Emmanuel the ſecond king of Portugal, having a mind to find a new way to the Eaſt Indies by the ocean, ſent Velaſco de Gama with a fleet in the year 1497, to that undertaking, which being new, was accounted raſh and impracticable, and which of courſe gained him a great reputation when it ſucceeded.

" Camouëns followed Velaſco de Gama in that dangerous voyage, led by his friendſhip to him, and by a noble curioſity, which ſeldom fails to be the character of men born with a great imagination.

" He took his voyage for the ſubject of his poem; he enjoy'd the ſenſible pleaſure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend, and the things he was an eye-witneſs of.

" He wrote his poem, part on the Atlantic Sea, and partly on the Indian ſhore. I ought not to omit, that on a ſhipwrack on the coaſts of Malabar, he ſwam aſhore, holding-up his poem in one hand, which otherwiſe had been perhaps loſt for ever.

" Such a new ſubject, managed by an uncommon genius, could not but produce a ſort of Epic Poetry unheard of before. There no bloody wars are fought, no heroes wounded in a thouſand different ous, has been generally eſteemed throughout Europe, as the true character of that poem. The great objections

ferent ways; no woman enticed away, and the world overturn'd for her cauſe; no empire founded; in ſhort, nothing of what was deemed before the only ſubject of poetry.

The poet conducts the Portugueſe fleet to the mouth of the Ganges, round the coaſts of Africk. He takes notice in the way, of many nations who live upon the African ſhore. He interweaves artfully the hiſtory of *Portugal*. The ſimplicity of his ſubject, is raiſ'd by ſome fictions of different kinds, which I think not improper to acquaint the reader with.

"When the fleet is ſailing in the ſight of the Cape of Good Hope, call'd then the Cape of the Storms, a formidable ſhape appears to them, walking in the depth of the ſea; his head reaches to the clouds, the ſtorms, the winds, the thunders, and the lightnings hang about him; his arms are extended over the waves. 'Tis the guardian of that foreign ocean unplow'd before by any ſhip. He complains of being oblig'd to ſubmit to fate, and to the audacious undertaking of the Portugueſe, and foretels them all the misfortunes which they muſt undergo in the Indies. I believe, that ſuch a fiction would be thought noble and proper, in all ages, and in all nations.

"There is another, which perhaps would have pleas'd the Italians as well as the Portugueſe, but no other nation beſides: It is the inchanted iſland, call'd the Iſland of Bliſs, which the fleet finds in her way home, juſt riſing from the ſea, for their comfort and for their reward: Camouëns deſcribes that place, as Taſſo did ſome years after, his iſland of Armida. There a ſupernatural power brings in all the beauties, and preſents all the pleaſures which nature can afford, and which the heart may wiſh for; a Goddeſs enamour'd with Velaſco de Gama, carries him to the top of an high mountain, from whence ſhe ſhews him all the kingdoms of the earth, and foretels the fate of Portugal.

"After

jections upon which he condemns it, are, an abſurd mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan mythology, and a want of

" After Camouëns hath given looſe to his fancy, in the laſcivious deſcription of the pleaſures which Gama and his crew enjoy'd in the iſland; he takes care to inform the reader, that he ought to underſtand by this fiction, nothing but the ſatisfaction which the virtuous man feels, and the glory which accrues to him by the practice of virtue; but the beſt excuſe for ſuch an invention, is, the charming ſtile in which it is deliver'd (if we believe the Portugueſe); for the beauty of the elocution makes ſometimes amends for the faults of the poets, as the colouring of Rubens makes ſome defects in his figures paſs unregarded.

" There is *another* kind of machinery continued throughout all the Poem, which nothing can excuſe, in any country whatever; 'tis an unjudicious mixture of the Heathen Gods with our Religion. Gama in a ſtorm addreſſes his prayers to Chriſt, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief; the heroes are Chriſtians, and the poet heathen. The main deſign which the Portugueſe are ſuppos'd to have (next to promoting their trade) is to propagate Chriſtianity; yet Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, have in their hands all the management of the voyage. So incongruous a machinery, caſts a blemiſh upon the whole Poem; yet ſhews at the ſame time, how prevailing are its beauties, ſince the Portugueſe like it with all its faults.

" Camouëns hath a great deal of true wit, and not a little ſhare of falſe; his imagination hurries him into great abſurdities. I remember, that after Velaſco de Gama hath related his adventures to the king of Melinda, now, ſays he, O king, judge if Ulyſſes, and Æneas, have travelled ſo far, and undergone ſo many hardſhips. As if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.

" His poem, in my opinion, is full of numberleſs faults and beauties, thick ſown near one another; and almoſt in every page there is ſomething to laugh at, and ſomething to be delighted with. Among his moſt lucky thoughts, I muſt take notice of two, of unity in the action and conduct. For the mixture of mythology, a defence ſhall be offered, and the wild exaggerations

two, for the likeneſs which they bear to two moſt celebrated paſſages of Waller, and Sir John Denham.

" Waller ſays, in his Epiſtle to Zelinda;

Thy matchleſs form will credit bring,
To all the wonders I can ſing.

" Camouëns ſays, in ſpeaking of the voyages of the Argonautes, and of Ulyſſes, that the undertaking of the Portugueſe ſhall give credit to all thoſe fables, in ſurpaſſing them.

" Sir John Denham, in his Poem on Cooper's-Hill, ſays to the Thames;

O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream,
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

" Camouëns addreſſes the Nymphs of Tagus in the like manner; " O Nymphs, if ever I ſung of you, inſpire me now with new and ſtrong lays; let my ſtile flow like your waves; let it be deep and clear, as your waters, &c."

Such is the original criticiſm of Voltaire on the Luſiad. And never, perhaps, was there ſuch a random reverie, ſuch a maſs of miſrepreſentations and falſities as the whole of it exhibits. The moſt excuſeable parts of it are ſuperficial in the higheſt degree. Both the poet and the hero are miſnamed by him. The name of the hero has been corrected, that of *Camouëns* remains ſtill in Voltaire, the only author who ever ſpelled it in this manner. There never was an Emmanuel the ſecond of Portugal. Camoëns was not ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Malabar, but on the river Mecon in Cochin-China. " That Gama went a *new way* to the Eaſt Indies *by the ocean*," though corrected in the edition of 1768, affords a moſt ſtriking proof of Voltaire's very careleſs peruſal aggerations of Voltaire expoſed. And an examen of the conduct of the Luſiad will clearly evince, that the Eneid itſelf

peruſal of the Luſiad, at the time when he firſt preſumed to condemn it. For it is often repeated in the poem, that there was no way to India by the ocean before. That *the infancy* of Camoëns was *loſt amidſt the idleneſs and ignorance of the court of Liſbon*, is certainly falſe. His *youth* could not have been ſpent in idleneſs or ignorance, for his works diſplay a moſt maſterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature.

Though Voltaire has corrected his error in ſending Camoëns to the Eaſt Indies along with Gama, ſuch an original unparalleled romance ought to be recorded. Gama ſailed on the diſcovery of India in 1497. Camoëns was born in 1517, and was not ſeven years of age when Gama died. Theſe facts were immediately objected to Voltaire, but at firſt he would not yield. Contrary to the teſtimony of Camoëns himſelf, and every circumſtance of his life, an * hypotheſis muſt defend this favourite ſuppoſition. In his Amſterdam edition of 1738, Voltaire boldly aſſerts itſelf is not more perfect in that connection, which is requiſite to form one whole, according to the ſtricteſt rules of Epic unity.

---

* This *honeſt* hypotheſis, which makes Camoëns a Spaniard, is of a piece with another of the ſame ingenious author. In his *unhappy* † Eſſay on Epic Poetry, he aſſerted, that Milton built his Paradiſe Loſt upon an Italian comedy, written by one Andreino. This was immediately denied, and even ſome Italian literati declared, that no ſuch author or comedy was known in Italy. Voltaire, however, would not yield, and very gravely he tells the reader, "*Il n'eſt pas etonnant*—it is not at all aſtoniſhing, that having carefully ſearched in England for whatever related to that great man (*Milton*) I ſhould diſcover circumſtances of his life, of which the public were ignorant."—This, therefore, is the authority from which we are to believe that Milton borrowed his Paradiſe Loſt from a comedy which nobody ever ſaw. From the ſame reſearches in England, Voltaire alſo learned other circumſtances, of which the public were totally ignorant. The writing by which Milton ſold his Paradiſe Loſt to one Simmonds, a bookſeller, is ſtill extant. But Voltaire diſcovered, that he ſold it to *Tompſon* for thirty piſtoles, "*enfin Tompſon lui donna trente piſtoles de cet ouvrage.*" Lord Sommers and Dr. Atterbury, (he adds,) reſolving that England ſhould have an epic poem; prevailed on the heirs of *Tompſon* (he means *Tonſon*, perhaps) to print a ſplendid edition of it. And Addiſon wrote (ſays he) and the Engliſh were perſuaded, that they had an epic poem.

† Yet, in the ſame eſſay, he gives a true *Voltairiſm*; he condemns this very *aſſertion*: Talking of the plagiaries aſcribed to Virgil, "All that," ſays he, "ought to be flatly denied—'Tis juſt as ſome people ſay Milton hath "ſtolen his poem from an Italian ſtroller called *Andreino*."

The

aſſerts that Camoëns was a Spaniard, born in the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabel, that he came to Liſbon in the firſt year of Emmanuel, and was in intimate friendſhip with Gama, whom he accompanied in his firſt voyage. Certain it is, however, by the archives of Portugal, that Camoëns was in the Eaſt about ſeventy-two years after this voyage; and that, according to this hypotheſis of Voltaire, he muſt have been near an hundred years old when he publiſhed his Luſiad. Voltaire, however, at laſt, confeſſes that Camoëns did not accompany Gama. Yet ſuch is his accuracy, that even in the edition of 1768, in an eſſay which he calls *Idée de la Henriade*, a few pages before this confeſſion, the old aſſertion is ſtill retained. "*Le Camouëns, qui eſt le Virgile de Portugais a celebré un événement dont il avait été temoin lui-même.* Camouëns, the Portugueſe Virgil, has celebrated an event of which he himſelf had been witneſs."

No anecdotes ever threw more light upon a character than theſe throw upon that of Voltaire. The aſſertion that the Epic Poet *enjoyed the ſenſible pleaſure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend and the things he was an eye-witneſs of,* can only be accounted for by the ſuppoſition, that Voltaire was pleaſed with the idea, and in a little time miſtook his ſtrong impreſſion for the remembrance of a fact. The laboured abſurd hypotheſis, which would defend this fanciful error, cannot be placed in ſo fair a light. And the error confeſſed, and ſtill retained, is a true *Voltairiſm*. Yet the idea of his accuracy which theſe accounts of the poet muſt inſpire, will even be heightened by the examination of his criticiſm on the poem. The narrative of a voyage conſtitutes great part of the Odyſſey, and of the Eneid; and forms the body of the Luſiad. Yet the Luſiad, ſays Voltaire, contains *nothing of what was deemed before the only ſubject of poetry*. It forms, indeed, *a ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before*: but here Voltaire's objection points out its true praiſe. *No heroes*, ſays he, *are wounded a thouſand different ways, no*

The term Epopœia is derived from the Greek, Ἔπος, *diſcourſe*, and hence the Epic may be rendered the narrative poem.

woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cauſe.—And muſt the fate of Helen, and the thouſand different wounds deſcribed by Homer, be copied by every Epic Poet? If this ſentence has any meaning, this is included. Yet what is this *puerility* of criticiſm in compariſon of Voltaire's aſſertions, that in the Luſiad *no bloody wars are fought, no empire founded?*—If the deſtruction of Troy be allowed to be in the Eneid, there are wars enough in the poem of Camoëns. The effect of fire-arms on people who never before beheld thoſe dreadful engines, and a hoſtile town burnt by a fleet, are finely deſcribed in that part which is called the action of the Epic Poem. But Voltaire was as utter a ſtranger to the firſt book of the Luſiad, as to the One ſubject of the poem, The founding of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt. *No battle fought, no empire founded!* What inſult to the literary world is this! A late correction will never diſprove his ignorance when he wrote this. Should a pretended critic on Virgil tell his reader that the poet conducted Eneas to the mouth of the Thames, could we believe he was acquainted with his author? Yet Voltaire tells us, that Camoëns *conducts the Portugueſe fleet to the mouth of the Ganges round the coaſts of Afric.*——Camoëns, indeed, conducts his fleet to Calicut on the coaſt of Malabar. But though the ſcene of the action of the four laſt books lies upon this coaſt, Voltaire was not happy enough to *dip* into any of the numerous paſſages which fix the geography. He has, therefore, given the voyage of Gama a dimenſion almoſt as much beyond the real one given by Camoëns, as the Weſt Indies are diſtant from England. Such errors are convincing proofs that Voltaire only *dipt* here and there into the Luſiad, even after the critics ſet him right in ſome places; for this groſs error is ſtill retained. But a miſrepreſentation, not founded on ignorance, now offers itſelf. *Gama, in a ſtorm,* ſays Voltaire, *addreſſes his prayers to Chriſt, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief.*—A bold aſſertion ſtill alſo retained, but there is no ſuch paſſage in the Luſiad. Gama, in a tempeſt, prays to "the holy Power, to whom nothing is impoſſible, the ſovereign poem. In the full latitude of this definition, ſome Italian critics have contended, that the poems of Dante and Arioſto

---

" of earth, ſea, and land, who led Iſrael through the waves, " who delivered Paul, and who protected the children of the " ſecond father of the world from the deluge." But Chriſt is not once mentioned in the whole paſſage. To ſay that Gama was a good Catholic, and intended Chriſt under theſe appellations, is unworthy of poetical criticiſm, for the whole ridicule conſiſts in the oppoſition of the names of Chriſt and Venus. Such is the candour of Voltaire! Nor is it difficult to trace the ſource of this unfair repreſentation. Fanſhaw thus tranſlates the mention of Paul,

> Thou who didſt keep and ſave *thy ſervant* Paul—

Monſieur Voltaire wanted no more. *Thy ſervant* Paul was to him enough to vindicate the ridicule he chuſed to beſtow. But unhappily for the miſguided critic, the original ſays only, *Tu que livraſte Paulo*—thou who deliveredſt Paul.—And thus we are furniſhed with a ſure hint of the medium by which our critic ſtudied the Luſiad. To this laſt unbluſhing falſity, that *Gama prays to Chriſt*, is added in the edition of 1768, " *Bacchus & la Vierge Marie ſe trouveront tout naturellement enſemble.* Bacchus and the Virgin Mary are very naturally found together." If words have meaning, this informs the reader, that they are found together in the Luſiad. Yet the truth is, in the whole poem there is no ſuch perſonage as the Virgin Mary.

After theſe groſs falſities, Voltaire adds, " *A parler ſerieuſement, un merveilleux ſi abſurde, defigure tout l'ouvrage aux yeux de lecteurs ſenſés.* To ſpeak ſeriouſly, ſuch an abſurdity in the marvellous, disfigures the whole work in the eyes of ſenſible readers." —To ſuch as take Voltaire's word for it, it muſt indeed ſeem disfigured; but what literary murder is this! Nor does it end here. A ſimile muſt enforce the ſhameleſs miſrepreſentation. " *It is like the works of Paul Veroneſe, who has placed Benedictine fathers and Swiſs ſoldiers among his paintings from the Old Teſtament.*" And to this alſo is added, " *Le Camouëns tombe preſque toujours*

Arioſto were Epic. But theſe conſiſt of various detached actions, which do not conſtitute one whole. In this manner Telemachus

toujours dans de telles diſparates. Camouëns almoſt continually falls into ſuch extravagancies." Yet with equal juſtice may this ſentence be applied to Virgil; and peculiarly unhappy is the inſtance which Voltaire immediately gives: "*I remember*, ſays he, *Vaſco de Gama ſays to the king of Melinda, O' king, judge if Ulyſſes and Eneas have travelled ſo far, and undergone ſo many hardſhips: as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.*" This ſentence is ſtill retained in Voltaire's laſt edition of his works. But, according to hiſtory, the Melindians were a humane and poliſhed people; their buildings elegant, and in the manner of Spain. The royal family and grandees were Mohammedan Arabs, deſcended of thoſe tribes, whoſe learning, when it ſuits his purpoſe, is the boaſt of Voltaire. The prince of Melinda with whom Gama converſed, is thus deſcribed by the excellent hiſtorian Oſorius: "*In omni*
"*autem ſermone princeps ille non hominis barbari ſpecimen dabat, ſed*
"*ingenium et prudentiam eo loco dignam pre ſe ferebat*—In the
"whole converſation the prince betrayed no ſign of the barba-
"rian; on the contrary, he carried himſelf with a politeneſs and
"intelligence worthy of his rank."—It is alſo certain, that this prince, whom Voltaire is pleaſed to call a barbarous African, had ſufficient opportunity to be acquainted with Homer, for the writings of Homer are tranſlated into the Syriac, in a dialect of which the interpreters of Gama talked with the prince of Melinda †.

"The

---

† The Arabs have not only innumerable volumes of their own, but their language is alſo enriched with tranſlations of ſeveral Greek writers. The fate of Euclid is well known. And to mention only two of their authors, Ben-Shohna, who died in 1478, a little before the arrival of Gama, wrote an univerſal hiſtory, which he calls *Rawdhat a'menadhir ſi îlm alawail walawachir*; that is, the meadow of the eye of antient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote an hiſtory in Arabic, in ten chapters, the firſt of which treats of the Patriarchs, from Adam to Moſes; the ſecond of the Judges and Kings of Iſrael; the third of the Jewiſh kings; the fourth of the Kings of Chaldea; the fifth of the Kings of the Magi; the ſixth of the ancient Pagan Greeks; the ſeventh of the Romans; the eighth of the Conſtantinopolitan Emperors; the ninth of

Telemachus and the Faerie Queene are alſo Epic poems. A definition more reſtricted, however, a definition deſcrip-
tive

“ The Luſiad, *in my opinion*, ſays Voltaire, *is full of numberleſs faults and beauties, thick ſown near one another, and almoſt in every page there is ſomething to laugh at, and ſomething to be delighted with.*” This ſentence, though omitted in the French editions, had ſome ſource, and that ſource we ſhall eaſily trace. Nor is the character of the king of Melinda ſo groſsly falſified by Voltaire, as the character of the Luſiad of Camoëns is here miſrepreſented. Except the polite repartee of Veloſo, (*of which ſee p.* 59. vol. ii.) there are not above two or three paſſages in the whole poem, which even border upon conceit. The moſt uniform ſimplicity of manly diction is the true character of the Portugueſe Luſiad: Where then did Voltaire find the *falſe wit*, and *ſomething to laugh at almoſt in every page?* If there be a tranſlation which ſtrictly deſerves this character, we cannot ſuppoſe that Voltaire hit *this* character, and at the ſame time was ſo wide of the original, merely by chance. No, he dipt into Fanſhaw's Luſiad, where, in every page, there are puns, conceits, and low quaint expreſſions, uncountenanced by the original. Some citations from Fanſhaw will ſoon juſtify this character of his work. Yet, however deciſive this proof may be, it is not the only one. The reſemblance found by Voltaire between Sir John Denham's addreſs to the Thames, and that of Camoëns to the nymphs of the Tagus, does not exiſt in the original. This ſentence, *Let my ſtile flow like your waves, let it be deep and clear as your waters*—contains indeed the ſame alluſion as that expreſſed in the lines cited by Voltaire from Denham. But no ſuch idea or alluſion exiſts in the Portugueſe. Though Voltaire ſtill retains this ſentence, its want of authenticity has been detected by ſeveral critics. But it was left for the preſent tranſlator to diſcover the ſource of this wide miſ-tranſlation. He ſuſpected the alluſion
might

of the Arabian Mohammedan King; and the tenth of the Moguls. The ſame author acquaints us, that Homer's two works are elegantly tranſlated into the Syriac; which language is ſiſter to that ſpoken by the Arabs of Melinda. Camoëns, who was in the country, knew the learning of the Arabians. Voltaire, led by the deſire to condemn, was hurried into abſurdities, from which a moment's conſideration would have preſerved him.

tive of the nobleſt ſpecies of poetry, has been given by Ariſtotle; and the greateſt critics have followed him, in appropriating to this ſpecies the term of Epopœia, or Epic.

might be in Fanſhaw, and in Fanſhaw he found it. The nymphs of the Tagus are in Sir Richard's verſion thus addreſſed:

> If I in low, yet tuneful verſe, the praiſe
> Of your ſweet river always did proclaim,
> Inſpire me now with high and thundering lays,
> *Give me them clear and flowing like his ſtream.*

He who has read Camoëns and Fanſhaw, will be convinced where Voltaire found the *ſomething to laugh at in every page*. He who has read neither the original nor that tranſlation, will now perceive that Voltaire's opinion of the Luſiad was drawn from a very partial acquaintance with the unfaithful and unpoetical verſion of Fanſhaw.

And, as if all his miſrepreſentations of the Luſiad were not enough, a new and moſt capital objection is added in the late editions of Voltaire. "*Mais de tous les defauts de ce poëme*, &c. But of all the faults of this poem, the greateſt is the want of connection, which reigns in every part of it. It reſembles the voyage which is its ſubject. The adventures ſucceed one another, (*a wonderful objection,*) and the poet has no other art, than to tell his tales well." Indeed! but the reader cannot *now* be ſurpriſed at any of our critic's miſrepreſentations, a critic, who in many inſtances has violently condemned the Luſiad UPON CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH HAVE NO PLACE IN THAT POEM.

After publication of the firſt edition of the Luſiad, the tranſlator was informed of the following anecdote: when Voltaire's *Eſſay on Epic Poetry* was at the preſs in London, he happened to ſhew a proof-ſheet of it to Colonel Bladon, the tranſlator of Cæſar's Commentaries. The Colonel, who had been in Portugal, aſked him if he had read the Luſiad; Voltaire confeſſed he had never ſeen it, and could not read Portugueſe. The Colonel put Fanſhaw's tranſlation into his hands, and in leſs than a fortnight after, Voltaire's *Critique* made its appearance.

The ſubject of the Epopœia, according to that great father of criticiſm, muſt be one. One action muſt be invariably purſued, and heightened through different ſtages, till the cataſtrophe cloſe it in ſo complete a manner, that any farther addition would only inform the reader of what he already perceives. Yet in purſuing this one end, collateral epiſodes not only give that variety, ſo eſſential to good poetry, but, under judicious management, aſſiſt in the moſt pleaſing manner to facilitate and produce the unravelment, or cataſtrophe. Thus the anger of Achilles is the ſubject of the Iliad. He withdraws his aſſiſtance from the Greeks. The efforts and diſtreſſes of the Grecian army in his abſence, and the triumphs of Hector, are the conſequences of his rage. In the utmoſt danger of the Greeks, he permits his friend Patroclus to go to battle. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, to revenge his fall, ruſhes to the field. Hector is killed, the Trojans defeated, and the rage of Achilles is ſoothed by the obſequies of his friend. And thus alſo the ſubject of the Eneid is one. The remains of the Trojan nation, to whom a ſeat of empire is promiſed by the oracle, are repreſented as endangered by a tempeſt at ſea. They land at Carthage. Eneas, their leader, relates the fate of Troy to the hoſpitable queen; but is ordered by Jupiter to fulfil the prophecies, and go in ſearch of the promiſed ſeat of that empire, which was one day to command the world. Eneas again ſets ſail, many adventures befal him. He at laſt lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war enſues, and the poem concludes with the death of the rival of Eneas. In both theſe great poems, a machinery ſuitable to the allegorical religion of thoſe times is preſerved. Juno is the guardian of the Greeks, Venus of the Trojans. Narrative poetry without fiction can never pleaſe. Without fiction it muſt want the marvellous, which is the very ſoul of poeſy; and hence a machinery is indiſpenſible in the Epic poem. The conduct and machinery of the Luſiad are as follow: The poem opens with a view of the Portugueſe fleet before a proſperous gale on the coaſt of Ethiopia. The crews, however, are worn with labour, and their ſafety depends upon their fortune in a friendly harbour. The Gods of ancient or poetical mythology are repreſented as in council. The fate of the Eaſtern world depends upon the ſucceſs of the fleet. But as we trace the machinery of the Luſiad, let us remember that, like the machinery of Homer and Virgil, it is alſo allegorical. Jupiter, or the Lord of Fate, pronounces that the Luſians ſhall be proſperous. Bacchus, the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammediſm, who was worſhipped in the Eaſt, foreſeeing that his empire and altars would be overturned, oppoſes Jove, or Fate. The celeſtial Venus, or heavenly Love, pleads for the Luſians. Mars, or divine Fortitude, encourages the Lord of Fate to remain unaltered; and Maia's ſon, the Meſſenger of Heaven, is ſent to lead the navy to a friendly harbour. The fleet arrives at Mozambic. Bacchus, like Juno in the Eneid, raiſes a commotion againſt the Luſians. A battle enſues, and the victorious fleet purſue their voyage under the care of a Mooriſh pilot, who adviſes them to enter the harbour of Quiloa. According to hiſtory, they attempted this harbour, where their deſtruction would have been inevitable; but they were driven from it by the violence of a ſudden tempeſt. The poet, in the true ſpirit of Homer and Virgil, aſcribes this to the celeſtial Venus,

—— whoſe watchful care
Had ever been their guide ——

They now arrive at Mombaſſa. The malice of the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammediſm, ſtill excites the arts of treachery againſt them. Hermes, the Meſſenger of Heaven, in a dream, in the ſpirit of Homer, warns the hero of the poem of his danger, and commands him to ſteer for Melinda. There he arrives, and is received by the prince in the moſt friendly manner. Here the hero receives the firſt certain intelligence or hope of India. The prince of Melinda's admiration of the fortitude and prowess of his gueſts, the firſt who had ever dared to paſs the unknown ocean by Cape Corrientes, (ſee p. 77. vol. ii.) artfully prepares the reader for a long epiſode. The poem of Virgil contains the hiſtory of the Roman empire to his own time. Camoëns perceived this, and trod in his ſteps. The hiſtory of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only neceſſary to give their new ally an high idea of the Luſian prowess and ſpirit, but alſo naturally leads to, and accounts for the voyage of Gama: the event, which, in its conſequences, ſums up the Portugueſe honours. It is as requiſite for Gama to tell the riſe of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Eneas to relate to Dido the cauſe of his voyage, the deſtruction of Troy. Pleaſed with the fame of their nation, the king of Melinda vows laſting friendſhip with the Luſians, and gives them a faithful pilot. As they ſail acroſs the great Indian ocean, the machinery is again employed. The evil dæmon implores Neptune and the powers of the ſea to raiſe a tempeſt to deſtroy the fleet. The ſailors on the night-watch fortify their courage by relating the valiant acts of their countrymen; and an epiſode, in the true poetical ſpirit of chivalry, is introduced. Thus Achilles in his tent is repreſented as ſinging to his lyre the praiſes of heroes. And in the Epic conduct, this narrative and the tales told by Neſtor, either to reſtrain or inflame the rage of the Grecian chiefs, are certainly the ſame.

The accumulation of the tempeſt in the meanwhile is finely deſcribed. It now deſcends. Celeſtial Venus perceives the danger of her fleet. She is introduced by the appearance of her ſtar, a ſtroke of poetry which would have ſhined in the Eneid. The tempeſt is in its utmoſt rage,

> The ſky and ocean blending each on fire,
> Seem'd as all nature ſtruggled to expire,
> When now the ſilver ſtar of Love appear'd;
> Bright in her eaſt her radiant front ſhe rear'd;
> Fair through the horrid ſtorm the gentle ray
> Announced the promiſe of the cheerful day.
> From her bright throne celeſtial Love beheld
> The tempeſt burn——

And in the true ſpirit of Homer's allegory (*ſee the note, p. 124. vol. ii.*) ſhe calls her nymphs, and by their miniſtry ſtills the tempeſt. Gama now arrives in India. Every circumſtance riſes from the preceding one; and, as fully pointed out in the notes, the conduct in every circumſtance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may poſſibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accompliſhed his purpoſe in India, ſets ſail for Europe, and the machinery is for the laſt time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raiſes a Paradiſaical iſland in the ſea. Voltaire, in his Engliſh Eſſay, has ſaid, that no nation but the Portugueſe and Italians could be pleaſed with this fiction. In the French he has ſuppreſſed this ſentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the ſailors. Yet this idea of it is as falſe as it is groſs. Every thing in the iſland of Love reſembles the ſtatue of Venus de Medicis. The deſcription is warm indeed, but it is chaſte as the firſt loves of Adam and Eve in Milton; and entirely free from that groſſneſs (*ſee the note*, p. 335. vol. ii.) often to be found in Dante, Arioſto, Spenſer, and in Milton himſelf. After the poet has explained the allegory of the iſland of Love, the goddeſs of the Ocean gives her hand and commits her empire to Gama, whom ſhe conducts to her palace, where, in a prophetic ſong, he hears the actions of the heroes who were to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt. In Epic conduct nothing can be more maſterly. The funeral games in honour of Patroclus, after the Iliad has turned upon its great hinge, the death of Hector, are here moſt happily imitated, after the Luſiad has alſo turned upon its great hinge, the diſcovery of India. The conduct is the ſame, though not one feature is borrowed. Ulyſſes and Eneas are ſent to viſit the regions of the dead; and Voltaire's hero muſt alſo be conveyed to hell and heaven. But how ſuperior is the ſpirit of Camoëns! He parallels theſe ſtriking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the iſland of Bliſs, and Æneas in Hell, are in Epic conduct exactly the ſame; and in this unborrowing ſameneſs, he *artfully interweaves the hiſtory of Portugal: artfully* as Voltaire himſelf confeſſes. The epiſode with the king of Melinda, the deſcription of the painted enſigns, and the prophetic ſong, are parallel in manner and purpoſe with the epiſode of Dido, the ſhield of Eneas, and the viſion in Elyſium. To appeaſe the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purpoſes of the Iliad and Eneid; the one effected by the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, rendered certain by the death of Turnus. In like manner, to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe Chriſtian empire in the Eaſt, is the grand deſign of the Luſiad, rendered certain by the happy return of Gama. And thus, in the true ſpirit of the Epopœia, ends the Luſiad, a poem where every circumſtance riſes in juſt gradation, till the whole is ſummed up in the moſt perfect unity of Epic action.

The machinery of Homer, (*ſee the note*, p. 124. vol. ii.) contains a moſt perfect and maſterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taſte when Camoëns wrote; and their poetical manners were every where adopted. That he eſteemed his own as allegorical, he aſſures us in the end of the ninth book, and in one of his letters. But a proof, even more determinate, occurs in the opening of the poem. Caſtera, the French tranſlator, by his over refinement, has much miſrepreſented the allegory of the Luſiad. Mars, who never appears but once in the firſt book, he tells us, ſignifies Jeſus Chriſt. This explanation, ſo open to ridicule, is every way unneceſſary; and ſurely never entered the thought of Camoēns. It is evident, however, that he intended the guardian powers of Chriſtianity and Mohammediſm under the two principal perſonages of his machinery. Words cannot be plainer:

Where'er this people ſhould their empire raiſe,
She knew her altars ſhould unnumber'd blaze;
And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine
Be humaniſed and taught her lore divine:
Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd.

And the ſame idea is on every opportunity repeated and enforced. Pagan mythology had its celeſtial, as well as terreſtrial Venus *. The celeſtial Venus is therefore the moſt

---

* The celeſtial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The paſſage ſtands in the Sympoſion of that author as follows:

Παντες γαρ ισμεν οτι ουκ εστιν ανευ Ερωτος Αφροδιτη· ταυτης δε μιας μεν ουσης, εις αν ην Ερως· επει δε δυο εστον, δυο αναγκη και Ερωτε ειναι. πως δ' ου δυο τα θεα; η μεν γε που, πρεσβυτερα, και αμητωρ, Ουρανου θυγατηρ, ην δη και ουρανιαν επονομαζομεν η δε νεωτερα, Διος καὶ Διωνης, ην δη πανδημον καλουμεν.

This Urania-Venus, according to Pauſanius and other writers, had ſumptuous temples in Athens, Phœnicia, &c. She was painted moſt proper perſonage of that mythology to figure Chriſtianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the Eaſt, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the moſt natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be ſaid againſt the uſe of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour muſt confeſs, that the allegory of Camoëns which arms the genius of Mohammediſm * againſt the expedition of his heroes, is both ſublime and moſt happily intereſting. Nor muſt his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry theſe three thouſand years, and its allegory is perfectly underſtood. If not impoſſible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better machinery for an Epic poem. That of Taſſo is condemned by Boileau †, yet that of Camoëns may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undeſignedly, by Voltaire himſelf. In an eſſay prefixed to his Henriade, *Le mot d'Amphitrite*, ſays he, *dans notre poeſie, ne ſignifie que*

---

painted in complete armour; her prieſteſſes were virgins; and no man was allowed to approach her ſhrine. Xenophon ſays, ſhe preſided over the love of wiſdom and virtue, which are the pleaſures of the ſoul, as the terreſtrial Venus preſided over the pleaſures of the body.

* For ſeveral collateral proofs, ſee the note, p. 70. vol. ii. and text, in Luſiad VIII. where Bacchus, the evil dæmon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a prieſt of the Koran.

† On account of his magic. But magic was the popular belief of Taſſo's age, and has afforded him a fine machinery, though his uſe of it is ſometimes highly blameable; as where he makes an enchanter oppoſe the arch-angel Michael, armed with the authority of the True God, &c. &c.

que la Mer, & non l' epouſe de Neptune—"the word Am-"phitrite in our poetry ſignifies only the ſea, and not the "wife of Neptune." And why may not the word Venus in Camoëns ſignify divine love, and not the wife of Vulcan? "Love," ſays Voltaire, in the ſame Eſſay, "has "his arrows, and Juſtice a balance, in our moſt Chriſtian "writings, in our paintings, in our tapeſtry, without "being eſteemed as the leaſt mixture of Paganiſm. And if this criticiſm has juſtice in it, why not apply it to the Luſiad, as well as to the Henriade *? Candour will not only apply it to the Luſiad, but will alſo add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an Epic poem:

Dans le vaſte récit d'une longue action,
Se ſoutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.
Lá pour nous enchanter tout eſt mis en uſage:
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un eſprit, un viſage;

---

* Thus, when the Henriade is to be defended, the arrows of Cupid convey no mixture of paganiſm. But when the iſland of Love in the Luſiad is to be condemned, our *honnête* critic muſt ridicule the uſe of theſe very arrows—"*C'eſt la que Venus, aidée des conſeils du Pere Eternel, et ſecondée en meme tems des fleches de Cupidon.*—It is there that Venus, aided by the counſels of the Eternal Father, and at the ſame time, ſeconded by the arrows of Cupid, renders the Nereides amorous of the Portugueſe."—But this, one of his lateſt additions, is as unlucky as all the reſt. The Eternal Father is the ſame Jove, who is repreſented as the *ſupreme Father* in the firſt book, (*St. 22. Portugueſe.*) and in book 9. ſt. 18. is only ſaid to have ordained Venus to be the good genius of the Luſitanians. There is not a word about the *aſſiſtance of his counſel;* that was introduced by Voltaire, ſolely to throw ridicule upon an allegory, which, by the bye, when uſed in the Henriade, has not the leaſt fault, in his opinion; but is there every way in the true ſtyle of poetry.

Chaque vertu devient une divinité ;
Minerve eſt la prudence, & Venus la beauté.
Ce n'eſt plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnere,
C'eſt Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.
Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'eſt Neptune, en courroux, qui gourmande les flots
Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur ;
La poeſie eſt morte, ou rampe ſans vigueur :
Le poëte n'eſt plus qu'un orateur timide,
Qu'un froid hiſtorien d'une fable inſipide.

Every idea of theſe lines ſtrongly defends the Luſiad. Yet, it muſt not be concealed, a diſtinction follows which may appear againſt it. Boileau requires a profane ſubject for the Epic Muſe. But his reaſon for it is not juſt:

De la foi d'un Chretien les myſteres terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne ſont point ſuſceptibles.
L'evangile á l'eſprit n'offre de tous cotés
Que penitence a faire, & tourmens merités :
Et de vos fictions le melange coupable
Même á ſes vérités donne l'air de la fable.

The *myſteres terribles* afford, indeed, no ſubject for poetry. But the Bible offers to the muſe ſomething beſides *penitence* and *merited torments.* The Paradiſe Loſt, and the works of the greateſt painters, evince this. Nor does this criticiſm, falſe as it is, contain one argument which excludes the heroes of a Chriſtian nation from being the ſubject of poetry. Modern ſubjects are indeed condemned by Boileau; and ancient fable, with its Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, &c.——*noms heureux ſemblent nés pour les vers*—are recommended to the poet. But, happy for Camoëns, his feelings directed him to another choice. For, in contradiction of a thouſand Boileaus, no compoſitions are ſo miſerably unintereſting as our modern poems, where the heroes of ancient fable are the perſonages of the action. Unleſs, therefore, the ſubject of Camoëns may thus ſeem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he propoſes is in favour of the machinery of the Luſiad. And his own example proves, that he thought the pagan machinery not improper in a poem where the heroes * are modern. But there is an eſſential diſtinction in the method of uſing it. And Camoëns has ſtrictly adhered to this eſſential difference. The conduct of the Epic poem is twofold; the hiſtorical and allegorical. When paganiſm was the popular belief, Diomed might wound Mars or † Venus; but when the names

---

* He uſes the Pagan mythology in his poem on the paſſage of the Rhine by the French army in 1672.

† Thus it was the belief of the firſt ages of Chriſtianity, that the pagan gods were fallen angels. Milton, with admirable judgment, has adopted this ſyſtem. His Mammon, the architect of Pandemonium, he alſo calls Vulcan:

> Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
> In antient Greece, and in Auſonian land.
> Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
> From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove—
> On Lemnos, th' Egean iſle: Thus they relate
> Erring; for he with this rebellious route
> Fell long before.

Moloch and Vulcan are therefore mentioned together with great propriety in the Paradiſe Loſt. The belief of the firſt

Chriſtians,

names of theſe deities became merely allegorical, ſuch alſo ought to be the actions aſcribed to them. And Camoëns has ſtrictly adhered to this rule. His heroes are Chriſtians; and *Santa Fe*, Holy Faith, is often mentioned in the hiſtorical parts where his heroes ſpeak and act. But it is only in the allegorical parts where the pagan or the poetical mythology is introduced. And in his machinery, as in his hiſtorical parts, there is no mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian perſonages. The deliverance of the Luſian fleet, aſcribed to the celeſtial Venus, ſo ridiculed by Voltaire, is exactly according to the precepts of Boileau. It is the hiſtorical oppoſition or concert of Chriſtian and Pagan ideas which forms the abſurd, and disfigures a poem. But this abſurd oppoſition or concert of perſonages has no place in the Luſiad, though it is found in the greateſt of modern poets. From Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan ideas may be fully exemplified. With great judgment, he ranks the Pagan deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to Pagan mythology, he ſometimes ſays, "as fables

---

Chriſtians, with reſpect to dæmons, was unabated in the age of Camoëns; for the oracles of the pagan deities were then believed to have been given by evil ſpirits. Bacchus might therefore in a Chriſtian poem of ſuch ages, repreſent the evil dæmon; and it was on this principle that Taſſo *felt* no impropriety in calling Pluto his king of hell, *the grand foe of mankind*, and making him talk of the birth of Chriſt. In like manner, when Camoëns ſays that the Chriſtian altar raiſed (book II.) to deceive the Luſians, was the illuſion of Bacchus; he ſays no more than what was agreeable to the popular belief of the heathen oracles, and no more than what poetry allows when a ſtorm is aſcribed to Neptune, or arrows given to Cupid.

fables feign;" and ſometimes he mentions theſe deities in the allegory of poetical ſtyle; as thus,

——— When Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engines bent to raſe
Some capital city ——

And thus, when Adam ſmiles on Eve;

——— as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flowers ———

Here the perſonages are mentioned expreſsly in their allegorical capacity, the uſe recommended by Boileau. In the following the blameable mixture occurs. He is deſcribing Paradiſe ——

——— Univerſal Pan
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpin, gathering flowers,
Herſelf a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered: which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world ———
——— might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive ——.

The mention of Pan, the graces and hours, is here in the pure allegorical ſtyle of poetry. But the ſtory of Proſerpin is not in allegory; it is mentioned in the ſame manner of authenticity as the many ſcripture hiſtories introduced into the Paradiſe Loſt. When the angel brings Eve to Adam, ſhe appears

> —— in naked beauty more adorn'd
> More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
> Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
> In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
> Of Japhet brought by Hermes ſhe enſnar'd
> Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
> On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.

Here we have the heathen Gods, another origin of evil, and a whole ſtring of fables, alluded to as real events, on a level with his * ſubject.

Nor is poetical uſe the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoëns, Bacchus was eſteemed a real dæmon: and celeſtial Venus was conſidered as the name by which the Ethnics expreſſed the divine Love. But if the cold hyper-critic will ſtill blame our author for his allegory, let it be repeated, that of all Chriſtian poets, Camoëns is in this the leaſt reprehenſible. The Hell, Purgatory, and Paradiſe of Dante, form one continued unallegorical texture of Pagan and Scriptural names, deſcriptions, and ideas. Arioſto is continually in the ſame fault. And, if it is a fault to uſe the ancient poetical machinery

---

* Nor are theſe the only inſtances; the death of Hercules, and ſeveral others in Milton, fall under the cenſure of an injudicious mixture of ſacred and profane mythology and hiſtory.

machinery in a poem where the heroes are Chriſtians, Voltaire himſelf has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoëns. The machinery of his Henriade is, as confeſſed by himſelf, upon the idea of the Pagan mythology. He cites Boileau,

C'eſt d'un ſcrupule vain s'allarmer ſottement,
Et vouloir aux lecteurs plaire ſans agrément,
Bien-tot ils defendront de peindre la prudence,
De donner a Thémis ni bandeau, ni balance.....
Et par-tout des diſcours, comme un idolatrie,
Dans leur faux zele iront chaſſer l'allegorie.

But he ſuppreſſes the verſes which immediately follow, where the introduction of the true God is prohibited by the critic,

Et fabuleux Chrêtiens, n'allons point dans nos ſonges,
Du Dieu de vérité faire un Dieu de menſonges.

Yet, the God of truth, according to the Chriſtian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a conſiderable perſonage in the Pagan allegorical machinery of the Henriade. But the couplet laſt cited, though as direct againſt the Henriade as if it had been written to condemn it, is not in the leaſt degree applicable to the machinery of the Luſiad; a machinery infinitely ſuperior in every reſpect to that of * Voltaire, though Camoëns wrote at the re-

---

* The machinery of the Henriade is briefly thus: The ſoul of St. Louis acts the part of Venus in the Eneid, and always

vival of learning, ere criticiſm had given her beſt rules to the modern muſe.

The

---

protects the hero. When D'Aumale is wounded, and in danger of being killed, La Diſcorde ſees it, and covering him with her *iron immenſe impenetrable buckler*, flies away with him to the gates of Paris, where ſhe cures his wounds. She then comforts Mayenne, the chief of the league againſt Henry. She then flies in a whirlwind to the Vatican, where ſhe meets La Politique. They then find humble Religion in a deſert, and cloathing themſelves in her ſacred veſtments, return to Paris, where they ride about in a bloody chariot, along with the authors of the league. Theſe ſoon after are repreſented as at a magical ſacrifice, an obvious imitation of that of Camoëns, Luſiad VIII. where they have a Jew for their prieſt; and Henry appears to them riding in a chariot of victory. St. Louis then takes Henry, in a dream, through Heaven and Hell. La Diſcorde goes in ſearch of Love, who is her brother; and Love takes a journey to France, where, by the charms of Mademoiſelle d'Etree, he entices Henry to neglect the war. St. Louis then ſends the genius of France to rouſe Henry. He returns to the ſiege of Paris, but, on the point of carrying the city by ſtorm, the angel of France prevents him. D'Aumale, on the part of the league, fights a duel; and all the monſters of hell fly to his aſſiſtance. But the heavens now open, and an angel deſcends on the throne of the air, with the olive of peace, and the ſword of God's vengeance. D'Aumale falls, and the infernal monſters fly away, But St. Louis will not allow Henry to take the city. The Saint goes to the throne of God, and prays for Henry's converſion. The Eternal conſents; Truth deſcends from heaven to the hero, who turns Roman Catholic. St. Louis then appears, with an olive bough in his hand, and leads Henry to the gates of Paris, which now open at his call, and receive him in the name of God. And thus the machinery and the poem conclude together.

Nor is the ridicule of this machinery more evident, than the want of unity of action which characteriſes the Henriade. Henry's journey to England, though it fills near three parts of

The poem of Camoëns, indeed, ſo fully vindicates itſelf, that this defence of it perhaps may ſeem unneceſſary. Yet one conſideration will vindicate this defence. The poem is written in a language unknown in polite literature. Few are able to judge of the original, and the unjuſt clamour raiſed againſt it by Rapin * and Voltaire, has been received in Europe as its true character. Lord

---

the poem, has no connection with the other parts of the action; and the events do not ariſe from each other; for St. Louis prevents the effects of every victory. And the cataſtrophe is brought about by Henry's converſion, independent of every exertion of his generalſhip or valour, which are properly the ſubject of the poem.

* It is an unhappy thing to write in an unread tongue. Never was author ſo miſrepreſented by ignorance as the poet of Portugal. Rapin, that cold-blooded critic, tells us, that to write a good epic, "*Il faut obſerver de la proportion dans le deſſein*, it is neceſſary to obſerve proportion in the deſign, juſtneſs in the thought, and not to fall into rambling."—He then aſſerts, that Camoëns treſpaſſes againſt all theſe rules—that he wants diſcernment and conduct—that he thought of nothing but to expreſs the pride of his nation, for his ſtyle, he ſays, *eſt fier & faſtueux*, fierce and ſtilted. In another place he ſays, "poetical diction ought to be clear, natural, and harmonious, and obſcurity is its greateſt blemiſh,"—to which, having named Camoëns, he adds, "*ſes vers ſont ſi obſcurs, qu'ils pourroient paſſer pour des myſteres*—his verſes are ſo obſcure that they may paſs for myſteries."—Perhaps the old French verſion may deſerve this character; but certain it is from hence, that Rapin never read the original. Perſpicuity, elegant ſimplicity, and the moſt natural unſtrained harmony, is the juſt characteriſtic of the ſtyle of Camoëns. The appeal is to the world. And the firſt linguiſt of the age, has given the ſtyle of Camoëns a very different character from this of Rapin: *Camoenſium Luſitanum, cujus poeſis adeò*

Lord Kaimes *, and other authors, very cordially condemn its mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian mythology; even condemn

---

venuſta eſt, adeò polita, ut nihil eſſe poſſit jucundius; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac ſonora, ut nihil fingi poſſit magnificentius. JONES, Poeſeos Aſiat. Comment.

Monteſquieu's high idea of the Luſiad is cited p. 75. vol. ii. We ſhall only add the ſuffrage of the great Cervantes, who in his Don Quixote, c. iv. l. 6. moſt warmly expreſſes his idea of the excellence of the genius of Camoëns.

* Lord Kaimes thus follows Voltaire: "Portugal was riſing "in power and ſplendor" (*it was haſtening to the very laſt ſtages of declenſion*) "when Camoëns wrote the Luſiad, and with re"ſpect to the muſic of verſe it has merit. The author how"ever is far from ſhining in point of taſte" (*moſt maſterly deſcription, and boundleſs variety, however, are his characteriſtics. He has given the two fineſt fictions in poetry. And according to Voltaire the ſtory of Inez is equal to the beſt written parts of Virgil.*) "He "makes a ſtrange jumble of Heathen and Chriſtian Deities. "Gama," obſerves Voltaire, "in a ſtorm addreſſes his prayers "to Chriſt, but it is Venus who comes to his relief." Voltaire's "obſervation is but too well founded" (*and is it indeed, in the name of truth!*) "In the firſt book, Jove ſummons a council of "the Gods, which is deſcribed at great length, for no earthly "purpoſe but to ſhew that he favoured the Portugueſe: Bac"chus, on the other hand, declares againſt them on the follow"ing account, that he himſelf had gained immortal glory as "conqueror of India, which would be eclipſed if the Indies "ſhould be conquered a ſecond time by the Portugueſe. A "Mooriſh commander having received Gama with ſmiles, but "with hatred in his heart, the poet brings down Bacchus from "heaven to confirm the Moor in his wicked purpoſes, which "would have been perpetrated, had not Venus interpoſed in "Gama's behalf. In the ſecond canto Bacchus feigns himſelf "to be a Chriſtian, in order to deceive the Portugueſe, but Venus "implores her father Jupiter to protect them."

Such

condemn it in terms, as if the Luſiad, the poem which of all other modern ones is the moſt unexceptionable in this,
were

Such is the view of the Luſiad given by a profeſſed critic. It is impoſſible to make any remark on it without giving offence to falſe delicacy. But to that goddeſs the tranſlator of the injured Camoëns will offer no ſacrifice. We have fully proved, and Bacon has been cited to explain the philoſophical reaſon of it, that the ſpirit of poetry demands ſomething ſupernatural. Lucan has been ſeverely cenſured, by the greateſt of ancient and modern critics, for the want of poetical cloathing or allegory. The ſpirit of poetry exiſts in perſonification;

Tout prend un corps, une ame, un eſprit, un viſage——

and an allegorical machinery is eſſential to the Epopœia. In this manner Virgil and Homer conduct their poems. (*See the note*, p. 124. vol. ii.) But our critic perceives nothing of this kind in Camoëns. Though the whole conduct of the Luſiad depends upon the council held by Jove, upon the allegorical parts taken by the perſonages of the machinery;

Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd—

and though this allegory is finely ſuſtained throughout the whole poem, where celeſtial Love is ever mindful (*See* B. ix.) that Jove or Fate had decreed that her altars ſhould be reared in conſequence of the ſucceſs of her heroes; though all this is truly Homeric, is what the world ever eſteemed the true Epic conduct, our critic can ſee no *earthly purpoſe* in the council of Jove, but to ſhew that he favoured the Luſians; no reaſon for the oppoſition of Bacchus, but that he had been conqueror of India, and was averſe it ſhould be conquered a ſecond time. In the ſame ignorance of the Epic conduct is the vacant account of Bacchus and the Moor. But let our critic be told, that through the ſides of Camoëns, if his blow will avail, he has murdered both Homer and Virgil. What condemns the council of Jove in the Luſiad, condemns the councils of Jove in theſe models of
the

were in this mixture the moſt egregiouſly unſufferable.— Beſides, whatever has the ſanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire will be remembered, and unleſs circumſtantially refuted, may one time, perhaps, * be appealed

the Epopœia †. What condemns Bacchus and the Moor, condemns the part of Juno in the Eneid, and every interpoſition of Juno and Neptune in Homer. To make the Luſians believe that Mombaſſa was inhabited by Chriſtians, the Moors took the ambaſſadors of Gama to a houſe, where they ſhewed them a Chriſtian altar. This is hiſtory. Camoëns, in the true ſpirit of the Epic poetry, aſcribes this appearance to the illuſion of Bacchus. Hector and Turnus are both thus deceived. And Bacchus, as already proved, was eſteemed a fallen angel when our poet wrote. Nor are the ancients alone thus reprobated in the ſentence paſſed upon Camoëns. If his machinery muſt be condemned, with what accumulated weight muſt his ſentence fall upon the greateſt of our modern poets! But the myſtery is eaſily explained: There are a race of critics, who cannot perceive the noble proſopopœia of Milton's angels, who prefer *Voltaire's Henriade* to the *Paradiſe Loſt*, who would reduce a Virgil to a Lucan, a Camoëns to a mere hiſtorian; who would ſtrip Poetry of all her ornaments, becauſe they cannot ſee them, of all her paſſions, becauſe they cannot feel them; in a word, who would leave her nothing but the neatneſs, the cadence, and the tinkle of verſe.

* Voltaire's deſcription of the apparition near the Cape of Good Hope, is juſt as wide of the original as bombaſt is from the true ſublime: yet it has been cited by ſeveral writers. In Camoëns a dark cloud hovers over the fleet, a tremendous noiſe is

---

† It is truly aſtoniſhing, that one who has read the Epic poets ſhould have made this objection. A ſchool-boy needs not to be told how often a council of the Gods occurs in the Iliad, Odyſſey, and Eneid. A part of Mr. Pope's note on the fifth Odyſſey, may with propriety be here cited. "This book, "as well as the firſt," ſays he, "opens with an aſſembly of the Gods. "This is done to give an air of importance to his poem, and to prepare the "mind of the reader to expect every thing that is great and noble, when "Heaven is engaged in the care and protection of his heroes."

pealed to, as deciſive, in the controverſies of * literary merit.

Other

---

is heard, Gama exclaims in amazement, and the apparition appears in the air,

> —— riſing thro' the darken'd air,
> Appall'd we ſaw an hideous phantom glare.—

Every part of the deſcription in Camoëns is ſublime and nobly adapted for the pencil. In Voltaire's laſt edition, the paſſage is thus rendered—" *C'eſt une fantôme que s'élève*—it is a phantom which riſes from the bottom of the ſea, his head touches the clouds; the tempeſts, the winds, the thunders are around him, his arms are ſtretched afar over the ſurface of the waters."— Yet not one pictureſque idea of this is in the original. If the phantom's arms are ſtretched upon the ſurface of the waters, his ſhoulders, and his head, which touches the clouds, muſt only be above the tide. Yet, though this imagerie, with tempeſts, winds, and thunders *hanging* around him, would be truly abſurd upon canvas, a celebrated Italian writer has not only cited Voltaire's deſcription, as that of the original, but has mended that of the Frenchman by a ſtroke of his own. "The feet of the phantom," ſays *Signor Algarotti*, "are in the unfathomable abyſs of the ſea." *(See his Treatiſe on Newton's Theory of Light and Colours.)* And certainly, if his ſhoulders and head reached from the ſurface of the waters to the clouds, the length which the *Signor* has given to his parts under the water was no bad calculation. Nor is Algarotti the only abſurd retailer of Voltaire's miſrepreſentations. An Engliſh traveller, who lately publiſhed an account of Spain and Portugal, has quite completed the figure. "*Ses bras s'etendent au loin ſur la ſurface des eaux*," ſays Voltaire; and our traveller thus tranſlates it, "His arms extend over the *whole* ſurface of the waters." And thus the burleſque painter is furniſhed with the fineſt deſign imaginable for the mock ſublime. A figure up to the arm-pits in the water, its arms extending over the *whole* ſurface of the ſea, its head in the clouds, and its feet in the unfathomable abyſs of the ocean! Very fine indeed, it is impoſſible to mend it farther.

* As we have paid attention to the ſtrictures of Voltaire, ſome is alſo due to the praiſes which he beſtows upon the Luſiad.

Though

Other views of the conduct of the Luſiad now offer themſelves. Beſides the above remarks, many obſervations on the machinery and poetical conduct, are in their proper places ſcattered throughout the notes. The exuberant exclamations of Camoëns are there defended. Here let it only be added, that the unity of action is not interrupted by theſe parentheſes, and that if Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs be not an imitation of them, it is in the ſame manner and ſpirit. Nor will we ſcruple to pronounce, that ſuch addreſſes to the muſe would have been admired in Homer, are an intereſting improvement on the Epopœia, and will certainly be imitated, if ever the world ſhall behold another real Epic poem.

The Luſiad, ſays Voltaire, contains *a ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before. No heroes are wounded a thouſand different ways; no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cauſe.*—But the very want of theſe, in place of ſupporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and peculiar excellence of Camoëns. If Homer has given us all the fire and hurry of battles, he has alſo given us all the unintereſting tireſome detail. What reader but muſt be tired with the deaths

---

Though he falſely aſſerts that it wants connection, he immediately adds, "*Tout cela prouve enfin, que l'ouvrage eſt plein des grandes beautés*—This only proves, in fine, that the work is full of grand beauties, ſince theſe two hundred years it has been the delight of an ingenious nation."—The fiction of the apparition, he owns, will pleaſe in every age; and of the epiſode of Inez, he ſays, "*Il y a peu d'endroits dans Virgile plus attendriſſants & mieux ecrits*—There are few parts of Virgil more tender or better written."

deaths of a thouſand heroes, who are never mentioned before nor afterward in the poem. Yet in every battle we are wearied out with ſuch *Gazette* returns of the ſlain and wounded——

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν;
Ἀσσαῖον μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Αὐτόνοον, καὶ Ὀπίτην,
Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, καὶ Ὀφέλτιον, ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον,
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὦρον τε, καὶ Ἱππόνοον μενεχάρμην·
Τοὺς ἄρ' ὅγ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἕλεν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Πληθύν· ὡς ὁπότε, &c.

Il. lib. xi. line 299.

Thus ſervilely imitated by Virgil,

Cædicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaſpem:
Partheniumque Rapo; & prædurum viribus Orſen:
Meſſapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem:
Illum, infrænis equi lapſu tellure jacentem;
Hunc, peditem pedes. Et Lycius proceſſerat Agis,
Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ
Dejecit: Atronium Salius; Saliumque Nealces——

Æn. l. x. 747.

With ſuch catalogues is every battle extended; and what can be more tireſome than ſuch unintereſting deſcriptions and their imitations! If the idea of the battle be raiſed by ſuch enumeration, ſtill the copy and original are ſo near each other, that they can never pleaſe in two ſeparate poems. Nor are the greater parts of the battles of the Eneid much more diſtant from thoſe of the Iliad. Though

Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lauſus, ſtill in many particulars, and in the fights, there is, upon the whole, ſuch a ſameneſs with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleaſure inſpired by originality. If the man of taſte, however, will be pleaſed to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of Epic poems in the ſame ſtrain. Where the ſiege of a town and battles are the ſubject of an Epic, there will of neceſſity, in the characters and circumſtances, be a reſemblance to Homer; and ſuch poem muſt therefore want originality. Happy for Taſſo, the variation of manners, and his maſterly ſuperiority over Homer in deſcribing his duels, have given his Jeruſalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Chriſtian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c. armies ſlaughtered, and a city beſieged. In a word, we have a handſome copy of the Iliad in the Jeruſalem Delivered. If ſome imitations, however, have been ſucceſsful, how many other Epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the ſtream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their ſubjects. So fully is the ſtrife of war exhauſted by Homer, that Virgil and Taſſo could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that ſo many Epics on battles and ſieges have been ſuffered to ſink into utter neglect. Camoëns, perhaps, did not weigh theſe circumſtances; but the ſtrength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind led him from the beaten track of Helens and Lavinias, Achilleſes, and Hectors, ſieges and ſlaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own ſword. To conſtitute a poem worthy of the name of Epic in the higheſt and ſtricteſt ſenſe, ſome grand characteriſtics of ſubject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are abſolutely neceſſary. Of all the moderns, Camoëns and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Camoëns was the firſt genuine and ſucceſsful poet who wooed the Modern Epic Muſe, and ſhe gave him the wreath of a firſt lover: *A ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before*; or, as Voltaire calls it in his laſt edition, *une nouvelle eſpéce d'Epopée.* And the grandeſt ſubject it is (of profane hiſtory) which the world has ever beheld *. A voyage eſteemed too great for man to dare; the adventures of this voyage, through unknown oceans, deemed unnavigable; the Eaſtern World happily diſcovered, and for ever indiſſolubly joined and given to the

---

* The Drama and the Epopœia are in nothing ſo different as in this: the ſubjects of the Drama are inexhauſtible, thoſe of the Epopœia are perhaps exhauſted. He who chuſes war and the warlike characters, cannot appear as an original. It was well for the memory of Pope, that he did not write the Epic poem he intended. It would have been only a copy of Virgil. Camoëns and Milton have been happy in the novelty of their ſubjects; and theſe they have exhauſted. There cannot poſſibly be ſo important a voyage as that which gave the Eaſtern World to the Weſtern. And did even the ſtory of Columbus afford materials equal to that of Gama, the adventures of the hero, and the view of the extent of his diſcoveries, muſt now appear as ſervile copies of the Luſiad. The view of Spaniſh America, given in the *Auracana*, is not only a mere copy, but is introduced even by the very machinery of Camoëns.

Weſtern; the grand Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt founded; the humanization of mankind, and univerſal commerce the conſequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this! Troy is in aſhes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effects of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the hero of the Luſiad, will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increaſe in importance, while the world ſhall remain.

Happy in his choice, happy alſo was the genius of Camoëns in the method of purſuing his ſubject. He has not, like Taſſo, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was ſufficient to ſuggeſt its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the model of the Luſiad. That elegant writer propoſes a poem on the civil war; *Ecce Belli Civilis*, ſays he, *ingens opus—Non enim res geſtæ verſibus comprehendendæ ſunt (quod longè melius hiſtorici faciunt) ſed per ambages Deorumque miniſteria, & fabuloſum ſententiarum tormentum præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis ſub teſtibus fides*—No poem, antient or modern, merits this character in any degree comparative to the Luſiad. A truth of hiſtory is preſerved, yet, what is improper for the hiſtorian, the miniſtry of heaven is employed, and the free ſpirit of poetry throws itſelf into fictions, which make the whole appear as an effuſion of prophetic fury, and not like a rigid detail of facts given under the ſanction of witneſſes. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is ſeverely condemned by Petronius, Camoëns conducts his poem *per ambages Deorumque miniſteria.* The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandeſt fiction in human compoſition; the invention his own! In the iſland of Venus, the uſe of which fiction in an Epic poem is alſo his own, hehas given the completeſt aſſemblage of all the flowers which have ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the *furentis animi vaticinatio* more conſpicuouſly diſplayed than in the prophetic ſong, the view of the ſpheres, and of the globe of the earth. Taſſo's imitation of the iſland of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles * dropping blood are nothing to Taſſo's inchanted foreſt," what are all Iſmeno's inchantments to the grandeur and horror of the appearance, prophecy, and evaniſhment of the ſpectre of Camoëns †!— It has been long agreed among the critics, that the ſolemnity of religious obſervances gives great dignity to the hiſtorical narrative of the Epopœia. Camoëns, in the embarkation of the fleet, and in ſeveral other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious alluſions. Manners and character are alſo required in the Epic poem. But all the Epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in theſe. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulyſſes, its calm, furious, groſs, and intelligent hero. Camoëns and Milton happily left this beaten track, this exhauſted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all thoſe poems which may be claſſed with the Thebaïd. The Luſiad abounds with pictures of manners, from thoſe of the higheſt chivalry, to thoſe of the rudeſt, fierceſt, and moſt innocent barbariſm. In the fifth, ſixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloſo are painted in ſtronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But ſtriking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida, the friend of Gama, is much ſuperior to that of Achates. The baſe, ſelfiſh, perfidious, and cruel character of the Zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the ſtrongeſt colours; and the character of Gama himſelf, is that of the finiſhed hero. His cool command of his paſſions, his deep ſagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderneſs of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthuſiaſm in the love of his country, are all diſplayed in the ſuperlative degree.——And to the novelty of the manners of the Luſiad, let the novelty of fire-arms alſo be added. It has been ſaid, that the buckler, the bow, and the ſpear, muſt ever continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unſucceſsful others may have been, Camoëns has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greateſt dignity and fineſt effect in the Epic poem.

---

* See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

† The Luſiad is alſo rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant ſatire, on king Sebaſtian, under the name of Actæon; and the proſopopœia of the populace of Portugal venting their murmurs upon the beach when Gama ſets ſail, diſplay the richneſs of our author's poetical genius, and are not inferior to any thing of the kind in the claſſics.

As the grand intereſt of commerce and of mankind forms the ſubject of the Luſiad, ſo with great propriety, as neceſſary accompaniments to the voyage of his hero, the author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world. In the third book, a view of Europe; in the fifth, a view of Africa; and in the tenth, a picture of Aſia and America. Homer and Virgil have been highly praiſed for their judgment in their ſelection of ſubjects which intereſted their countrymen; and Statius has been as ſeverely condemned for his unintereſting choice. But though the ſubject of Camoëns be particularly intereſting to his countrymen, it has alſo the peculiar happineſs to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the Epic Poem of the Birth of Commerce. And in a particular manner the Epic Poem of that country which has the controul and poſſeſſion of the commerce of India.

An unexhauſted fertility and variety of poetical deſcription, an unexhauſted elevation of ſentiment, and a conſtant tenor of the grand ſimplicity of diction, complete the character of the Luſiad of Camoëns: A poem, which, though it has hitherto received from the public moſt unmerited neglect, and from the critics moſt flagrant injuſtice, was yet better underſtood by the greateſt poet of Italy. Taſſo never did his judgment more credit, than when he confeſſed that he dreaded Camoëns as a rival; or his generoſity more honour, than when he addreſſed this elegant ſonnet to the hero of the Luſiad:

SONNETTO.

Vaſco, le cui felici, ardite antenne
In contro al ſol, che ne riporta il giorno
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne;

Non più di te per aſpro mar ſoſtenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e ſcorno;
Ne chi torbò l'Arpie nel ſuo ſoggiorno;
Ne diè più bel ſoggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant' oltre ſtende il glorioſo volo
Che i tuoi ſpalmati legni andar men lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il noſtro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i ſuoi veſtigi,
Per lui del corſo tuo la fama aggiunge.

SONNET.

Vaſco, whoſe bold and happy bowſprit bore
Againſt the riſing morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whoſe ſails came weſtward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native ſhore:

Ne'er did the Greek ſuch length of ſeas explore,
The Greek, who ſorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the harpies fought,
Never ſuch pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerleſs in renown,
Yet thou to Camoëns ow'ſt thy nobleſt fame;
Farther than thou didſt ſail, his deathleſs ſong
Shall bear the dazzling ſplendor of thy name;
And under many a ſky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

It only remains to give ſome account of the verſion of the Luſiad, which is now offered to the public. Beſides the tranſlations mentioned in the Life of Camoëns, M. Duperron de Caſtera, in 1735, gave in French proſe a looſe unpoetical paraphraſe * of the Luſiad. Nor does Sir Richard

---

* Caſtera was every way unequal to his taſk. He did not perceive his author's beauties. He either ſuppreſſes or lowers the moſt poetical paſſages, and ſubſtitutes French tinſel and impertinence in their place. In the neceſſary illuſtrations in the notes, the citations from Caſtera will vindicate this character.

Soon after the firſt publication of the Engliſh Luſiad, a new French proſe tranſlation of Camoëns was publiſhed by M. de La Harpe. He confeſſes that he received a literal tranſlation of his author, from a perſon well acquainted with the original. This, he ſays, he propoſed to animate with the fire of poetry; and he owns he has ſometimes abridged his text. His ſtyle, however, is much leſs poetical than even Caſtera's, whom he ſeverely condemns. A literal proſe tranſlation of poetry is an attempt as abſurd as to tranſlate fire into water. What a wretched figure do the moſt elegant odes of Horace make in a literal proſe tranſlation! And no literal tranſlation for the uſe of ſchools was ever more unlike the original, in ſpirit, vigour, and elegance, than the ſometimes literal, and ſometimes mangled verſion of M. de La Harpe, which ſeems to be publiſhed as a ſacrifice to the wounded vanity of his admired Voltaire. La Harpe ſtands forth, againſt Caſtera, as the defender of Voltaire's criticiſm

Richard Fanſhaw's Engliſh verſion, publiſhed during the uſurpation of Cromwell, merit a better character. Though ſtanza be rendered for ſtanza, though at firſt view it has the appearance of being exceedingly literal, this verſion is nevertheleſs exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his original, Fanſhaw—*teems with many a dead-born jeſt* *.—Nor had he the leaſt idea of the dignity of the Epic † ſtyle, or of the true ſpirit of poetical

tranſlation;

---

criticiſm on the Luſiad. Caſtera, indeed, has ſometimes abſurdly defended his author; but a tranſlator of the Luſiad, who could not perceive the many groſs miſrepreſentations of Voltaire, muſt have hurried over his author with very little attention. He adopts the ſpirit of all Voltaire's objections, and commends only where he commends. Want of unity in the Epic conduct is Voltaire's very raſh character of Camoëns. And La Harpe as raſhly aſſerts that the poem ends in the ſeventh book when Gama arrives in India. But he might as well have aſſerted, that the Eneid ends with the landing of Eneas in Italy. Both heroes have much to accompliſh after their arrival in the deſired country. And the return of Gama, after having ſubdued every danger, is exactly parallel to the death of Turnus. And this return, without which Gama's enterprize is incomplete, is managed by Camoens, at the cloſe of his poem, in the conciſe and true ſpirit of Virgil. A tranſlator of the Luſiad, who could not perceive this, is indeed *moſt ingeniouſly ſuperficial*. But La Harpe's ſentence on the Paradiſe Loſt, which he calls "*digne d'un ſiecle de barbarie* worthy of an age of barbarity," will give the Engliſh reader a juſt idea of his poetical taſte.

* Pope, Odyſſ. xx.

† Richard Fanſhaw, Eſq. afterwards Sir Richard, was Engliſh ambaſſador, both at Madrid and Liſbon. He had a taſte for literature; and tranſlated from the Italian ſeveral pieces, which were of ſervice in the refinement of our poetry. Though his

Luſiad,

tranſlation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The tranſlator's feelings alone muſt direct him; for

---

Luſiad, by the dedication of it to *William* Earl of *Strafford*, dated May 1, 1655, ſeems as publiſhed by himſelf, we are told by the Editor of his Letters, that "during the unſettled times "of our *Anarchy*, ſome of his MSS. falling by misfortune into "unſkilful hands, were printed and publiſhed without his conſent "or knowledge, and before he could give them his laſt finiſhing "ſtrokes: ſuch was his tranſlation of the *Luſiads*."

The great reſpect due to the memory of a gentleman, who, in the unpropitious age of a Cromwell, endeavoured to cultivate the Engliſh Muſes, and the acknowledgement of his friend, that his Luſiad received not his finiſhing ſtrokes, may ſeem to demand that a veil ſhould be thrown over its faults. And not a blemiſh ſhould have been pointed out by the preſent tranſlator, if the reputation of Camoëns were unconcerned, and if it were not a duty he owed his reader to give a ſpecimen of the former tranſlation. We have proved that Voltaire read and drew his opinion of the Luſiad from Fanſhaw. And Rapin moſt probably drew his from the ſame ſource. Perſpicuity is the characteriſtic of Camoëns; yet Rapin ſays, his verſes are ſo obſcure they appear like myſteries. Fanſhaw is indeed ſo obſcure, that the preſent tranſlator, in dipping into him, into parts which he had even then tranſlated, has often been obliged to have recourſe to the Portugueſe, to diſcover his meaning. Sancho Panza was not fonder of proverbs. He has thruſt many into his verſion. He can never have enough of conceits, low alluſions, and expreſſions. When gathering of flowers, "*as boninas apanhando*," is ſimply mentioned (C. 9. ſt. 24.) he gives it, *gather'd flowers by pecks*. And the Indian regent is avaricious (C. 8. ſt. 95.)

Meaning a better penny thence to get.

But enough of theſe have already appeared in the notes. It is neceſſary now to give a few of his ſtanzas entire, that the reader may form an idea of the manner and ſpirit of the old tranſlation. Nor ſhall we ſelect the ſpecimens. The noble attitude of Mars in for the ſpirit of poetry is ſure to evaporate in literal tranſlation.

Literal tranſlation of poetry is in reality a ſoleciſm. You may conſtrue your author, indeed, but if with ſome tranſlators

in the firſt book, is the firſt ſtriking deſcription in the poem, and is thus rendered;

Lifting a little up his helmet-ſight
('Twas adamant) with confidence enough,
To give his vote himſelf he placed right
Before the throne of Jove, arm'd, valiant, tough:
And (giving with the butt-end of his pyke
A great thumpe on the floor of pureſt ſtuffe)
The heavens did tremble, and Apollo's light
It went and came, like colour in a fright.

And the appearance of Indians in canoes approaching the fleet, is the very next deſcription which occurs;

For ſtreight out of that iſle which ſeem'd moſt neer
Unto the continent, behold a number
Of little boats in companie appeer,
Which (clapping all wings on) the long ſea ſunder!
The men are rapt with joy, and with the meer
Exceſs of it, can only look, and wonder.
  What nation's this, (within themſelves they ſay)
  What rites, what laws, what king do they obey?

Their coming thus: in boats with fins; nor flat,
But apt t' o're-ſet (as being pincht and long)
And then they'd ſwim like rats *. The ſayles, of mat
Made, of palm-leaves wove curiouſly and ſtrong.
The mens complexion, the ſelf-ſame with that
HEE gave the earth's burnt parts (from heaven flung)
  Who was more brave than wiſe; that this is true
  The Po doth know and Lampetuſa rue.

It may be neceſſary to add, the verſion of Fanſhaw, though the Luſiad very particularly requires them, was given to the public without one note.

---

* Not in the original.

tranſlators you boaſt that you have left your author to ſpeak for himſelf, that you have neither added nor diminiſhed, you have in reality groſsly abuſed him, and deceived yourſelf. Your literal tranſlation can have no claim to the original felicities of expreſſion, the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear, indeed, a reſemblance, but ſuch a one as a corpſe in the ſepulchre, bears to the former man when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fides
Interpres ——

was the taſte of the Auguſtan age. None but a poet can tranſlate a poet. The freedom which this precept gives, will, therefore, in a poet's hands, not only infuſe the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own verſion, but will give it alſo the ſpirit of an original.

He who can conſtrue may perform all that is claimed by the literal tranſlator. He who attempts the manner of tranſlation preſcribed by Horace, ventures upon a taſk of genius. Yet, however daring the undertaking, and however he may have failed in it, the tranſlator acknowledges, that in this ſpirit he endeavoured to give the Luſiad in Engliſh. Even farther liberties, in one or two inſtances, ſeemed to him advantageous——But a minuteneſs * in the mention of theſe will not, in theſe pages, appear with a good grace. He ſhall only add, in this new edition, that ſome of the moſt eminent of the Portugueſe literati, both in England and on the Continent, have ap-

---

* Some liberties of a leſs poetical kind, however, require to be mentioned. In Homer and Virgil's liſts of ſlain warriors, Dryden and Pope have omitted ſeveral names which would have rendered

proved

rendered Engliſh verſification dull and tireſome. Several alluſions to antient hiſtory and fable have for this reaſon been abridged. e. g. In the prayer of Gama (Book vi.) the mention of Paul, "thou who deliveredſt Paul, and defendedſt him from quickſands and wild waves—

Das ſcyrtes arenoſas & ondas feas —"

is omitted. However excellent in the original, the prayer in Engliſh, ſuch is the difference of languages, would loſe both its dignity and ardour, if burthened with a farther enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he find the meaning of Camoëns in ſome inſtances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder in the tranſlator. He who chuſes to ſee a ſlight alteration of this kind, will find an inſtance, which will give him an idea of others, in Can. 8. ſt. 48. and another in Can. 7. ſt. 41. It was not to gratify the dull few, whoſe greateſt pleaſure in reading a tranſlation is to ſee what the author exactly ſays; it was to give a poem that might live in the Engliſh language which was the ambition of the tranſlator. And for the ſame reaſon he has not confined himſelf to the Portugueſe or Spaniſh pronunciation of proper names. It is ingeniouſly obſerved in the Rambler, that Milton, by the introduction of proper names, often gives great dignity to his verſe. Regardleſs, therefore, of Spaniſh pronunciation, the tranſlator has accented Granada, Evora, &c. in the manner which ſeemed to him to give moſt dignity to Engliſh verſification. In the word Sofala he has even rejected the authority of Milton, and followed the more ſonorous uſage of Fanſhaw. Thus Sir Richard: "*Againſt Sofála's batter'd fort.*" And thus Milton: "*And Sofála thought Ophir*—" Which is the moſt ſonorous there can be no diſpute. If the tranſlator, however, is found to have treſpaſſed againſt good taſte in theſe liberties in the pronunciation of proper names, he will be very willing to acknowledge and correct his error.

proved of theſe freedoms; and the original is in the hands of the world.

It is with particular pleaſure that the tranſlator renews his acknowledgments to thoſe gentlemen who have patroniſed his work. On his firſt propoſals to give the Luſiad in Engliſh, the ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated navigator, was zealous to promote its ſucceſs. To many Portugueſe gentlemen he owes the aſſiſtance of books and information, conferred in the moſt liberal manner: and their approbation of his firſt edition reconciles him to a review of his labours. Both to public and private libraries he is much indebted; particularly to the valuable collection of Thomas Pearſon, Eſq. of the Eaſt India Company's ſervice. The approbation expreſſed by ſeveral gentlemen of the Eaſt India Company, on the appearance of the poem on the Diſcovery of India in its Engliſh dreſs, gave the tranſlator the ſincereſt ſatisfaction. To Governor Johnſtone, whoſe anceſtors have been the hereditary patrons of the anceſtors of the tranſlator, he is under every obligation which the warmeſt zeal to promote the ſucceſs of his undertaking can poſſibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great meaſure, the appearance of the Luſiad in Engliſh is due. To the friendſhip of Mr. Hoole, the elegant tranſlator of Taſſo, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boſwell, Eſq. he confeſſes many obligations. And while thus he recollects with pleaſure the names of many gentlemen from whom he has received aſſiſtance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnſon to the number of thoſe, whoſe kindneſs for the man, and good wiſhes for the tranſlation, call for his ſincereſt gratitude. Nor muſt a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldſmith be neglected. He ſaw a part of this verſion; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the tranſlator.

But, though previous to publication the tranſlator was thus flattered with the approbation of ſome names, for whom the public bear the greateſt reſpect; though he introduced to the Engliſh reader a poem, truly Virgilian, he confeſſed he had his fears for its fate. And however the approbation of ſome of the greateſt names in the Engliſh polite literature may have ſince gratified his faultering hopes, the conſcience of his inability, and the character of the age, gave no falſe foundation to his uneaſy apprehenſions. We are not, indeed, in the condition of ancient Rome, when, in the declenſion of her literature, the Latin tongue was deſpiſed, and the Greek only admired. Yet, though a maſterly treatiſe in ſome branches of literature would immediately receive the reward due to merit; ere the juſt reputation of his poetry be fixed, the author perhaps may be where the applauſe of the world cannot come. Long after Shakeſpeare wrote, and thirty years after the Paradiſe Loſt was publiſhed, Shaftſbury pronounced that the Engliſh Muſes were liſping in their cradles. And Temple, a much greater authority in poetical taſte, eſteems Sidney the greateſt of all modern poets. Nor was his neglect of Milton ſingular. Even though that immortal author's reputation be now fixed, I have known a learned gentleman who could not endure a line of the Paradiſe Loſt; who yet, with ſeeming rapture, would repeat whole pages of Ovid. There is a charm in the ſound of a language which is not debaſed by familiar uſe. And as it was in falling Rome, nothing in his vernacular tongue will be highly eſteemed by the ſcholar of dull taſte. A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is uneſtabliſhed, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The preſent age, indeed, is happily auſpicious to Science and the Arts; but Poetry is neither the general taſte, nor the faſhionable favourite of theſe * times. Often, in the diſpirited hour, have theſe views obtruded upon the tranſlator. While he has left his author upon the table and wandered in the fields, theſe views have cloathed themſelves almoſt imperceptibly in the ſtanza and allegory of Spenſer. Thus connected with the tranſlation of Camoëns, unfiniſhed as they are, they ſhall cloſe the introduction to the Engliſh Luſiad.

Hence, vagrant Minſtrel, from my thriving farm,
Far hence, nor ween to ſhed thy poiſon here:
My hinds deſpiſe thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the Sloggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:

There

---

* "Poetry makes a principal amuſement among unpoliſhed nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Muſic come in for a ſhare. As theſe offer the feeble mind a leſs laborious entertainment, they at firſt rival Poetry, and at length ſupplant her; they engroſs all that favour once ſhewn to her, and though but younger ſiſters, ſeize upon the elder's birthright."——*Goldſmith.*

There while thy idle chaunting ſoothes their ear,
The noxious thiſtle choaks their ſickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, ſour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins ſtray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected ſoil,
When to the ſong the ill-ſtarr'd ſwain attends.
And well thy meed repays thy worthleſs toil;
Upon thy houſeleſs head pale want deſcends
In bitter ſhower: And taunting ſcorn ſtill rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life—What fitter may beſeem,
Who poiſons thus the fount, ſhould drink the poiſon'd ſtream.

And is it thus, the heart-ſtung Minſtrel cry'd,
While indignation ſhook his ſilver'd head,
And is it thus, the groſs-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's baſe tongue the gentle bard upbraid!
And muſt the holy ſong be thus repaid
By ſun-baſk'd ignorance, and chorliſh ſcorn!
While liſtleſs drooping in the languid ſhade
Of cold neglect, the ſacred Bard muſt mourn,
Though in his hallowed breaſt heaven's pureſt ardours burn!

Yet how ſublime, O Bard, the dread beheſt,
The awful truſt to thee by heaven aſſign'd!

'Tis thine to humaniſe the ſavage breaſt,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent ſpark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentleſt worth combin'd
Wide through the land thy forming power diſplays.
So ſpread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus rays.

When Heaven decreed to ſoothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-eyed Barons, whoſe unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair Muſe; Heaven bade on Avon's ſhore
A Shakeſpeare riſe and ſoothe the barbarous age:
A Shakeſpeare roſe; the barbarous heats aſwage—
At diſtance due how many bards attend!
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breaſt the dews of heaven deſcend.

And fits it you, ye ſons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmoved, the tongue of ſcorn upbraid
The Muſe neglected in her wintry bower;
While proudly flouriſhing in princely ſhade
Her younger ſiſters lift the laurel'd head—
And ſhall the pencil's boldeſt mimic rage,
Or ſofteſt charms, fore-doom'd in time to fade,
Shall theſe be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where paſſion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age!

And ſhall the warbled ſtrain or ſweeteſt lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And ſhall the nightingales in woodland choir

The voice of heaven in ſweeter raptures pour!
Ah no, their ſong is tranſient as the flower
Of April morn: In vain the ſhepherd boy
Sits liſtening in the ſilent Autumn bower;
The year no more reſtores the ſhort-lived joy;
And never more his harp ſhall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal ſilence in her cold deaf ear
Has cloſed his ſtrain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, ſo bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the ſight
More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own light
Homer's bold painting ſhall immortal ſhine;
Wide o'er the world ſhall ever ſound the might,
The raptured muſic of each deathleſs line:
For death nor time may touch their living ſoul divine.

And what the ſtrain, though Perez ſwell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muſe of fire!
Ah what the tranſient ſounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakeſpeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Fore-doom'd to flow; as heaven's dread energy
Unconſcious of the bounds of place——

APPENDIX.

Copia das Patentes dos Vice Reis, e Capitães Generaes da India, conforme ſe achão no Concelho Ultramarino em Liſboa.

" D. N.... por graça de Deos Rey de Portugal e dos Algarves, d'aquem e d'alem-mar em Africa, Senhor de Guiné, e da Conquiſta, Navegação e Commercio da Ethiopia, Arabia, Perſia, e da India, &c.

" Faço ſaber aos que eſta minha Carta-Patente virem, que atendendo á qualidade, merecimento, e mais partes que concorrem na peſſoa de N.... Hei por bem de o nomear (como por eſta nomeio) no emprego de Vice-Rey, e Capitão-general de mar e terra, dos Eſtados da India, e ſuas dependencias, por tempo de trez annos, e o mais que Eu for ſervido, em quanto lhe não nomear ſucceſſor; e com o dito governo averá o ſoldo de 24,000 cruzados pagos em cada hum anno na forma das minhas ordens: e gozará de todas as honras, poderes, mando, juriſdição, e alçada, que tem, e deque gozárão os providos no dito Governo; e do mais que por minhas ordens lhe for concedido, como Vice-Rey e Capitão-general, meu Lugartenente, e imediato á minha Real Peſſoa. Peloque mando ao Vice-Rey ſeu anteceſſor, ou á peſſoa que eſtiver governando, dê poſſe do meſmo Governo geral do Eſtado da India ao dito N.... E outroſim ordeno a todos os Officiais de Guerra, Juſtiça, e Fazenda, que em tudo lhe obedeção, e cumprão ſuas ordens, e mandados, como a ſeu Vice-Rey e Capitão-general: e o Tizoureiro, ou Recebedor da minha Fazenda, a quem o recebimento das rendas da India tocar, lhe fará pagamento do referido ſoldo aos quarteis, por eſta Carta-Patente ſomente, ſem para iſto ſer neceſſaria outra Provizão minha, a qual ſe regiſtará para o dito effeito nos livros da ſua deſpeza, para ſe lhe levar em conta. E o dito F... jurará em minha Chancellaria, na forma coſtumada, deque ſe fará aſſento nas coſtas deſta minha Carta-Patente; e antes de partir deſta Corte, fará em minhas Reaes maõs preito e omenagem pelo dito Governo do Eſtado da India, e ſuas Conquiſtas dependentes. E por firmeza de tudo lhe mandei paſſar eſta Carta-Patente por mim aſſignada, e ſellada com o Sello Grande de minhas Armas, &c.

Dada na cidade de Liſboa, *&c.*

El Rey.

NOTICIAS.

1. Os Vice-Reys da India tinhão huma juriſdição ſuprema, como ſe vê das ſuas Patentes: e erão unicamente ſujeitos, no fim do ſeu governo, a huma devaça de rezidencia, que El Rey mandava tirar do ſeu procedimento, por hum Miniſtro civil. Neſta devaça devião jurar todas as Ordens do Eſtado; principiando-ſe pela *Camera* (ou ſeja *Concelho Municipal*); e continuando-ſe pelos Officiaes das mais repartiçoens civis, como a Relação de Goa, os Miniſtros e Officiaes da Fazenda, os Generais e Officiais Militares, ſem excepção de peſſoa alguma.

Eſta devaça era remetida em direitura a Liſboa. Porem, ſe o novo Vice-rey [tendo precedido queixas á Corte, do ſeo anteceſſor] trazia ordens particulares; podia mandalo logo prezo a Liſboa, achando-o culpado.

2. Na India avia alem do Vice-Rey e de dous Secretarios de Eſtado, os Tribunaes ſeguintes em Goa: a Inquizição para as couzas da Religião: o Tribunal do Ordinario para os mais Negocios Eccleziaſticos: uma Junta das Miſſoens, independente do Biſpo, mas ſujeita á inſpecão dos Vice-Reys, na qual Junta prezidia o Superior dos Jezuitas: huma Relação (tribunal ſuperior de Judicatura) Com hum Chanceller-mór para os negocios civis, com appelação para o Tribunal ſupremo do Reino (em Portugal): hum Concelho da Fazenda, e o Senado da Camera.

3. O Vice-Rey era Regedor das Juſtiças, & como tal era Prezidente da ſobredita Relação, & do referido Concelho da Fazenda: não ſe podendo diſpender couza alguma ſem hum deſpacho, ou portaria do meſmo Vice-Rey. Eſte, como Lugartenente d'El Rey, governava ſem limitação ſobre os Militares; conferia Patentes até o poſto de Capitaens incluſivè: nomeava interinamente todos os mais Poſtos ſuperiores; e conferia todos os Governos da ſua dependencia, que não vinhão providos pela Corte. Nos cazos criminaes, aſſim civis, como militares, a Relação e o Concelho de Guerra da India tinhão o direito ſupremo de vida e morte: e o Vice-Rey, como Prezidente, tinha o direito de dezempate nos cazos de igoaldade de votos.

4. Alem dos referidos eſtablecimentos, o Senado da Camera tinha os meſmos direitos de policia, que tem todos os do Reino: e alem diſſo o direito de reprezentação a o meſmo Vice-Rey; e de ſe-queixar, em Corpo de Tribunal, em direitura à ſua Mageſtade a Liſboa.

5. Quando avia vacancia de Vice-Reys, por cauza de morte, o Arcebiſpo, o Chanceler da Relação, e o Official Militar de maior Patente, tomavão o governo do Eſtado; e exercitavão promiſcuamente todas as funçoens, aſſignando todos juntos as ordens que davão.

6. O Commercio da Aſia pertencia inteiramente a El Rey, e tudo ſe fazia por conta da Coroa, em navios proprios: para o que tinhão eſtabelecido, por parte de meſma Coroa, e á ſua cuſta, differentes Feitorias em todos os Eſtabelecimentos da Aſia, adminiſtrados por Feitores e Officiais da Fazenda Real, debaixo da juriſdição dos Vice-Reys; os quais davão contas no fim de 3 annos da ſua adminiſtração, ao Concelho da Fazenda da India: e eſte as dava ao Concelho-Ultramarino de Liſboa, na ſequinta monção. Eſte comercio ſe fazia em frotas, que partião da India, e depozitavão tudo nos Armazaens Reaes da Caza aſſim chamada (da India) em Liſboa: donde ſe vendia por conta da Fazenda Real, aos nacionaes, e aos eſtranjeiros.

7. Os Vice-Reys obtiverão a liberdade de fazerem comercio para o Reino; porem não podião exceder de huma porção limitada, que ſe lhes arbitrou. A meſma faculdade ſe eſtendeo aodepois diſſo a muitas outras peſſoas, tanto civis, como militares; porem com grandes limitaçoens e rezervas; exceptuando ſempre as pedras preciozas, perolas e aljofar, cujo comercio ſe deu excluzivamente ás Rainhas de Portugal, para ſeo patrimonio: aſſim como tãobem o da pimenta. O comercio dos outras eſpeciarias, do ſalitre, ſandalo, e porcelana, ſempre foi rezervado á Coroa.

8. Prohibio-ſe em fim aos Vice-Reys e a todos os Officiaes Civis e Militares de fazerem commercio algum por huma Lei que foi promulgada no anno de 1687.

9. O governo da India foi alterado no anno de 1773. Abolio-ſe o Vice-Reynado, ficando em Capitaens Generaes. Deu-ſe uma nova forma à arrecadação da Fazenda, eſtabelecendo-ſe hum Erario Regio, no forma do Erario de Liſboa. Abolio-ſe a Inquizição, e o Tribunal de Relacão: ficando a adminiſtração da Juſtiça, nas mãos dos Ouvidores Geraes, com appellação para

Liſboa. Mandou-ſe eſtabelcer no meſmo Eſtado o meſmo regulamento militar, que ſe practica em Portugal: e pagar as tropas por conta da Coroa em dinheiro; por quanto eſta deſpeza era feita d'antes pelos Capitaens que exercião monopolios onerozos, pagando aos ſoldados o ſuſtento e o fardamento por ſua conta.

Copy of the King's Letters Patent, given to the Vice-Roys, ſupreme Commanders of Portugueſe Eaſt India, according to the original kept in the King's Office, called Concelho Ultramarino *in Liſbon.*

"Don N. by the grace of God King of Portugal and Algarves, on this ſide of the ſea, and on that of Africa; Lord of Guinea, and of the Conqueſt, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Perſia, and India, &c.

"Be it known to all to whom this my Letter Patent may come, that, attentive to the qualities, merits, and talents of N. I am pleaſed to name him (as I do hereby) to the office of Vice-Roy and Generaliſſimo of the ſea and land, in the States of India, and dependencies thereon, for the ſpace of three years, and till ſuch time after as I ſhall appoint another to ſucceed him; and on account of this government I appoint him a ſalary of 24,000 * cruzados, to be paid to him every year according to this my commiſſion: and he ſhall enjoy all the honours, powers, command, juriſdiction, and authority, which now holds the preſent Vice-Roy, and formerly did his predeceſſors in the ſame government, and beſides whatever further grants I may allow to him as Vice-Roy, Generaliſſimo, and my Locum-tenens immediate to my Royal Perſon. On account of which I order the till now Vice-Roy of India, or whoſoever holds in his ſtead the government of that State, to deliver up to the ſaid N. the ſame government at his arrival. And moreover I order all the officers of War, of the King's-bench, and of the Exchequer, to obey him in every reſpect, and execute his orders or commands, as their Vice-Roy and Generaliſſimo: and the Lord Treaſurer or high Receiver of the Revenue in that State, ſhall make him payment of the aforeſaid Salary quarterly, according to this preſent Letter Patent, without waiting for any further orders of mine; which payment being regiſtered in the book of the expences of State, ſhall be reckoned as one of them. And the ſaid N. ſhall ſwear in the High Court of my Chancery in the accuſtomed form; an atteſtation of which ſhall be taken on the back of this Letter Patent: and before his departure from ſhore, he ſhall ſwear obedience, and do homage on my Royal hands, for the ſaid government of India and its dependencies: and as a teſt and confirmation of the whole, I have ordered this my Letter Patent to be paſſed, which ſhall be ſigned by me, and ſealed with the Great Seal of my Arms, &c.

---

* Two thouſand ſix hundred and ſixty ſix pounds ſterling.

Given at Liſbon, &c.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The Vice-Roys of India held a ſupreme juriſdiction, as appears by their Letters Patent, and were only ſubject at the end of their government to an Inqueſt on the diſcharge of their official duty and perſonal behaviour, which the King always ordered to be made by a Civil Magiſtrate. Into this Inqueſt were to be ſworn all ranks of the State, the Members of the Supreme Council of the India adminiſtration, and thoſe of all the other Councils and Courts, the King's Bench of Judges at Goa, the Miniſters and Officers of the India Exchequer and King's Revenue, as well as all the Generals and Military Officers of the State, without exception of any perſon ſoever.

The reſult of this general inqueſt was to be ſent directly to the King's Council at Liſbon: and there to be judged accordingly.

ingly. But if the new Vice-Roy, in conſequence of any complaints having been made to the King's Privy Council againſt his predeceſſor, had got particular orders from the king, he then could, on finding him guilty by the aforeſaid inqueſt, commit him to priſon, and ſend him under confinement to Liſbon, to be judged by the King's Privy Council, or by the King himſelf.

2. There were in India, beſides the Vice-Roy and two Secretaries of State, who acted with him as a kind of Privy Council, the following Tribunals in Goa, viz. The Inquiſition of the affairs of Religion: An Eccleſiaſtical or Spiritual Court, with the Biſhop at their head, for the affairs which fall under the cognizance of the Church: A Board or Council for the Propagation of the Goſpel, without any dependence upon the Biſhop, but only ſubjected to the inſpection of the Vice-Roys, of which Council the Superior of the Jeſuits was Preſident: The King's Bench, conſiſting of a Chancellor and a certain number of high Judges, named by the King, for the Civil affairs, from whom there could be no appeal but to the ſupreme King's Bench of the high Judges at Liſbon: A Council or Court of the Exchequer, for the King's Revenue: And a kind of a Court, [*like the Common Council of London,*] but very few in number, for the police of Goa.

3. The Vice-Roy being, on account of his office, a kind of High Chancellor of the State, was in conſequence thereof Preſident of the ſupreme King's Bench of high or great Judges, and of the Court of the Exchequer already mentioned; nor could any expence or diſburſement be made by this laſt, without conſent and permiſſion ſigned by himſelf. He, as a Locumtenens of the King, had an unlimited authority and command over the whole military departments: he conferred all the military Commiſſions in the Army, not above thoſe of Captains; and even appointed any ſuperior Officers, till theſe offices were filled

ſilled up by the King's nomination; and, finally, he nominated and gave all other commiſſions and charges under him, which were not provided by the King. In all criminal caſes, both civil and military, the above King's Bench of high Judges, and the Council of War, or Court Martial, held the deciſive authority of Life and Death: But the Vice-Roys had the caſting-vote, as Preſidents of both, in caſe of an equality of votes.

4. Beſides the aforeſaid civil eſtabliſhments, the Municipal Court, under the name of Senate of the *Camera*, [*which was like the Common Council of London, though compoſed of much fewer members*] was veſted with the ſame authority and excluſive power, in regard to matters of police, as that of Portugal; it had alſo the right of addreſſing and petitioning the Vice-Roys, and even of applying by common conſent, as a civil body, for redreſs, to the King himſelf, at Liſbon.

5. On the death of the Vice-Roy, during his government, the Archbiſhop of Goa, the Chancellor of the King's Bench or Council of Juſtice, and the Military Officer of higheſt rank and of oldeſt commiſſion, were to take the government of the State, and to exerciſe conjointly all its functions; all three ſigning together whatever orders they gave.

6. The whole Commerce of Aſia belonged ſolely to the King; and was carried on, on account of the Crown, in the King's ſhips. To this end there were eſtabliſhed different factories, by the authority and at the expence of the Crown, in all the ſettlements of Aſia, with proper Officers and Clerks, under the juriſdiction of the Vice-Roys; who at the end of every three years were to render an account of their management to the India Exchequer, by which it was ſent to the high Council Ultramarine at Liſbon in the next * *monçoon*. This commerce was

---

* *Monçoon* means here the ſtated times in which the Portugueſe India ſhips uſed to ſail to Liſbon.

carried on by fleets, which ſailed from India, and depoſited their cargoes in the Royal warehouſes of the Eaſt India Houſe at Liſbon; from whence they were ſold on behalf of the Royal Revenue, both to the Portugueſe and to foreigners *.

7. In courſe of time the Vice-Roys obtained leave to trade, on their own account, from India to Portugal; but they were not allowed to exceed a limited and determined portion. Afterwards the ſame power was extended to many other perſons, both of the civil and of the military profeſſion: but this was to be done within great limitations and reſtrictions. The commerce of precious ſtones, and pearls of every ſize, was always excepted. The trade of theſe, and of pepper, was the excluſive right of the Queens of Portugal, as a part of their patrimony †. The trade of the other ſpices, of nitre, ſandalo ‡, and that of porcelaine, always was reſerved to the Crown.

8. In fine, the Vice-Roys of India, and all Officers, both civil and military, were prohibited carrying on any kind of commerce between India and Portugal, by a law which was publiſhed in the year 1687.

9. The government of the Portugueſe Eaſt India was lately altered, in the year 1773. The title of Vice-Roy was aboliſhed, and changed into that of Captain-General. A new form of levying the Duties, and managing the King's Revenue was eſtabliſhed.

---

* Beſides the Eaſt-India warehouſes at Liſbon, there were other warehouſes at Antwerp, with a conſul, and at Rotterdam and Amſterdam, with two reſpective factors, for the diſpoſal of the India goods ſent to them from Liſbon.

† The Queens of Portugal have a kind of patrimony aſſigned to them by the State: it conſiſts of different cities, towns, and villages, whoſe duties and cuſtoms belong to the Queen's houſehold or revenue. They have a Secretary of State, with a council of their own, an exchequer for their own revenue: and all the juſtices of peace, judges, and officers of the Queen's State, are of her Majeſty's nomination.

‡ A kind of red wood, for dying with, like the Brazil wood.

eſtabliſhed. A new Royal Treaſury or Exchequer was erected, like that of Liſbon, known by the name of *Royal Erarium*. The court of Inquiſition was aboliſhed, as well as the ſupreme Tribunal of the King's Bench, the adminiſtration of Juſtice being put into the hands of Auditors-General, from whom there may be an appeal to the High Tribunal at Liſbon. The ſame military regulations, as now practiſed in Portugal, were extended to India: and the troops were ordered to be paid in ready money, on account of the Crown; the pay of the Soldiers having formerly paſſed through the hands of the Captains, who exerciſed conſiderable monopolies in the management of it, by paying them in proviſions and cloaths, &c. from their own warehouſes.

Ambitious of giving his hiſtorical narrative the laſt confirmation, the Tranſlator applied for aſſiſtance to ſome gentlemen, who, on the appearance of the Engliſh Luſiad, honoured him with their correſpondence. He entreated that, if poſſible, a copy of the commiſſion of the Viceroys might be procured, together with an abſtract of the laws and conſtitution of Portugueſe Aſia. And the foregoing papers, of which he has given a tranſlation, were remitted to him from the Continent. During the Spaniſh uſurpation, the affairs of India fell into the deepeſt anarchy. When John IV. aſcended the throne of Portugal, he endeavoured to reſtore regularity to the government of his eaſtern empire; and from the regulations of that monarch and his ſucceſſors the above *Noticias* were carefully extracted. There is no copy of the Viceroy's commiſſion of older date than the beginning of the reign of John IV. the former papers relative to the government of India having probably been removed to Madrid. But the commiſſion itſelf bears a proof that it was in the *uſual form*; and the regulations of John, which remain upon record, appear, by the teſtimony of hiſtory, to be only a confirmation of the former government of India, with a great diminution of the Viceroy's ſalary; and perhaps ſome few novel eſtabliſhments which did not affect the ſpirit of the conſtitution. By the lateſt alterations, it appears, that the conſtitution of Liſbon, ever was, and is, the grand model of the government of Portugueſe Aſia.

⁂ Whatever circumſtances have a tendency to elucidate the manners and policy of former times, or to give us an accurate idea of the energy and ſtrength of her various governments, when Europe began to emerge from the inactivity of the Gothic ages, are highly worthy of the careful inveſtigation of the philoſopher and politician. Rouſed into action by Prince Henry of Portugal, the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the ſixteenth century became the great æra of maritime diſcovery. The three grand expeditions were thoſe of Gama, Columbus, and Magalhaens. And the object of all was the ſame, the Diſcovery of India. The force of the various fleets which attempted this arduous undertaking, will give us an idea of the ſtate of maritime affairs in the reigns when they were fitted out. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, a Portugueſe captain, with three ſhips, attempted the Diſcovery of India by the coaſt of Africa; but, haraſſed by tempeſts, his crew mutinied, and having diſcovered the river *del Infante*, on the eaſtern ſide of Africa, he returned to Europe. About fourteen years after, this expedition was happily completed by Gama; and the force with which he went out is thus circumſtantially deſcribed by Hernan Lopez de Caſtaneda, a cotemporary writer, and careful journaliſt of facts.

" Emmanuel, earneſt to proſecute what his predeceſſor Don " John had begun for the diſcovery of India, ordered Fernan " Lorenzo, Treaſurer of the houſe of the Myna (*on the golden* " *coaſt*) to build with the timber that was bought in king John's " time, two ſhips, which, after they were finiſhed, he named " the Angel Gabriel, being of one hundred and twenty tons

" burthen, and the Saint Raphael, of one hundred tons. And " to accompany theſe ſhips the king bought of a pilot who was " born in Lagos, named Berrio, a caravel of fifty tons, which " bore the name of the Pilot. Beſide theſe, he bought a ſhip " of two hundred tons of one Ayres Correa. . . . .The king alſo " appointed Bartholomew Diaz to go along with them in a caravel to the Myna. And becauſe the ſhips of war could not " carry proviſions ſufficient for the voyage, the king gave orders that the ſhip of Correa ſhould be laden with proviſions, " and accompany the fleet to the bay of St. Blaſs, where it " would be neceſſary to take in freſh water; and the ſtore-ſhip " was to be there unloaded and burnt. The Captain General " went in the ſhip called St. Gabriel, having for pilot one Pedro " de Alanquer, who had been pilot to Bartholomew Diaz, " when he diſcovered the river called *El ryo del Ynfante*. Paulus " de Gama, brother of the Captain General, went in the ſhip " called St. Raphael; Nicolas Coello went in the caravel " named Berrio; and Gonſalo Gomez commanded the ſtore-ſhip." The number of the crews of this ſquadron, according to Caſtaneda, was 148 men; according to others, 160. Gama and his brother, and the ten malefactors who were on board, were perhaps not included in Caſtaneda's account.

The voyage of Columbus has been called the moſt daring and grand ever attempted by man. Columbus himſelf, however, ſeems to have had a very different idea of it; for certain it is, he expected to reach India by the weſtward paſſage in the ſpace of not many weeks. The ſquadron with which he attempted this diſcovery, conſiſted of only three veſſels. Dr. Robertſon calls the largeſt which Columbus commanded, " of no conſiderable " burden;" and the two others, " hardly ſuperior in burden or " force to large boats." The crew conſiſted of ninety men, and a few adventurers. And the expence of fitting out this equipment did not exceed 4000l. ſterling, for which queen Iſabella pawned her jewels.

The enterpriſe of Maghalhaens was infinitely more daring than that of Columbus. India and the continent of America were now both diſcovered, and now known to be at vaſt diſtance from each other. To find a rout to India beyond the great American continent was the bold deſign of Magalhaens; which he attempted, according to Faria, with 250 men and five ſhips; which, with reſpect to its purpoſe, Dr. Robertſon calls, "a proper ſquadron."

When Gama ſailed from Liſbon, it was unknown that a great and potent Commonwealth of Mohammedan merchants deeply ſkilled in all the arts and views of commerce, were ſcattered over the Eaſtern World. Gama, therefore, did not ſail to India with a warlike fleet, like that which firſt followed him under Cabral, but with a ſquadron every way proper for diſcovery. The Portugueſe hiſtorians aſcribe the ſhipwreck of many Portugueſe veſſels on the voyage between Europe and India to the avarice of their owners, in building them of an enormous bulk, of 4, 5, and 600 tons. The fleet of Gama was therefore not only of the moſt perfect ſize which the art of ſhip-building could then produce, but was alſo ſuperior in number, and nearly of the draught * of water with the veſſels which at this day are ſent out on voyages of diſcovery. The diſpoſition of Gama's voyage is alſo worthy of notice: the captain who had already paſt the great ſouthern promontory of Africa, to accompany him to a certain latitude; the pilot who had ſailed with that captain, to go the whole voyage; the ſize of Coello's caravel, proper to enter creeks and rivers; and the appointment of the ſtore-ſhip; are circumſtances which diſplay a knowledge of and attention to maritime affairs, greatly ſuperior to any thing diſcovered by the court of Spain in the equipments of Columbus and Magalhaens. The warlike ſtrength of

---

* Capt Cooke's *two veſſels* have, by the lateſt experience, been found the fitteſt for diſcovery. The one was of 462 tons burthen, the other of 336; and built to draw little water. And certain it is that veſſels of ſuch burthen are now built, which draw as little water as thoſe of 120 tons in the infancy of modern navigation.

of Gama's fleet was greatly ſuperior to that of the firſt voyage of Columbus, and little inferior to that of Magalhaens; though Magalhaens, who had been in India, well knew the hoſtile diſpoſition of the natives. In the art of war the Indians were greatly inferior to the Moors, and the Moors were as inferior to the Portugueſe. And the ſquadron of Gama not only defeated the whole naval force of the firſt maritime ſtate of India, but in every attack was victorious over the ſuperior numbers of the Moors. Theſe circumſtances are clearly evinced in our hiſtory of the Diſcovery of India; and this comparative diſcuſſion will not only give an accurate idea of the progreſs which the Portugueſe had made in navigation, but is alſo, perhaps, neceſſary in ſupport of the reputation of this work. Had an author of ordinary rank repreſented the ſquadron of Gama as *extremely feeble, conſiſting only of three* * *veſſels, of neither burthen nor force adequate to the ſervice*—ſuch condemnation of our narrative had been here unnoticed. But when a celebrated and juſtly admired hiſtorian, in a work publiſhed about one year and an half after the firſt appearance of the Luſiad, has given ſuch repreſentation of the equipment of Gama, directly contrary to the light in which it is there placed, the foregoing detail will not appear, it is hoped, an unneceſſary or rude vindication. We have followed the ample and circumſtantial accounts of the Portugueſe writers, and not the imperfect and curſory abſtracts of the Spaniſh hiſtorians when they allude to the affairs of their ſiſter kingdom.

⁂ To our former accounts of Portugueſe Literature let the following be added: In 1741, an heroic poem was publiſhed in Portugueſe by the Count de Ericeyra. It is named *Henriqueida*, and celebrates the eſtabliſhment of the kingdom of Portugal. Though it has ſome extravagancies, it contains an ardent ſpirit of true poetry. And in the preface and notes the author has given many judicious criticiſms, and by his opinion of Milton diſcovers a ſtrength of mind greatly ſuperior to that frivolouſneſs, that poverty of taſte, which the French generally betray, when they criticiſe the works of that great poet. The tranſlator has been favoured with the following account of this noble author by a learned and ingenious gentleman of Portugal; for whoſe favours he here returns his acknowledgements.

---

* See Hiſt. Americ. vol i. p. 145.

" Dom Franciſco Xavier de Menezes, fourth Count of Ericeyra, was one of the moſt learned men of this age, and a " great ornament to Portugal; he was born at Liſbon the 29th " of January, 1673, and died in the ſame city the 21ſt of December, 1743. To the qualities of a ſoldier, a politician, a " philoſopher, a mathematician, an hiſtorian, and a poet, he " joined that of a man of honour and probity. He was director " and cenſor of the Royal Academy of Portugueſe Hiſtory; " he ſpoke the Latin, French, Italian, and Spaniſh languages " with as much eaſe and elegance as his own, and wrote in them " all with accuracy. Although he never went out of Portugal, " he was known and admired in all Europe, and obtained the " eſteem and the praiſes of Pope Innoceut XIII. and Lewis " XIV. of France, as well as ſome of the moſt eminent men of " that age, ſuch as Muratori, Bianchini, Creſcimbeni, Dumont, " Garelli, Le Clerc, Bayle, Deſpreaux, Renaudot, Bignon, Salazar, Feijoò, Mayans, &c. With all theſe he appears to " have kept a literary correſpondence; was member of the Arcadian academy of Italy, and of the Royal Society of London, and much reſpected by the Ruſſian academy. He compoſed a great number of excellent pieces in proſe and verſe, " many of which have been publiſhed."

THE

LUSIAD[a].

BOOK I.

ARMS and the heroes, who from Liſbon's ſhore,
Thro' ſeas [b] where ſail was never ſpread before,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her ſpicy breaſt,
And waves her woods above the watery waſte,
With

---

[a] *The Luſiad*; in the original, *Os Luſiadas*, The Luſiads, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from Luſus or Lyſas, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who ſettled a colony in Luſitania. See Plin. l. iii. c. 1.

[b] *Thro' ſeas where ſail was never ſpread before.*—M. Duperron de Caſtera, the French tranſlator of the Luſiad, has given a long note on this paſſage, which he tells us, muſt not be underſtood literally. His arguments are theſe: Our author, ſays he, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian oceans had been navigated before the times of the Portugueſe. The Phœnicians, whoſe fleets paſſed the ſtraits of Gibraltar, made frequent voyages in theſe ſeas, though they carefully concealed the courſe of their navigation that other

With proweſs more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the riſing day:
What wars they wag'd, what ſeas, what dangers paſt,
What glorious empire crown'd their toils at laſt,

other nations might not become partakers of their lucrative traffic. It is certain that Solomon, and Hiram king of Tyre, ſent ſhips to the Eaſt by the Red Sea. It is alſo certain that Hanno, a Carthaginian captain, made a voyage round the whole coaſt of Africa, as is evident from the hiſtory of the expedition, written by himſelf in the Punic language; a Greek tranſlation of which is now extant. Beſides, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Ptolomy, and Strabo aſſure us, that Mozambic and the adjacent iſlands, and ſome parts of India, were known to the Romans: and theſe words of Macrobius, *Sed nec monſtruoſis carnibus abſtinetis, inſerentes poculis teſticulos Caſtorum et venenata corpora Viperarum; quibus admiſcetis quidquid India nutrit*, ſufficiently prove that they carried on a conſiderable traffic with the Eaſt. From all which, ſays M. Caſtera, we may conclude that the Portugueſe were rather the reſtorers than the diſcoverers of the navigation to the Indies.

In this firſt book, and throughout the whole poem, Camoëns frequently deſcribes his heroes as paſſing though ſeas which had never before been navigated; and

Que ſó dos feyos focas ſe navega.
Where but ſea-monſters cut the waves before.

That this ſuppoſition afforded our author a number of poetical images, and adds a ſolemn grandeur to his ſubject, might perhaps with M. Caſtera be eſteemed a ſufficient apology for the poetical licence in ſuch a violation of hiſtorical truth. Yet whatever liberties an epic or tragic poet may commendably take in embelliſhing the actions of his heroes, an aſſertion relative to the ſcene where his poem opens, if falſe, muſt be equally ridiculous as to call Veſpaſian the firſt who had ever aſſumed the title of Cæſar. But it will be found that Camoëns has not fallen into ſuch abſurdity. The poem opens with a deſcription of the Luſitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, driving about in the great Ethiopian ocean, ſo far from land that it required the care of the Gods to conduct it to ſome hoſpitable ſhore. Therefore, though it is certain that the Phœnicians paſſed the *Ne plus ultra* of the ancients; though it is probable they traded on the coaſt of Cornwall, and the Iſles of Scilly; though there is ſome reaſon to believe that the Madeiras and Carribees were known to them; and though it has

Vent'rous I ſing, on ſoaring pinions borne,
And all my country's wars the ſong [c] adorn;
What kings, what heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Aſia's and on Afric's ſtrand:
Illuſtrious ſhades, who levell'd in the duſt
The idol-temples and the ſhrines of luſt;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To holy faith unnumber'd altars [d] rear'd:

Illuſtrious

---

been *ſuppoſed* that ſome of their ſhips *might* have been driven by ſtorm to the Brazils or North America; yet there is not the leaſt foundation in hiſtory to ſuppoſe that they traded to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. There is rather a demonſtration of the contrary; for it is certain they carried on their traffic with the Eaſt, by a much nearer and ſafer way, by the two ports of Elath and Eziongeber on the Red Sea. Neither is it certainly known in what particular part, whether in the Perſian gulph, or in the Indian ocean, the Tarſhiſh and Ophir of the ancients are ſituated. Though it is certain that Hanno doubled the Cape of Good Hope, it is alſo equally certain that his voyage was merely a coaſting one, like that of Nearchus in Alexander's time, and that he never ventured into the great ocean, or went ſo far as Gama. The citation from Macrobius proves nothing at all relative to the point in queſtion, for it is certain that the Romans received the merchandiſe of India by the way of Syria and the Mediterranean, in the ſame manner as the Venetians imported the commodities of the Eaſt from Alexandria before the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe. It remains, therefore, that Gama, who ſailed by the compaſs, after having gone further than his contemporary Bartholomew Diaz, was literally the firſt who ever ſpread ſail in the great ſouthern ocean, and that the Portugueſe were not the reſtorers, but literally the diſcoverers of the preſent rout of navigation to the Eaſt Indies.

[c] *And all my country's wars.*—"He interweaves artfully the hiſtory of Portugal." *Voltaire.*

[d] *To holy faith unnumber'd altars rear'd.*—In no period of hiſtory does human nature appear with more ſhocking features than in the Spaniſh conqueſt of South America. To the immortal honour of the *firſt* Portugueſe diſcoverers, their conduct was in every reſpect the reverſe. To eſtabliſh a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themſelves, was the principle

they

Illuſtrious names, with deathleſs laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he ſaw, what toils at ſea he bore;
No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boaſt,
What ſtorms he brav'd on many a per'lous coaſt:
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eaſtern conqueſts Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the ſong of ancient days;
Illuſtrious Gama, whom the waves obey'd,
And whoſe dread ſword the fate of empire ſway'd.

they profeſſed, and the ſtricteſt honour, and that humanity which is ever inſeparable from true bravery, preſided over their tranſactions. Nor did they ever proceed to hoſtilities till provoked, either by the open violence or by the perfidy of the natives. Their honour was admired, and their friendſhip courted by the Indian princes. To mention no more, the name of Gama was dear to them, and the great Albuquerque was beloved as a father, and his memory honoured with every token of affection and reſpect by the people and princes of India. It was owing to this ſpirit of honour and humanity, which in the heroical days of Portugal characteriſed that nation, that the religion of the Portugueſe was eagerly embraced by many kings and provinces of Africa and India; while the Mexicans with manly diſdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, profeſſing they would rather go to hell to eſcape theſe cruel tyrants, than go to heaven, where they were told they ſhould meet them. Zeal for the Chriſtian religion was eſteemed, at the time of the Portugueſe grandeur, as the moſt cardinal virtue; and to propagate Chriſtianity and extirpate Mohammediſm were the moſt certain proofs of that zeal. In all their expeditions this was profeſſedly a principal motive of the Luſitanian monarchs; and Camoëns underſtood the nature of epic poetry too well to omit, that the deſign of his hero was to deliver the law of heaven to the eaſtern world; a circumſtance which gives a noble air of importance and of intereſt to the buſineſs of his poem.

And you, fair nymphs of Tagus, parent ſtream,
If e'er your meadows were my paſtoral theme,
While you have liſtened, and by moonſhine ſeen
My footſteps wander o'er your banks of green,
O come auſpicious, and the ſong inſpire
With all the boldneſs of your hero's fire:
Deep and majeſtic let the numbers flow,
And, rapt to heaven, with ardent fury glow;
Unlike the verſe that ſpeaks the lover's grief,
When heaving ſighs afford their ſoft relief,
And humble reeds bewail the ſhepherd's pain:
But like the warlike trumpet be the ſtrain
To rouſe the hero's ire; and far around,
With equal rage, your warriors' deeds reſound.

And thou, [f] O born the pledge of happier days,
To guard our freedom and our glories raiſe,

---

[f] *And thou, O born.*—King Sebaſtian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoëns anticipated the praiſes of the future hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happineſs to fulfil the prophecy. His endowments and enterpriſing genius promiſed indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels, he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpoſe to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been depoſed by Muley Molucco. On the 4th of Auguſt 1578, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he gave battle to the uſurper on the plains of Alcazar. This was that memorable engagement, to which the Mooriſh emperor, extremely weakened by ſickneſs, was carried in his litter. By the impetuoſity of the attack, the firſt line of the Mooriſh infantry was broken, and the ſecond diſordered. Muley Molucco on this mounted his horſe, drew his ſabre, and would have put himſelf at the head of his troops, but was prevented by his at-

Given to the world to ſpread religion's ſway,
And pour o'er many a land the mental day,
Thy future honours on thy ſhield behold,
The croſs, and victor's wreath, emboſt in gold:

At

---

tendants. On this act of violence, his emotion of mind was ſo great that he fell from his horſe, and one of his guards having caught him in his arms, conveyed him to his litter, where, putting his finger on his lips to enjoin them ſilence, he immediately expired. Hamet Taba ſtood by the curtains of the carriage, opened them from time to time, and gave out orders as if he had received them from the emperor. Victory declared for the Moors, and the defeat of the Portugueſe was ſo total, that not above fifty of their whole army eſcaped. Hieron de Mendoça and Sebaſtian de Meſa relate, that Don Sebaſtian, after having two horſes killed under him, was ſurrounded and taken; but the party who had ſecured him quarrelling among themſelves whoſe priſoner he was, a Mooriſh officer rode up and ſtruck the king a blow over the right eye, which brought him to the ground; when, deſpairing of ranſom, the others killed him. Faria y Souſa, an exact and judicious hiſtorian, reports, that Lewis de Brito meeting the king with the royal ſtandard wrapped round him, Sebaſtian cried out, "Hold it faſt, let us die upon it." Brito affirmed, that after he himſelf was taken priſoner, he ſaw the king at a diſtance unpurſued, Don Lewis de Lima afterwards met him making towards the river; and this, ſays the hiſtorian, was the laſt time he was ever ſeen alive. About twenty years after this fatal defeat there appeared a ſtranger at Venice, who called himſelf Sebaſtian, king of Portugal. His perſon ſo perfectly reſembled Sebaſtian, that the Portugueſe of that city acknowledged him for their ſovereign. Philip II. of Spain was now maſter of the crown and kingdom of Portugal. His ambaſſador at Venice charged this ſtranger with many atrocious crimes, and had intereſt to get him apprehended and thrown into priſon as an impoſtor. He underwent twenty-eight examinations before a committee of the nobles, in which he clearly acquitted himſelf of all the crimes that had been laid to his charge; and he gave a diſtinct account of the manner in which he had paſſed his time from the fatal defeat at Alcazar. It was objected, that the ſucceſſor of Muley Molucco ſent a corpſe to Portugal which had been owned as that of the king by the Portugueſe nobility who ſurvived the battle. To this he replied, that his valet-de-chambre had produced that body to facilitate his eſcape, and that the nobility acted upon the ſame motive: and Meſa and

Baena

At thy commanding frown we truſt to ſee,
The Turk and Arab bend the ſuppliant knee:
Beneath the [g] morn, dread king, thine empire lies,
When midnight veils thy Luſitanian ſkies;

Baena confeſs, that ſome of the nobility, after their return to Portugal, acknowledged, that the corpſe was ſo disfigured with wounds that it was impoſſible to know it. He ſhewed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the perſon of the king whoſe name he aſſumed. He entered into a minute detail of the tranſactions that had paſſed between himſelf and the republic, and mentioned the ſecrets of ſeveral converſations with the Venetian ambaſſadors in the palace of Liſbon. The committee were aſtoniſhed, and ſhewed no diſpoſition to declare him an impoſtor; the ſenate however refuſed to diſcuſs the great point, unleſs requeſted by ſome prince or ſtate in alliance with them. This generous part was performed by the Prince of Orange, and an examination was made with great ſolemnity, but no deciſion followed, only the ſenate ſet him at liberty, and ordered him to depart their dominions in three days. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the moſt barbarous indignities. After they had often expoſed him, mounted on an aſs, to the cruel inſults of the brutal mob, he was ſhipped on board a galley as a ſlave. He was then carried to St. Lucar, from thence to a caſtle in the heart of Caſtile, and never was heard of more. The firmneſs of his behaviour, his ſingular modeſty and heroical patience, are mentioned with admiration by Le Clede. To the laſt he maintained the truth of his aſſertions; a word never ſlipt from his lips which might countenance the charge of impoſture, or juſtify the cruelty of his perſecutors. All Europe was aſtoniſhed at the miniſtry of Spain, who, by their method of conducting it, had made an affair ſo little to their credit, the topic of general converſation; and their aſſertion, that the unhappy ſufferer was a magician, was looked upon as a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of his pretenſions.

[g] *Beneath the morn, dread king, thine empire lies.*—When we conſider the glorious ſucceſſes which had attended the arms of the Portugueſe in Africa and India, and the high reputation of their military and naval proweſs, for Portugal was then empreſs of the ocean, it is no matter of wonder that the imagination of Camoëns was warmed with the view of his country's greatneſs, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a ſtrain, which muſt appear as mere hyperbole to thoſe whoſe ideas of Portugal are drawn from its preſent broken ſpirit and diminiſhed ſtate.

And when deſcending in the weſtern main
The ſun [h] ſtill riſes on thy lengthening reign:
Thou blooming Scion of the nobleſt ſtem,
Our nation's ſafety, and our age's gem,
O young Sebaſtian, haſten to the prime
Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb;
Yet now attentive hear the muſe's lay
While thy green years to manhood ſpeed away:
The youthful terrors of thy brow ſuſpend,
And, O propitious, to the ſong attend,
The numerous ſong, by patriot-paſſion fir'd,
And by the glories of thy race inſpir'd:
To be the herald of my country's fame,
My firſt ambition and my deareſt aim:
Nor conqueſts fabulous, nor actions vain,
The muſe's paſtime, here adorn the ſtrain:
Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
And all the heroes of the Aonian page,

---

[h] *The ſun.*—Imitated perhaps from Rutilius, ſpeaking of the Roman empire,

> *Volvitur ipſe tibi, qui conſpicit omnia, Phœbus,*
> *Atque tuis ortos in tua condit equos;*

or more probably from theſe lines of Buchannan, addreſſed to John III. king of Portugal, the grandfather of Sebaſtian,

> *Inque tuis Phœbus regnis orienſque cadenſque*
> *Vix longum feſſo conderet axe diem.*
> *Et quæcunque vago ſe circumvolvit Olympo*
> *Affulget ratibus flamma miniſtra tuis.*

The dreams of bards ſurpaſs'd the world ſhall view,
And own their boldeſt fictions may be true;
Surpaſs'd, and dimm'd by the ſuperior blaze
Of GAMA's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth diſplays.
Nor more let Hiſtory boaſt her heroes old;
Their glorious rivals here, dread prince, behold:
Here ſhine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeign'd,
Whoſe ſingle arm the falling ſtate ſuſtain'd;
Here fearleſs Egas' wars, and, Fuas, thine,
To give full ardour to the ſong combine;
But ardour equal to your martial ire
Demands the thundering ſounds of Homer's lyre.
To match the twelve [1] ſo long by bards renown'd,
Here brave Magricio and his peers are crown'd
(A glorious twelve!) with deathleſs laurels, won
In gallant arms before the Engliſh throne.
Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles ſhall ſtand,
Nor Cæſar's name the firſt of praiſe command:
Of nobler acts the crown'd Alonzos ſee,
Thy valiant ſires, to whom the bended knee
Of vanquiſh'd Afric bow'd. Nor leſs in fame,
He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,
The godlike John, beneath whoſe awful ſword
Rebellion crouch'd, and trembling own'd him Lord.

---

[1] *To match the twelve ſo long by bards renown'd.*—The twelve peers of Charlemagne, often mentioned in the old romances. For the epiſode of Magricio and his eleven companions, ſee the ſixth Luſiad.

Thoſe heroes too, who thy bold flag unfurl'd,
And ſpread thy banners o'er the eaſtern world,
Whoſe ſpears ſubdued the kingdoms of the morn,
Their names, and glorious wars the ſong adorn;
The daring GAMA, whoſe unequall'd name
Proud monarch ſhines o'er all of naval fame:
Caſtro the bold, in arms a peerleſs knight,
And ſtern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:
The two Almeydas, names for ever dear,
By Tago's nymphs embalmed with many a tear;
Ah, ſtill their early fate the nymphs ſhall mourn,
And bathe with many a tear their hapleſs urn:
Nor ſhall the godlike Albuquerk reſtrain
The muſe's fury; o'er the purpled plain
The muſe ſhall lead him in his thundering car
Amidſt his glorious brothers of the war,
Whoſe fame in arms reſounds from ſky to ſky,
And bids their deeds the power of death defy.
And while, to thee, I tune the duteous lay,
Aſſume, O potent king! thine empire's ſway;
With thy brave hoſt through Afric march along,
And give new triumphs to immortal ſong:
On thee with earneſt eyes the nations wait,
And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
The barbarous mountaineer on Taurus' brows
To thy expected yoke his ſhoulder bows;
Fair Thetis wooes thee with her blue domain,
Her nuptial ſon, and fondly yields her reign;

And from the bowers of heaven thy grandſires [k] ſee
Their various virtues bloom afreſh in thee;
One for the joyful days of peace renown'd,
And one with war's triumphant laurels crown'd:
With joyful hands to deck thy manly brow,
They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;
With joyful eyes a glorious throne they ſee,
In Fame's eternal dome, reſerv'd[l] for thee.
Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
The ſcepter'd power, or thunder of the field,
Here view thine Argonauts, in ſeas unknown,
And all the terrors of the burning zone,
Till their proud ſtandards, rear'd in other ſkies,
And all their conqueſts meet thy wondering[m] eyes.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
The Luſitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward

---

[k] *Thy grandſires.*—John III. king of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almoſt continual wars.

[l] —— *reſerv'd for thee* ——
Anne novum tardis ſidus te menſibus addas,
Qua locus Erigonen inter chelaſque ſequentes
Panditur: ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cœli juſtaplus parte reliquit. VIRG.

[m] —— *thy wondering eyes.*—Some critics have condemned Virgil for ſtopping his narrative to introduce even a ſhort obſervation of his own. Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been blamed for the ſame reaſon, as being no part of the ſubject of his poem. The addreſs of Camoëns to Don Sebaſtian has not eſcaped the ſame cenſure; though in ſome meaſure undeſervedly, as the poet has had the art to interweave therein ſome part of the general argument of his poem.

Onward they traced the wide and loneſome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his ſcaly train;
The dancing vanes before the zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the trackleſs ocean plow'd;
Unplow'd before the green-ting'd billows roſe,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the god who with a thought controls
The raging ſeas, and balances the poles,
From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in ſovereign ſtate,
To fix the Eaſtern World's depending fate:
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal ſenate of the ſkies;
Where, from the ſov'reign throne of earth and heaven,
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
Inſtant the regents of the ſpheres of light,
And thoſe who rule the paler orbs of night,
With thoſe, the gods whoſe delegated ſway
The burning South and frozen North obey;
And they whoſe empires ſee the day-ſtar riſe,
And evening Phœbus leave the weſtern ſkies;
All inſtant pour'd along the milky road,
Heaven's cryſtal pavements glittering as they trode:
And now, obedient to the dread command,
Before their awful Lord in order ſtand.

Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,
That glow'd with ſtars, and bright as lightning ſhone,

Th' immortal ſire, who darts the thunder, ſate,
The crown and ſceptre added ſolemn ſtate;
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whoſe ardent rays,
Flam'd round his brows, outſhone the diamond's blaze:
His breath ſuch gales of vital fragrance ſhed,
As might, with ſudden life, inſpire the dead:
Supreme control thron'd in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the monarch of the ſkies.
On ſeats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The ſubject gods their ſovereign lord enfold,
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that ſhook
The towers of heaven, the world's dread ruler ſpoke:

Immortal heirs of light, my purpoſe hear,
My counſels ponder, and the fates revere:
Unleſs oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank ſhades, to you, ye gods, are known
The fate's decree, and ancient warlike fame
Of that bold race which boaſts of Luſus' name;
That bold advent'rous race the fates declare,
A potent empire in the eaſt ſhall rear,
Surpaſſing Babel's or the Perſian fame,
Proud Grecia's boaſt, or Rome's illuſtrious name.
Oft from theſe brilliant ſeats have you beheld
The ſons of Luſus on the duſty field,
Though few, triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tago's ſhores
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has heaven
Before their troops the proud Caſtilians driven;

While Victory her eagle-wings diſplay'd
Where'er their warriors wave the ſhining blade.
Nor reſts unknown how Luſus' heroes ſtood
When Rome's ambition dy'd the world with blood;
What glorious laurels Viriatus [n] gain'd,
How oft his ſword with Roman gore was ſtain'd;
And

---

[n] *What glorious laurels Viriatus gain'd.*——This brave Luſitanian, who was firſt a ſhepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exaſperated at the tyranny of the Romans, encouraged his countrymen to revolt and ſhake off the yoke. Being appointed general, he defeated Vetilius the prætor, who commanded in Luſitania, or farther Spain. After this he defeated in three pitched battles, the prætors C. Plautius Hypſæus, and Claudius Unimanus, though they led againſt him very numerous armies. For ſix years he continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight wherever he met them, and laying waſte the countries of their allies. Having obtained ſuch advantages over the proconſul Servilianus, that the only choice which was left to the Roman army was death or ſlavery; the brave Viriatus, inſtead of putting them all to the ſword, as he could eaſily have done, ſent a deputation to the general, offering to conclude a peace with him on this ſingle condition, *That he ſhould continue maſter of the country now in his power, and that the Romans ſhould remain poſſeſſed of the reſt of Spain.*

The proconſul, who expected nothing but death or ſlavery, thought theſe very favourable and moderate terms, and without heſitation concluded a peace, which was ſoon after ratified by the Roman ſenate and people. Viriatus, by this treaty, completed the glorious deſign he had always in view, which was to erect a kingdom in the vaſt country he had conquered from the republic. And had it not been for the treachery of the Romans, he would have become, as Florus calls him, the Romulus of Spain: he would have founded a monarchy capable of counterbalancing the power of Rome.

The ſenate, ſtill deſirous to revenge their late defeat, ſoon after this peace ordered Q. Servilius Cæpio to exaſperate Viriatus, and force him by repeated affronts to commit the firſt acts of hoſtility. But this mean artifice did not ſucceed. Viriatus would not be provoked to a breach of the peace. On this the Conſcript Fathers, to the eternal diſgrace of their republic, ordered Cæpio to declare war, and to proclaim Viriatus, who had given no provocation, an enemy to Rome. To this baſeneſs Cæpio added ſtill a greater; he corrupted the ambaſſadors which Viriatus had ſent to negotiate with him, who, at the inſtigation of the Roman, treacherouſly murdered their protector and general while he ſlept.—UNIV. HIST.

And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the chief renown'd,
Who [o] feign'd a dæmon, in a deer conceal'd,
To him the counſels of the gods reveal'd.
And now ambitious to extend their ſway
Beyond their conqueſts on the ſouthmoſt bay
Of Afric's ſwarthy coaſt, on floating wood
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd miſts have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have ſail'd the wave before;
Beneath new ſkies they hold their dreadful way
To reach the cradle of the new-born day:
And Fate, whoſe mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd, that long ſhall Luſus' offspring reign
The lords of that wide ſea, whoſe waves behold
The ſun come forth enthron'd in burning gold.
But now the tedious length of winter paſt,
Diſtreſs'd and weak, the heroes faint at laſt.
What gulphs they dar'd, you ſaw, what ſtorms they brav'd,
Beneath what various heavens their banners wav'd!
Now mercy pleads, and ſoon the riſing land
To their glad eyes ſhall o'er the waves expand.

---

[o] *Who feign'd a dæmon.*—Sertorius, who was invited by the Luſitanians to defend them againſt the Romans. He had a tame white hind, which he had accuſtomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the inſtructions of Diana. By this artifice he impoſed upon the ſuperſtition of that people.—Vid. PLUT.

As welcome friends the natives ſhall receive,
With bounty feaſt them, and with joy relieve.
And when refreſhment ſhall their ſtrength renew,
Thence ſhall they turn, and their bold rout purſue.

So ſpoke high Jove: The gods in ſilence heard,
Then riſing each, by turns, his thoughts preferr'd:
But chief was Bacchus [p] of the adverſe train;
Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,
Should Luſus' race arrive on India's ſhore,
His ancient honours would be known no more;
No more in Nyſa [q] ſhould the native tell
What kings, what mighty hoſts before him fell.
The fertile vales beneath the riſing ſun
He view'd as his, by right of victory won,
And deem'd that ever in immortal ſong
The conqueror's title ſhould to him belong.
Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that loos'd from Spain
Boldly advent'rous through the polar main,
A warlike race ſhould come, renown'd in arms,
And ſhake the Eaſtern World with war's alarms,
Whoſe glorious conqueſts and eternal fame
In black oblivion's waves ſhould whelm his name.

---

[p] *But chief was Bacchus.*—The French tranſlator has the following note on this place: *Le Camoëns n'a pourtant ſuit en cela que ſuivre l'example de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premiere chapitre da Job.* Quidam autem die cum veniſſent, &c. *Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'etoient aſſemble devant ſon trone, Satan y vint auſſi, &c.*

[q] *No more in Nyſa.*—An antient city in India, ſacred to Bacchus.

Urania-Venus[r], queen of ſacred love,
Aroſe, and fix'd her aſking eyes on Jove:
Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Luſus' ſons could trace
A kindred likeneſs to the Roman race,
For whom of old ſuch kind regard ſhe[s] bore;
The ſame their triumphs on Barbaria's ſhore,
The ſame the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly muſic of their tongue the[t] ſame.
Affection thus the lovely goddeſs ſway'd,
Nor leſs what Fate's unblotted page diſplay'd;
Where'er this people ſhould their empire raiſe,
She knew her altars would unnumber'd blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.

---

[r] *Urania-Venus.*——We have already obſerved, that an allegorical machinery has always been eſteemed an eſſential requiſite of the Epopœia, and the reaſon upon which it is founded has been pointed out. The allegorical machinery of the Luſiad has now commenced; and throughout the poem the hero is guarded and conducted by the Celeſtial Venus, or Divine Love. The true poetical colouring is thus ſupported and preſerved: but in illuſtration of this, ſee the preface, and the note on the allegory of Homer, near the end of the Sixth Luſiad.

[s] *For whom of old.*—See the note in the Second Book on the following paſſage:

As when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore, &c.

[t] *The manly muſic of their tongue the ſame.*——Camoëns ſays,

E na lingoa, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupçao cré que he Latina.

Qualifications are never elegant in poetry. Fanſhaw's tranſlation, and the original, both prove this.

——— ——— *their tongue*
Which ſhe thinks Latin with ſmall droſs among.

Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd.
Their ſtruggling factions ſhook th' Olympian ſtate
With all the clamorous tempeſt of debate.
Thus when the ſtorm with ſudden guſt invades
The antient foreſt's deep and lofty ſhades,
The burſting whirlwinds tear their rapid courſe,
The ſhatter'd oaks craſh, and with echoes hoarſe
The mountains groan, while whirling on the blaſt
The thickening leaves a gloomy darkneſs caſt.
Such was the tumult in the bleſt abodes,
When Mars, high tow'ring o'er the rival gods,
Step'd forth; ſtern ſparkles from his eye-balls glanc'd;
And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
O'er his left ſhoulder his broad ſhield he throws,
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
Bold and enrag'd he ſtands, and, frowning round,
Strikes his tall ſpear-ſtaff on the ſounding ground;
Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale [u] —Such dre
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus ſpread:
When thus the warrior,—O Eternal Sire,
Thine is the ſceptre, thine the thunder's fire,
Supreme dominion thine; then, Father, hear,
Shall that bold race which once to thee was dear,

---

[u] —— *and the light turn'd pale.*——The thought in the original has ſomething in it wildly great, though it is not expreſſed in the happieſt manner of Camoëns,

O Ceo tremeo, e Apollo detorvado
Hum pouco a luz perdeo, como infiado.

Who, now fulfilling thy decrees of old,
Through theſe wild waves their fearleſs journey hold,
Shall that bold race no more thy care engage,
But ſink the victims of unhallow'd rage!
Did Bacchus yield to reaſon's voice divine,
Bacchus the cauſe of Luſus' ſons would join;
Luſus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars:
But envy ſtill a foe to worth will prove,
To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.

Then thou, dread lord of fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counſels ſtain,
For Luſus' race thy promis'd favour ſhew:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's ſon explore the watery way,
Where ſpent with toil, with weary hopes, they ſtray;
And ſafe to harbour, through the deep untried,
Let him, impower'd, their wandering veſſels guide;
There let them hear of India's wiſh'd-for ſhore,
And balmy reſt their fainting ſtrength reſtore.

He ſpoke: high Jove aſſenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance ſhed:
Then lowly bending to th' Eternal Sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the gods retire.

Whilſt thus in heaven's bright palace fate was weigh'd,
Right onward ſtill the brave Armada ſtray'd:
Right on they ſteer by Ethiopia's ſtrand
And paſtoral Madagaſcar's [b] verdant land.
Before the balmy gales of cheerful ſpring,
With heav'n their friend, they ſpread the canvaſs wing;
The ſky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The laſting promiſe of a calm declare.
Behind them now the cape of Praſo bends,
Another ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topp'd iſlands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves [c], in proſpect riſe.
But Gama (captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprize, and born for high command,
Whoſe martial fires, with prudence cloſe allied,
Enſured the ſmiles of fortune on his ſide)
Bears off thoſe ſhores which waſte and wild appear'd,
And eaſtward ſtill for happier climates ſteer'd:
When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
A fleet of ſmall canoes the pilot ſpied;
Hoiſting their ſails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a ſwarming crowd they move:
Long

---

[b] *And paſtoral Madagaſcar.*——Called by the ancient Geographers Menuthia, and Cerna Ethiopica; by the natives, the Iſland of the Moon; and by the Portugueſe, the Iſle of St. Laurence, on whoſe feſtival they diſcovered it.

[c] *Lav'd by the gentle waves.*——The original ſays, the ſea ſhewed them new iſlands, which it encircled and laved. Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

Neptune diſclos'd new iſles which he did play
About, and with his billows danc'd the bay.

Long were their boats, and ſharp to bound along
Through the daſh'd waters, broad their oars and ſtrong:
The bending rowers on their features bore
The ſwarthy marks of Phaëton's [d] fall of yore;
When flaming lightnings ſcorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, diſcover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton ſtrip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'Twas one whole piece; beneath one arm, confin'd;
The reſt hung looſe and flutter'd on the wind;
All, but one breaſt, above the loins was bare,
And ſwelling turbans bound their jetty hair:
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
And warlike muſic ſounded as they row'd.
With joy the ſailors ſaw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear:

---

[d] —— of Phaëton's fall ——

—— *ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaëtonis amati,*
Populeas inter frondes umbramque ſororum
Dum canit, & mœſtum muſa ſolatur amorem:
Canentem molli pluma duxiſſe ſenectam,
Linquentem terras, et ſidera voce ſequentem. VIRG. ÆN.

The hiſtorical foundation of the fable of Phaëton is this: Phaëton was a young enterpriſing, prince of Lybia. Croſſing the Mediterranean in queſt of adventures, he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to ſee his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaëton was ſkilled in aſtrology, from whence he arrogated to himſelf the title of the ſon of Apollo. One day in the heat of ſummer, as he was riding along the banks of the Po, his horſes took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where, together with their maſter, they periſhed. Cygnus, who was a poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verſe, from whence the fable.

Vid. PLUTAR. in vit. Pyrr.

What nations theſe, their wondering thoughts explore,
What rites they follow, and what god adore!
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.
The lofty maſts the nimble youths aſcend,
The ropes they haul, ana o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowſprits pointing to the ſhore,
(A ſafe moon'd bay,) with ſlacken'd ſails they bore:
With cheerful ſhouts they furl the gather'd ſail
That leſs and leſs flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their ſpeed ſtopp'd, o'er the ſurges nod,
The falling anchors daſh the foaming flood:
When ſudden as they ſtopp'd, the ſwarthy race
With ſmiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ſhip's high ſides ſwift by the cordage climb:
Illuſtrious GAMA, with an air ſublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendſhip gives;
Bids ſpread the board, and, inſtant as he ſaid,
Along the deck the feſtive board is ſpread:
The ſparkling wine in cryſtal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the vine its ſprightly glee inſpires,
From whence the fleet, the ſwarthy chief inquires,
What ſeas they paſs'd, what vantage would attain,
And what the ſhore their purpoſe hop'd to gain?

From fartheſt weſt, the Luſian race reply,
To reach the golden eaſtern ſhores we try.
Through that unbounded ſea whoſe billows roll
From the cold northern to the ſouthern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vaſt
Of Afric's bays, already have we paſt;
And many a ſky have ſeen, and many a ſhore,
Where but ſea-monſters cut the waves before.
To ſpread the glories of our monarch's reign,
For India's ſhore we brave the trackleſs main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The diſmal gulphs of Acheron's black wave.
And now, in turn, your race, your country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell;
To us, unconſcious of the falſehood, ſhew,
What of theſe ſeas and India's ſite you know.

Rude are the natives here, the Moor reply'd,
Dark are their minds, and brute-deſire their guide:
But we, of alien blood and ſtrangers here,
Nor hold their cuſtoms nor their laws revere.
From Abram's [e] race our holy prophet ſprung,
An angel taught, and heaven inſpir'd his tongue;
His ſacred rites and mandates we obey,
And diſtant empires own his holy ſway.
From iſle to iſle our trading veſſels roam,
Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.

---

[e] *From Abram's race our holy prophet ſprung.*—Mohammed, who was deſcended from Iſhmael, the ſon of Abraham by Hagar.

If then your ſails for India's ſhores expand,
For ſultry Ganges or Hydaſpes' ſtrand,
Here ſhall you find a pilot ſkill'd to guide
Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide,
Though wide ſpread ſhelves and cruel rocks unſeen,
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, mean while, what fruits theſe iſlands hold,
And to the regent let your wiſh be told.
Then may your mates the needful ſtores provide,
And all your various wants be here ſupplied.

So ſpake the Moor, and bearing ſmiles untrue,
And ſigns of friendſhip, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhoped the ſailors ſtood,
To find ſuch kindneſs on a ſhore ſo rude.

Now ſhooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd ſun withdraws his beamy rays;
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful reſt their wearied ſtrength repairs.
Calm Twilight [f] now his drowſy mantle ſpreads,
And ſhade on ſhade, the gloom ſtill deepening ſheds.

The

---

[f] *Calm Twilight now.*—Camoëns, in this paſſage, has imitated Homer in the manner of Virgil: by diverſifying the ſcene he has made the deſcription his own. The paſſage alluded to is in the eighth Iliad:

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
Φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, &c.

Thus elegantly tranſlated by Pope:
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,

When

The moon, full orb'd, forſakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The ſnowy ſplendors of her modeſt ray
Stream o'er the gliſtening waves, and quivering play:
Around her, glittering on the heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd ſtars, encloſed in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crouding o'er the daiſy-lawn:
The canvas whitens in the ſilvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The maſts' tall ſhadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds an holy ſilence keep;
The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the ſtill repoſe.

Aurora now, with dewy luſtre bright,
Appears, aſcending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as ſeeming oft to pauſe,
The purple curtains of the morn ſhe draws;
The Sun comes forth, and ſoon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful taſks purſue.

Wide

When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.

Wide o'er the decks the ſpreading ſails they throw;
From each tall maſt the waving ſtreamers flow;
All ſeems a feſtive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the iſland's lord.
With equal joy the regent ſails to meet,
And brings freſh cates, his offerings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred race their line he deems,
That ſavage race who ruſh'd from Caſpia's ſtreams,
And triumph'd o'er the Eaſt, and, Aſia won,
In proud Byzantium fixt their haughty throne.
Brave VASCO hails the chief with honeſt ſmiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boaſt of Europe's arts diſcloſe,
And ſparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.
High on the ſhrouds the wondering ſailors hung,
To note the Mooriſh garb, and barbarous tongue:
Nor leſs the ſubtle Moor, with wonder fired,
Their mien, their dreſs, and lordly ſhips admired:
Much he enquires, their king's, their country's name,
And, if from Turkey's fertile ſhores they came?
What God they worſhipp'd, what their ſacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore?
To whom brave GAMA; Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plow from Izmael's ſhores the flood;
From Europe's ſtrand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worſhip ſtretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave theſe ſwelling waves to roll below;

The hemiſpheres of night and day he ſpread,
He ſcoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head:
His word produced the nations of the earth,
And gave the ſpirits of the ſky their birth.
On earth, by him, his holy lore was given,
On earth he came to raiſe mankind to heaven.
And now behold, what moſt your eyes deſire,
Our ſhining armour, and our arms of fire;
For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle-field.

Straight as he ſpoke the warlike ſtores diſplay'd
Their glorious ſhew, where, tire on tire inlaid,
Appear'd of glittering ſteel the carabines;
There the plumed helms, and ponderous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers ſculptur'd orbs emboſt,
The crooked faulchions dreadful blades were croſt:
Here claſping greaves, and plated mail-quilts ſtrong,
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung,
And like a grove the burniſh'd ſpears were ſeen,
With darts, and halberts double-edged between;
Here dread grenadoes, and tremendous bombs,
With deaths ten thouſand lurking in their wombs;
And far around of brown, and duſky red,
The pointed piles of iron balls were ſpread.
The bombadeers, now to the regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet at their leader's nod, the ſons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the ſame)

Withheld their hands, nor gave the ſeeds of fire
To rouſe the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For GAMA's ſoul diſdain'd the pride of ſhew
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.

His joy and wonder oft the Moor expreſt,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breaſt;
With ſmiles obedient to his will's controul,
He veils the purpoſe of his treacherous ſoul:
For pilots, conſcious of the Indian ſtrand,
Brave VASCO ſues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts ſhall recompenſe their toils;
The Moor prevents him with aſſenting ſmiles,
Reſolved that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall firſt the hatred of his ſoul declare:
Such ſudden rage his rankling mind poſſeſt,
When [g] GAMA's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt.

---

[g] *When Gama's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt.*—This, and of conſequence, the reaſon of the Moor's hate, together with the fine deſcription of the armoury, is entirely omitted by Caſtera. The original is, the Moor conceived hatred, " knowing they were followers of the truth which the Son " of David taught." Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

> *Knowing they follow that unerring light,*
> *The ſon of David holds out in his book,*

By this Solomon muſt be underſtood, not the Meſſiah, as meant by Camoëns.

" Zacocia (governor of Mozambic) made no doubt but our people were of ſome Mohammedan country.—The mutual exchange of good offices between our people and theſe iſlanders promiſed a long continuance of friendſhip, but it proved otherwiſe. No ſooner did Zacocia underſtand the ſtrangers were Chriſtians, than all his kindneſs was turned into the moſt bitter hatred; he began to meditate their ruin, and ſought by every means to deſtroy the fleet."—*Oſorius Silvenſis Epiſc. de Rebus Eman. Regis Luſit. geſtis.*

Oh depth of Heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate
On Heaven's beſt lov'd in every clime ſhould wait!
Now ſmiling round on all the wondering crew,
The Moor attended by his bands withdrew:
His nimble barges ſoon approach'd the land,
And ſhouts of joy received him on the ſtrand.

From Heaven's high dome the Vintage-God beheld,
(Whom [h] nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)
Well-pleaſed he mark'd the Moor's determined hate,
And thus his mind revolved in ſelf-debate:

Has Heaven, indeed, ſuch glorious lot ordain'd!
By Luſus' race ſuch conqueſts to be gain'd
O'er warlike nations, and on India's ſhore,
Where I, unrival'd, claim'd the palm before!
I, ſprung from Jove! and ſhall theſe wandering few,
What Ammon's ſon unconquer'd left, ſubdue!
Ammon's brave ſon, who led the God of war
His ſlave auxiliar at his thundering car!
Muſt theſe poſſeſs what Jove to him deny'd,
Poſſeſs what never ſooth'd the Roman pride!
Muſt theſe the victor's lordly flag diſplay
With hateful blaze beneath the riſing day,
My name diſhonour'd, and my victories ſtain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my ſhrines profaned!

---

[h] *Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd.*—According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nouriſhed during his infancy in a cave of Mount Meros, which in Greek ſignifies a thigh. Hence the fable.

No—be it mine to fan the regent's hate;
Occaſion ſeized commands the action's fate.
'Tis mine—this captain now my dread no more,
Shall never ſhake his ſpear on India's ſhore.

So ſpake the Power, and with the lightning's flight
For Afric darted thro' the fields of light.
His form [1] divine he cloath'd in human ſhape,
And ruſh'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape:
In the dark ſemblance of a Moor he came
For art and old experience known to fame:
Him all his peers with humble deference heard,
And all Mozambic and its prince rever'd:
The prince in haſte he ſought, and thus expreſt
His guileful hate in friendly counſel dreſt:

And to the regent of this iſle alone
Are theſe adventurers and their fraud unknown?
Has fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear?
Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here?
Yet ſtill their hands the peaceful olive bore
Whene'er they anchor'd on a foreign ſhore:
But nor their ſeeming, nor their oaths I truſt,
For Afric knows them bloody and unjuſt.

---

[1] *His form divine he cloath'd in human ſhape*——
Alecto torvam faciem et furialia membra
Exuit: in vultus ſeſe transformat aniles,
Et frontem obſcœnum rugis arat.—— VIR. Æn. 7.

The nations ſink beneath their lawleſs force,
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly courſe.
We too, unleſs kind Heaven and thou prevent,
Muſt fall the victims of their dire intent,
And, gaſping in the pangs of death, behold
Our wives led captive, and our daughters ſold.
By ſtealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring
The healthful beverage from the living ſpring:
Arm'd with his troops the captain will appear;
For conſcious fraud is ever prone to fear.
To meet them there, ſelect a truſty band,
And in cloſe ambuſh take thy ſilent ſtand;
There wait, and ſudden on the heedleſs foe
Ruſh, and deſtroy them ere they dread the blow.
Or ſay, ſhould ſome eſcape the ſecret ſnare
Saved by their fate, their valour, or their care,
Yet their dread fall ſhall celebrate our iſle,
If fate conſent, and thou approve the guile.
Give then a pilot to their wandering fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit;
Whoſe hand adventurous ſhall their helms miſguide
To hoſtile ſhores, or whelm them in the tide.

So ſpoke the God, in ſemblance of a ſage
Renown'd for counſel and the craft of age.
The prince with tranſport glowing in his face
Approved, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And inſtant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and iron fangs of war,

That Luſus' ſons might purple with their gore
The cryſtal fountain which they ſought on ſhore:
And ſtill regardful of his dire intent,
A ſkilful pilot to the bay he ſent,
Of honeſt mien, yet practiſed in deceit,
Who far at diſtance on the beach ſhould wait,
And to the 'ſcaped, if ſome ſhould 'ſcape the ſnare,
Should offer friendſhip and the pilot's care;
But when at ſea, on rocks ſhould daſh their pride,
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.

Apollo now had left his watery bed,
And o'er the mountains of Arabia ſpread
His rays that glow'd with gold; when GAMA roſe,
And from his bands a truſty ſquadron choſe:
Three ſpeedy barges brought their caſks to fill
From gurgling fountain, or the cryſtal rill:
Full-arm'd they came, for brave defence prepared;
For martial care is ever on the guard:
And ſecret warnings ever are impreſt
On wiſdom ſuch as waked in GAMA's breaſt.

And now, as ſwiftly ſpringing o'er the tide
Advanced the boats, a troop of Moors they ſpy'd;
O'er the pale ſands the ſable warriors crowd,
And toſs their threatening darts, and ſhout aloud.
Yet ſeeming artleſs, though they dared the fight,
Their eager hope they placed in artful flight,

To lead brave GAMA where unſeen by day
In dark-brow'd ſhades their ſilent ambuſh lay.
With ſcornful geſtures o'er the beach they ſtride,
And puſh their levell'd ſpears with barbarous pride;
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,
And ſtrike their ſounding ſhields, and dare the foe.
With generous rage the Luſian race beheld,
And each brave breaſt with indignation ſwell'd,
To view ſuch foes like ſnarling dogs diſplay
Their threatening tuſks, and brave the ſanguine fray:
Together with a bound they ſpring to land,
Unknown whoſe ſtep firſt trode the hoſtile ſtrand.

Thus [k], when to gain his beauteous charmer's ſmile,
The youthful lover dares the bloody toil,
Before the nodding bull's ſtern front he ſtands,
He leaps, he wheels, he ſhouts, and waves his hands:
The lordly brute diſdains the ſtripling's rage,
His noſtrils ſmoke, and, eager to engage,
His horned brows he levels with the ground,
And ſhuts his flaming eyes, and wheeling round
With

---

[k] *Thus, when to gain his beauteous charmer's ſmile,*
The youthful lover dares the bloody toil.—

This ſimile is taken from a favourite exerciſe in Spain, where it is uſual to ſee young gentlemen of the beſt families, adorned with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind of cutlaſs, which the Spaniards call *Macbete*, appear the candidates of fame in the liſts of the bull-fight. Though Camoëns in this deſcription of it has given the victory to the bull, it very ſeldom ſo happens, the young caballeros being very expert at this valorous exerciſe, and ambitious to diſplay their dexterity, which is a ſure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the ladies.

With dreadful bellowing ruſhes on the foe,
And lays the boaſtful gaudy champion low.
Thus to the fight the ſons of Luſus ſprung,
Nor ſlow to fall their ample vengeance hung:
With ſudden roar the carabines reſound,
And burſting echoes from the hills rebound;
The lead flies hiſſing through the trembling air,
And death's fell dæmons through the flaſhes glare.
Where, up the land, a grove of palms encloſe,
And caſt their ſhadows where the fountain flows,
The lurking ambuſh from their treacherous ſtand
Beheld the combat burning on the ſtrand:
They ſee the flaſh with ſudden lightnings flare,
And the blue ſmoke ſlow rolling on the air:
They ſee their warriors drop, and, ſtarting, hear
The lingering thunders burſting on their ear.
Amazed, appall'd, the treacherous ambuſh fled,
And raged [1], and curſt their birth, and quaked with dre
The bands that vaunting ſhew'd their threaten'd migh
With ſlaughter gored, precipitate in flight;
Yet oft, though trembling, on the foe they turn
Their eyes, that red with luſt of vengeance burn:
Aghaſt with fear and ſtern with deſperate rage
The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,

---

[1] ———— *e maldizia*
O velho inerte, e a mãy, que o filho cria.

Thus tranſlated by Fanſhaw,

———— *curſt their ill luck,*
Th' old Devil, and the dam that gave them ſuck.

Flints[m], clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
As rage and wild deſpair their hands ſupply.
And ſoon diſperſt, their bands attempt no more
To guard the fountain or defend the ſhore:
O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear:
Nor ſleeps the vengeance of the victor here;
To teach the nations what tremendous fate
From his dread arm on perjur'd vows ſhould wait,
He ſeized the time to awe the Eaſtern World,
And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.
From his black ſhips the ſudden lightnings blaze,
And o'er old Ocean flaſh their dreadful rays:
White clouds on clouds inroll'd the ſmoke aſcends,
The burſting tumult Heaven's wide concave rends:
The bays and caverns of the winding ſhore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar:
The bombs, far-flaming, hiſs along the ſky,
And whirring through the air the bullets fly:
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd ſound,
Groans to the direful ſtrife, and trembles round.

---

[m] *Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly.*
As rage, &c.

Jamque faces et ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat.—VIRG. ÆN. I.

The Spaniſh commentator on this place relates a very extraordinary inſtance of the *furor arma miniſtrans.* A Portugueſe ſoldier, at the ſiege of Diu in the Indies, being ſurrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his muſket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it ſupplied the place of a bullet.

Now from the Mooriſh town the ſheets of fire,
Wide blaze ſucceeding blaze, to Heaven aſpire.
Black riſe the clouds of ſmoke, and by the gales
Borne down, in ſtreams hang hovering o'er the vales;
And ſlowly floating round the mountain's head
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landſcape ſpread.
Unnumber'd ſea-fowl riſing from the ſhore,
Beat round in whirls at every cannon's roar:
Where o'er the ſmoke the maſts' tall heads appear,
Hovering they ſcream, then dart with ſudden fear;
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with diſmal clang their native ſky.
Thus fled in rout confuſed the treacherous Moors
From field to field, then, haſt'ning to the ſhores,
Some truſt in boats their wealth and lives to ſave,
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave;
Some ſpread their arms to ſwim, and ſome beneath
The whelming billows, ſtruggling, pant for breath,
Then whirl'd aloft their noſtrils ſpout the brine;
While ſhowering ſtill from many a carabine
The leaden hail their ſails and veſſels tore,
Till ſtruggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring ſhore:
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd,
And GAMA's terrors to the Eaſt diſplay'd.

Imbrown'd with duſt a beaten pathway ſhews
Where 'midſt umbrageous palms the fountain flows;

From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now ſole maſters of the Iſland's wealth,
With coſtly ſpoils and eaſtern robes adorn'd,
The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.

With hell's keen fires, ſtill for revenge athirſt,
The regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurſt,
To ſtrike a ſurer, yet a ſecret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promiſed pilot to the fleet he ſends,
And deep repentance for his crime pretends.
Sincere the herald ſeems, and while he ſpeaks,
The winning tears ſteal down his hoary cheeks.
Brave GAMA, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the pilot's hand receives:
A dreadful gift! inſtructed to decoy,
In gulphs to whelm them, or on rocks deſtroy.

The valiant chief, impatient of delay,
For India now reſumes the watery way;
Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the ſail,
Spread full the canvas to the riſing gale;
He ſpoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd veſſels ride;
While as they rode before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of ſea-born nymphs aroſe.
The while brave VASCO's unſuſpecting mind
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor deſign'd:

Much of the coaſt he aſks, and much demands
Of Afric's ſhores and India's ſpicy lands.
The crafty Moor, by vengeful Bacchus taught,
Employ'd on deadly guile his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd, on GAMA's head
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead.
Yet all the chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor ought of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd:
For thus he ween'd to gain his eaſy faith,
And gain'd, betray to ſlavery or to death.
And now ſecurely truſting to deſtroy,
As erſt falſe Sinon ſnared the ſons of Troy,
Behold, diſcloſing from the ſky, he cries,
Far to the north, yon cloud-like iſle ariſe:
From ancient times the natives of the ſhore
The blood-ſtain'd image on the croſs adore.
Swift at the word, the joyful GAMA cry'd,
For that fair iſland turn the helm aſide,
O bring my veſſels where the Chriſtians dwell,
And thy glad lips my gratitude ſhall tell:
With ſullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,
And for that iſland turn'd the helm aſide.
For well Quiloa's ſwarthy race he knew,
Their laws and faith to Hagar's offspring true;
Their ſtrength in war, through all the nations round,
Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd;
He knew what hate the Chriſtian name they bore,
And hoped that hate on VASCO's bands to pour.

Right to the land the faithleſs pilot ſteers,
Right to the land the glad Armada bears;
But heavenly Love's fair queen [n], whoſe watchful care
Had ever been their guide, beheld the ſnare.
A ſudden ſtorm ſhe rais'd: Loud howl'd the blaſt,
The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning maſt
Bended beneath the weight. Deep ſunk the prows,
And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppoſe;
In vain the pilot would the ſpeed reſtrain;
The captain ſhouts, the ſailors toil in vain;
Aſlope and gliding on the leeward ſide
The bounding veſſels cut the roaring tide:
Soon far they paſt; and now the ſlacken'd ſail
Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:
Till

---

[n] *But heavenly Love's fair queen.*—When GAMA arrived in the Eaſt, the Moors were the only people who engroſſed the trade of thoſe parts. Jealous of ſuch formidable rivals as the Portugueſe, they employed every artifice to accompliſh the deſtruction of GAMA's fleet, for they foreſaw the conſequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with theſe ſeas and ſpoke the Arabic language, GAMA was obliged to employ them both as pilots and interpreters. The circumſtance now mentioned by Camoëns is an hiſtorical truth. The Mooriſh pilot, ſays De Barros, intended to conduct the Portugueſe into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Chriſtians; but a ſudden ſtorm ariſing, drove the fleet from that ſhore, where death or ſlavery would have been the certain fate of GAMA and his companions. The villany of the pilot was afterwards diſcovered. As GAMA was endeavouring to enter the port of Mombaze his ſhip ſtruck on a ſand-bank, and finding their purpoſe of bringing him into the harbour defeated, two of the Mooriſh pilots leaped into the ſea and ſwam aſhore. Alarmed at this tacit acknowledgment of guilt, GAMA ordered two other Mooriſh pilots who remained on board to be examined by whipping, who, after ſome time, made a full confeſſion of their intended villany. This diſcovery greatly encouraged GAMA and his men, who now interpreted the ſudden ſtorm which had driven them from Quiloa as a miraculous interpoſition of the Divine Providence in their favour.

Till many a league before the tempeſt toſt
The treacherous pilot ſees his purpoſe croſt:
Yet vengeful ſtill, and ſtill intent on guile,
Behold, he cries, yon dim emerging iſle:
There live the votaries of Meſſiah's lore
In faithful peace and friendſhip with the Moor.
Yet all was falſe, for there Meſſiah's name,
Reviled and ſcorn'd, was only known by fame.
The groveling natives there, a brutal herd,
The ſenſual lore of Hagar's ſon preferr'd.
With joy brave GAMA hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the ſail.
Yet watchful ſtill fair Love's celeſtial queen
Prevents the danger with a hand unſeen;
Nor paſt the bar his vent'rous veſſels guides;
And ſafe at anchor in the road he rides.

Between the iſle and Ethiopia's land
A narrow current laves each adverſe ſtrand;
Cloſe by the margin where the green tide flows,
Full to the bay a lordly city roſe:
With fervid blaze the glowing evening pours
Its purple ſplendors o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder luſtre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glaſſy ſtream.
Here reign'd an hoary king of ancient fame;
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the iſland's name.

As when the pilgrim, who with weary pace
Through lonely waſtes untrod by human race,
For many a day diſconſolate has ſtray'd,
The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his ſhade,
O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful ſeats of men
In grateful proſpect riſing on his ken:
So GAMA joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vaſt, the loneſome watery way,
Had ſeen new ſtars, unknown to Europe, riſe,
And brav'd the horrors of the polar ſkies:
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd,
The ſplendid city o'er the wave appear'd,
Where Heaven's own lore, he truſted, was obey'd,
And holy faith her ſacred rites diſplay'd.
And now ſwift crowding through the horned bay
The Mooriſh barges wing'd their foamy way:
To GAMA's fleet with friendly ſmiles they bore
The choiceſt products of their cultured ſhore.
But there fell rancour veil'd its ſerpent-head,
Though feſtive roſes o'er the gifts were ſpread.
For Bacchus veil'd, in human ſhape, was here,
And pour'd his counſel in the ſovereign's ear.

O piteous lot of man's uncertain ſtate!
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait!
When joyful hope would graſp its fond deſire,
The long-ſought tranſports in the graſp expire.

By ſea what treacherous calms, what ruſhing ſtorms,
And death attendant in a thouſand forms!
By land what ſtrife, what plots of ſecret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous ſmile!
O where ſhall man eſcape his numerous foes,
And reſt his weary head in ſafe repoſe!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK II.

THE fervent luſtre of the evening ray
Behind the weſtern hills now died away,
And night aſcending from the dim-brow'd eaſt,
The twilight gloom with deeper ſhades increaſt;
When Gama heard the creaking of the oar,
And mark'd the white waves lengthening from the ſhore.
In many a ſkiff the eager natives came,
Their ſemblance friendſhip, but deceit their aim.
And now by Gama's anchor'd ſhips they ride,
And, Hail illuſtrious Chief, their leader cried,
Your fame already theſe our regions own,
How your bold prows from worlds to us unknown

Have braved the horrors of the ſouthern main,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs hold their endleſs reign,
Whoſe whelmy waves our weſtward prows have barr'd
From oldeſt times, and ne'er before were dared
By boldeſt leader: Earneſt to behold
The wond'rous hero of a toil ſo bold,
To you the ſovereign of theſe iſlands ſends
The holy vows of peace, and hails you friends.
If friendſhip you accept, whate'er kind Heaven
In various bounty to theſe ſhores has given,
Whate'er your wants, your wants ſhall here ſupply,
And ſafe in port your gallant fleet ſhall lie;
Safe from the dangers of the faithleſs tide,
And ſudden burſting ſtorms, by you untry'd;
Yours every bounty of the fertile ſhore,
Till balmly reſt your wearied ſtrength reſtore.
Or if your toils and ardent hopes demand
The various treaſures of the Indian ſtrand,
The fragrant cinnamon, the glowing clove,
And all the riches of the ſpicy grove;
Or drugs of power the fever's rage to bound,
And give ſoft languor to the ſmarting wound;
Or if the ſplendor of the diamond's rays,
The ſapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,
Invite your ſails to ſearch the Eaſtern World,
Here may theſe ſails in happy hour be furl'd:
For here the ſplendid treaſures of the mine,
And richeſt offspring of the field, combine

To give each boon that human want requires,
And every gem that lofty pride deſires :
Then here, a potent king your generous friend,
Here let your per'lous toils and wandering ſearches end.

He ſaid : Brave GAMA ſmiles with heart ſincere,
And prays the herald to the king to bear
The thanks of grateful joy : But now, he cries,
The blackening evening veils the coaſt and ſkies,
And through theſe rocks unknown forbids to ſteer :
Yet when the ſtreaks of milky dawn appear
Edging the eaſtern wave with ſilver hoar,
My ready prows ſhall gladly point to ſhore;
Aſſured of friendſhip, and a kind retreat,
Aſſured and proffer'd by a king ſo great.
Yet mindful ſtill of what his[a] hopes that cheer'd,
That here his nation's holy ſhrines were rear'd,

---

[a] ——— *What his hopes had cheer'd.*——— After Gama had been driven from Quiloa by a ſudden ſtorm, the aſſurances of the Mozambic pilot that the city was chiefly inhabited by Chriſtians, ſtrongly inclined him to enter the harbour of Mombaze; " Nec ullum locum (ſays Oſorius) magis opportunum curandis atque reficiendis ægrotis poſſe reperiri. Jam eo tempore bona pars eorum, qui cum Gama conſcenderant, variis morbis conſumpta fuerat, et qui evaſerant, erant gravi invaletudine debilitati. . . . . Tellus abundat fructibus et oleribus, et frugibus, et pecorum et armentorum gregibus, et aquis dulcibus. Utitur præterea mira cæli temperie. Homines vivunt admodum laute, et domos more noſtro ædificant.—Miſit rex nuncios, qui Gamam nomine illius ſalutarent. . . . Aiunt deinde regionem illam eſſe opulentiſſimam, earumque rerum omnium pleniſſimam, quarum gratia multi in Indiam navigabant. Regem adeò eſſe in illos voluntate propenſum ut nihil eſſet tam difficile, quod non ſe eorum gratia facturum polliceretur." *Oſor.*

He aſks, if certain as the pilot told,
Meſſiah's lore had flouriſh'd there of old,
And flouriſh'd ſtill? The herald mark'd with joy
The pious wiſh, and watchful to decoy,
Meſſiah here, he cries, has altars more
Than all the various ſhrines of other lore.
O'erjoyed brave VASCO heard the pleaſing tale,
Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-ſting might veil
Beneath the glitter of a ſhew ſo fair;
He half believes the tale, and arms againſt the ſnare.

With [b] GAMA ſail'd a bold advent'rous band,
Whoſe headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand:
Stern juſtice for their crimes had aſk'd their blood,
And pale in chains condemn'd to death they ſtood;
But ſav'd by GAMA from the ſhameful death,
The [b] bread of peace had ſeal'd their plighted faith,
The

---

[b] Erant enim in ea claſſe decem homines capite damnati, quibus fuerat ea lege vita conceſſa, ut quibuſcunque in locis a Gama relicti fuiſſent, regiones luſtrarent, hominumque mores et inſtituta cognoſcerent. *Oſor.*

During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predeceſſor John II. few criminals were executed in Portugal. Theſe great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the moſt dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were ſent upon the moſt hazardous emergencies. If death was their fate, it was the puniſhment they had merited: if ſucceſsful in what was required, their crimes were expiated; and often, as in the voyage of GAMA, they rendered their country the greateſt atonement for their guilt, which men in their circumſtances could poſſibly make. Beſides the merit of thus rendering forfeited lives of ſervice to the community, the Portugueſe monarchs have the honour of carrying this idea ſtill farther. They were

The coaſt unknown, when ordered, to explore,
And dare each danger of the hoſtile ſhore:
From this bold band he choſe the ſubtleſt two,
The port, the city, and its ſtrength to view,
To mark if fraud its ſecret head betrayed,
Or if the rites of heaven were there diſplayed.
With coſtly gifts, as of their truth ſecure,
The pledge that Gama deem'd their faith was pure,
Theſe two his heralds to the king he ſends:
The faithleſs Moors depart as ſmiling friends.
Now thro' the wave they cut their foamy way,
Their chearful ſongs reſounding through the bay:
And now on ſhore the wondering natives greet,
And fondly hail the ſtrangers from the fleet.
The prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,
And joyful welcome to the Luſians gives;
Where'er they paſs, the joyful tumult bends,
And through the town the glad applauſe attends.
But he whoſe cheeks with youth immortal ſhone,
The God whoſe wondrous birth two mothers own,
Whoſe

---

were the firſt who deviſed that moſt political of all puniſhments, tranſportation to foreign ſettlements. India and the Brazils received their criminals; many of whom became afterwards uſeful members to ſociety. When the ſubject thus obtrudes the occaſion, a ſhort digreſſion, it is hoped, will be pardoned. While every feeling breaſt muſt be pleaſed with the wiſdom and humanity of the Portugueſe monarchs, indignation and regret muſt riſe on the view of the preſent ſtate of the penal laws of England. What multitudes every year, in the prime of their life, end their days by the hand of the executioner? That the legiſlature *might* deviſe means to make the greateſt part of theſe lives uſeful to ſociety, is a fact, which ſurely cannot be diſputed;—though perhaps the remedy of an evil ſo ſhocking to humanity, may be at ſome diſtance.

Whoſe rage had ſtill the wandering fleet annoyed,
Now in the town his guileful rage employed.
A Chriſtian prieſt he ſeem'd; a ſumptuous [c] ſhrine
He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine:
O'er the fair altar waved the croſs on high,
Upheld by angels leaning from the ſky;
Deſcending o'er the Virgin's ſacred head
So white, ſo pure, the Holy Spirit ſpread
The dove-like pictured wings, ſo pure, ſo white;
And, hovering o'er the choſen twelve, alight
The tongues of hallowed fire. Amazed, oppreſt,
With ſacred awe their troubled looks confeſt
The inſpiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
Where thus the guileful power his magic wrought,
De Gama's heralds by the guides are brought:
On bended knees low to the earth they fall,
And to the Lord of Heaven in tranſport call;
While the feign'd prieſt awakes the cenſer's fire,
And clouds of incenſe round the ſhrine aſpire.
With chearful welcome here, careſs'd, they ſtay,
Till bright Aurora, meſſenger of day,

---

[c] *On it, the picture of that ſhape he plac't,*
In which the Holy Spirit did alight,
The picture of the Dove, ſo white, ſo chaſte,
On the bleſt Virgin's head, ſo chaſte, ſo white.

In theſe lines, the beſt of all Fanſhaw, the happy repetition "ſo chaſte, ſo white," is a beauty which, though not contained in the original, the preſent tranſlator was unwilling to loſe.

Walk'd forth; and now the ſun's reſplendent rays,
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,
When to the fleet the Mooriſh oars again
Daſh the curl'd waves, and waft the guileful train:
The lofty decks they mount. With joy elate,
Their friendly welcome at the palace-gate,
The king's ſincerity, the people's care,
And treaſures of the coaſt the ſpies declare:
Nor paſt untold what moſt their joys inſpired,
What moſt to hear the valiant chief deſired,
That their glad eyes had ſeen the rites divine,
Their country's worſhip, and the ſacred ſhrine.
The pleaſing tale the joyful GAMA hears;
Dark fraud no more his generous boſom fears:
As friends ſincere, himſelf ſincere, he gives
The hand of welcome, and the Moor's receives.
And now, as conſcious of the deſtin'd prey,
The faithleſs race, with ſmiles and geſtures gay,
Their ſkiffs forſaking, GAMA's ſhips aſcend,
And deep to ſtrike the treacherous blow attend.
On ſhore the truthleſs monarch arms his bands,
And for the fleet's approach impatient ſtands;
That ſoon as anchor'd in the port they rode
Brave GAMA's decks might reek with Luſian blood:
Thus weening to revenge Mozambic's fate,
And give full ſurfeit to the Mooriſh hate;
And now, their bowſprits bending to the bay,
The joyful crew the ponderous anchors weigh,

Their ſhouts the while reſounding. To the gale
With eager hands they ſpread the fore-maſt ſail.
But love's fair queen the ſecret fraud beheld:
Swift as an arrow o'er the battle-field,
From heaven ſhe darted to the watery plain,
And call'd the ſea-born nymphs, a lovely train,
From Nereus ſprung; the ready nymphs obey,
Proud [e] of her kindred birth, and own her ſway.

She

---

[e] *Proud of her kindred birth.*—The French tranſlator has the following note on this place: " *Cet endroit eſt l'un de ceux qui montrent combien l'Auteur* " *eſt habile dans la mythologie, et en même tems combien de pénétration ſon allégorie* " *demande. Il y a bien peu de gens, qui en liſant ici*, &c.——This is one of the " places which diſcover our Author's intimate acquaintance with mytho- " logy, and at the ſame time how much attention his allegory requires. " Many readers, on finding that the protectreſs of the Luſians ſprung from " the ſea, would be apt to exclaim, Behold the birth of the terreſtrial " Venus! How can a nativity ſo diſgraceful be aſcribed to the celeſtial " Venus, who repreſents religion? I anſwer, that Camoëns had not his eye " on thoſe fables, which derive the birth of Venus from the foam of the " waves, mixed with the blood which flowed from the diſhoneſt wound " of Saturn; he carries his views higher; his Venus is from a fable more " noble. Nigidius relates, that two fiſhes one day conveyed an egg to the " ſea ſhore: this egg was hatched by two pigeons whiter than ſnow, and " gave birth to the Aſſyrian Venus, which, in the pagan theology, is the " ſame with the celeſtial: ſhe inſtructed mankind in religion, gave them " the leſſons of virtue and the laws of equity. Jupiter, in reward " of her labours, promiſed to grant her whatever ſhe deſired. She prayed " him to give immortality to the two fiſhes, who had been inſtrumental " in her birth, and the fiſhes were accordingly placed in the Zodiac. . . . . " This fable agrees perfectly with religion, as I could clearly ſhew; but " I think it more proper to leave to the ingenious reader the pleaſure of " tracing the allegory." Thus *Caſtera.*—Beſides the above, mythology gives two other accounts of the origin of the ſign Piſces. When Venus and Cupid fled from the rage of Typhon, they were ſaved by two fiſhes, who carried them over the river Euphrates. The fiſhes, in return, were placed in the Zodiac. Another fable ſays that, that favour was obtained by Neptune for the two dolphins, who firſt brought him his beloved Amphitrite. This variety in

the

She tells what ruin threats her fav'rite race;
Unwonted ardour glows on every face;
With keen rapidity they bound away,
Daſh'd by their ſilver limbs, the billows grey
Foam round: Fair Dotò, fir'd with rage divine,
Darts through the wave; and onward o'er the brine
The [f] lovely Nyſe and Nerine ſpring
With all the vehemence and the ſpeed of wing.

The

---

the pagan mythology is, at leaſt, a proof that the allegory of a poet ought not, without full examination, to be condemned on the appearance of inconſiſtency.

[f] *Doto, Nyſe, and Nerine.*—Clotò, or Clotho, as Caſtera obſerves, has by ſome error crept into almoſt all the Portugueſe editions of the Luſiad. Clotho was one of the fates, and neither Heſiod, Homer, nor Virgil have given ſuch a name to any of the Nereides; but in the ninth Æneid Doto is mentioned,

——— Magnique jubebo
Æquoris eſſe Deas, qualis Nereïa Doto
Et Galatea ſecat ſpumantem pectore pontum.

The Nereides, in the Luſiad, ſays Caſtera, are the virtues divine and human. In the firſt book they accompany the Portugueſe fleet;

——— before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of ſea-born nymphs aroſe.

"And without doubt, ſays he, this allegory, in a lively manner, repreſents the condition of mankind. The virtues languiſh in repoſe; adverſities animate and awake them. The fleet ſailing before a favourable wind is followed by the Nereides, but the Nereides are ſcattered about in the ſea. When danger becomes imminent, Venus, or Religion, aſſembles them to its ſafety." That this manner of allegory is in the true ſpirit of Homer, ſee the note on the allegorical machinery of that great father of poetry, near the end of the ſixth Luſiad. The following, from Caſtera, is indeed highly pedantic. "Doto, continues he, is derived from the verb Δίδωμι, *I give.*
"According to this etymology Doto is Charity, Nyſe is Hope, and Nerine
"Faith. For the name Nyſe comes from Νέω, *I ſwim.* For the action of
"Hope agrees with that of ſwimming, and is the ſymbol of it. Neieine is a
"term compoſed of νήϛις, an old word, which ſignifies *the waters of the ſea,*
"and

The curving billows to their breaſts divide,
And give a yielding paſſage through the tide.
With furious ſpeed the goddeſs ruſh'd before;
Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,
Whoſe eager face, with glowing rapture fired,
Betray'd the pride which ſuch a taſk inſpired.
And now arriv'd, where to the whiſtling wind
The warlike navy's bending maſts reclin'd,
As through the billows ruſh'd the ſpeedy prows,
The nymphs, dividing, each her ſtation choſe.
Againſt the leader's prow, her lovely breaſt
With more than mortal force the goddeſs preſt;
The ſhip recoiling trembles on the tide,
The nymphs in help pour round on every ſide,
From the dread bar the threaten'd keels to ſave;
The ſhip bounds up, half lifted from the wave,
And, trembling, hovers o'er the watery grave.
As when alarm'd, to ſave the hoarded grain,
The care-earn'd ſtore for winter's dreary reign,
So toil, ſo tug, ſo pant, the labouring emmet train.
So toil'd the nymphs, and ſtrain'd their panting force
To turn [g] the navy from its fatal courſe:

Back,

" and of *pĩm, a file*; as if one ſhould ſay, *the file of the ſea waters*, a myſterious
" expreſſion, applicable to Faith, which is the file of our ſoul, and which
" is rendered perfect by the water of baptiſm." Our French paraphriſt wiſely adds, that perhaps ſome perſons may deſpiſe this etymology, but that for his part, he is unwilling to reject it, as it tends to unravel the allegory of his author.

[g] Imitated from Virgil.

Cymothoë ſimul, et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo.————VIRG. ÆN. I.

Back, back the ſhip recedes; in vain the crew
With ſhouts on ſhouts their various toils renew;
In vain each nerve, each nautic art they ſtrain,
And the rough wind diſtends the ſail in vain:
Enraged, the ſailors ſee their labours croſt;
From ſide to ſide the reeling helm is toſt;
High on the poop the ſkilful maſter ſtands;
Sudden he ſhrieks aloud, and ſpreads his hands——
A lurking rock its dreadful rifts betrays,
And right before the prow its ridge diſplays;
Loud ſhrieks of horror from the yard-arms riſe,
And a dire general yell invades the ſkies.
The Moors ſtart, fear-ſtruck, at the horrid ſound,
As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
The horror of detected guilt betrays.
Pierc'd by the glance of Gama's awful eyes
The conſcious pilot quits the helm and flies,
From the high deck he plunges in the brine;
His mates their ſafety to the waves conſign;
Daſh'd by their plunging falls on every ſide
Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.
Thus [h] the hoarſe tenants of the ſylvan lake,
A Lycian race of old, to flight betake;

---

[h] *Thus the hoarſe tenants.*——Latona, ſays the fable, flying from the ſerpent Python, and faint with thirſt, came to a pond, where ſome Lycian peaſants were cutting the bulruſhes. In revenge of the inſults which they offered her in preventing her to drink, ſhe changed them into frogs. This

At every ſound they dread Latona's hate,
And doubled vengeance of their former fate;

All

fable, ſays Caſtera, like almoſt all the reſt, is drawn from hiſtory. Philocorus, as cited by Boccace, relates, that the Rhodians having declared war againſt the Lycians, were aſſiſted by ſome troops from Delos, who carried the image of Latona on their ſtandards. A detachment of theſe going to drink at a lake in Lycia, a crowd of peaſants endeavoured to prevent them. An encounter enſued; the peaſants fled to the lake for ſhelter, and were there ſlain. Some months afterwards their companions came in ſearch of their corpſes; and finding an unuſual quantity of frogs, imagined, according to the ſuperſtition of their age, that the ſouls of their friends appeared to them under that metamorphoſis.

Is it allowable in Epic Poetry to introduce a compariſon taken from a low image? This is a queſtion which has exerciſed the abilities of critics and tranſlators, till criticiſm has degenerated into trifling, and learning into pedantry. To ſome it may perhaps appear needleſs to vindicate Camoëns, in a point wherein he is ſupported by the authority of Homer and Virgil. Yet as many readers are infected with the *ſang froid* of a Rollin or a Perrault, an obſervation in defence of our poet cannot be thought impertinent. If we examine the fineſt effuſions of genius, we ſhall find, that the moſt genuine poetical feeling has often dictated thoſe ſimilies which are drawn from familiar and low objects. The Sacred Writers, and the greateſt poets of every nation, have uſed them. We may therefore conclude, that the criticiſm which condemns them is a refinement not founded on nature. But, allowing them admiſſible, it muſt be obſerved, that to render them pleaſing requires a peculiar happineſs and delicacy of management. When the poet attains this indiſpenſible point, he gives a ſtriking proof of his elegance, and of his maſterſhip in his art. That the ſimilies of the emmets and of the frogs in Camoëns are happily expreſſed and applied, is indiſputable. In that of the frogs there is a peculiar propriety both in the compariſon itſelf, and in the alluſion to the fable; as it was the intent of the poet to repreſent not only the flight, but the baſeneſs of the Moors. The ſimilie he ſeems to have copied from Dante, Inf. Cant. 9.

Come le rane innanzi a la nemica
Biſcia per l'acqua ſi dileguan' tutte
Fin che a la terra ciaſcuna s'abbica.

And Cant. 22.

E come a l'orlo de l'acqua d'un foſſo
Stan' il ranocchi pur col muſo fuori
Si' che celano i piedi, e l'altro groſſo.

All ſudden plunging leave the margin green,
And but their heads above the pool are ſeen.
So plung'd the Moors, when, horrid to behold!
From the bar'd rock's dread jaws the billows roll'd,
Opening in inſtant fate the fleet to whelm,
When ready Vasco caught the ſtaggering helm:
Swift as his lofty voice reſounds aloud
The ponderous anchors daſh the whitening flood,
And round his veſſel, nodding o'er the tide,
His other ſhips, bound by their anchors, ride.
And now revolving in his piercing thought
Theſe various ſcenes with hidden import fraught;
The boaſtful pilot's ſelf-accuſing flight,
The former treaſon of the Mooriſh ſpight;
How headlong to the rock the furious wind,
The boiling current, and their art combin'd,
Yet though the groaning blaſt the canvas ſwell'd,
Some wondrous cauſe, unknown, their ſpeed withheld:
Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd, and ſparkling eyes,
A [1] miracle! the raptur'd Gama cries,
A mi-

---

[1] *A miracle.*——Oſorius gives the following account of this adventure. Talking of the two exiles whom Gama had ſent on ſhore; Rex læta et hilari fronte exules accepit, imperavitque domeſticis ſuis, ut illis urbis ſitum et pulchritudinem demonſtrarent. Ubi vero reverſi ſunt, Rex multa aromatum genera, quæ ex India deportari ſolent, illis oſtentat, et quantulum viſum eſt donat, ut Gamæ monſtrare poſſent, et admonere, quanto eſſet utilius apud regem amicum rem gerere, quàm vitam tam periculoſæ navigationi committere. Cum his mandatis redeunt exules in claſſem, Gama mirificè lætatus eſt, et poſtridie anchoras tolli jubet, et naves prope urbem conſtitui. Cùm verò illius navis æſtus incitati vi celerius, quam commodum eſſet, inveheretur, timens ille nè in vadum incideret, vela contrahere et anchoras demittere

A miracle! O hail thou ſacred ſign,
Thou pledge illuſtrious of the care divine!
Ah! fraudful malice! how ſhall wiſdom's care
Eſcape the poiſon of thy gilded ſnare!
The front of honeſty, the ſaintly ſhew,
The ſmile of friendſhip, and the holy vow;
All, all conjoin'd our eaſy faith to gain,
To whelm us, ſhipwreck'd, in the ruthleſs main;
But where our prudence no deceit could ſpy,
There, heavenly guardian, there thy watchful eye
Beheld our danger: ſtill, O ſtill prevent,
Where human foreſight fails, the dire intent,
The lurking treaſon of the ſmiling foe;
And let our toils, our days of lengthening woe,
Our weary wanderings end. If ſtill for thee,
To ſpread thy rites, our toils and vows agree,
On India's ſtrand thy ſacred ſhrines to rear,
Oh, let ſome friendly land of reſt appear!
If for thine honour we theſe toils have dar'd,
Theſe toils let India's long-ſought ſhore reward!

So

demittere confeſtim juſſit. . . . . Quo facto Mozambiquenſes gubernatores metu repentino perculſi, ſe præcipites in mare dejiciunt, et ad lintres quaſdam, quæ non procul aberat, nando confugiunt. . . . . At Gama magnis vocibus ad eos, qui in lintribus erant, inclamavit, ut ſibi ſuos gubernatores redderent: at illi clamorem illius aſpernati, gubernatores in terram expoſuerunt. Hic Gama cum et conjectura, et aliquo etiam Arabis gubernatoris indicio, et multis præterea ſignis, perſpexiſſet è quanto periculo fuiſſet auxilio divino liberatus, manus in cœlum ſuſtulit. Barros and Caſtaneda, in relating this part of the voyage of Gama, ſay, that the fleet, juſt as they were entering the port of Mombaſſa, were driven back, as it were, by an inviſible hand. The ſafety of the Armada depended upon this circumſtance.

So ſpoke the chief: the pious accents move
The gentle boſom of celeſtial Love:
The beauteous queen to heaven now darts away;
In vain the weeping nymphs implore her ſtay:
Behind her now the morning ſtar ſhe leaves,
And the [k] ſixth heaven her lovely form receives.
Her radiant eyes ſuch living ſplendors caſt,
The ſparkling ſtars were brighten'd as ſhe paſt;
The frozen pole with ſudden ſtreamlets flow'd,
And as the burning zone with fervor glow'd.
And now, confeſt before the throne of Jove,
In all her charms appears the queen of Love:
Fluſh'd by the ardour of her rapid flight
Through fields of æther and the realms of light,
Bright as the bluſhes of the roſeate morn,
New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn;
And all that pride of beauteous grace ſhe wore,
As [l] when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore,

When

---

[k] As the planet of Jupiter is in the ſixth heaven, the Author has with propriety there placed the throne of that god. Caſtera.

[l] *As when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore,*

—— "*J'entends les cenſeurs,* ſays Caſtera, *ſe récrier que cet endroit-ci ne convient nullement à la Venus celeſte.*—I am aware of the objection, that this "paſſage is by no means applicable to the celeſtial Venus. I anſwer "once for all, that the names and adventures of the pagan divinities are ſo "blended and uncertain in mythology, that a poet is at great liberty to "adapt them to his allegory as he pleaſes. Even the fables, which to thoſe "who penetrate no deeper than the rhind, may appear as profane, even "theſe contain hiſtorical, phyſical, and moral truths, which fully atone for "the ſeeming licenciouſneſs of the letter. I could prove this in many in"ſtances, but let the preſent ſuffice. Paris, ſon of Priam, king of Troy, "ſpent his firſt years as a ſhepherd in the country. At this time Juno,

"Minerva,

When every charm and every hope of joy
Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
Ah! [m] had that hunter, whoſe unhappy fate
The human viſage loſt by Dian's hate,
Had he beheld this fairer goddeſs move
Not hounds had ſlain him, but the fires of love.
Adown her neck, more white than virgin ſnow,
Of ſofteſt hue the golden treſſes flow;
Her heaving breaſts of purer, ſofter white,
Than ſnow hills gliſtening in the moon's pale light,
Except where covered by the ſaſh, were bare,
And [n] Love, unſeen, ſmil'd ſoft, and panted there.
Nor leſs the zone the god's fond zeal employs;
The zone awakes the flame of ſecret joys.

As

"Minerva, and Venus diſputed for the apple of gold, which was deſtined to be given to the moſt beautiful goddeſs. They conſented that Paris ſhould be their judge. His equity claimed this honour. He ſaw them all naked. Juno promiſed him riches, Minerva the ſciences, but he decided in favour of Venus, who promiſed him the poſſeſſion of the moſt beautiful woman. What a ray of light is contained in this philoſophical fable! Paris repreſents a ſtudious man, who, in the ſilence of ſolitude, ſeeks the ſupreme good. Juno is the emblem of riches and dignities, Minerva, that of the ſciences purely human, Venus is that of religion, which contains the ſciences both human and divine; the charming female, which ſhe promiſes to the Trojan ſhepherd, is that divine wiſdom which gives tranquillity of heart. A judge ſo philoſophical as Paris would not heſitate a moment to whom to give the apple of gold."

[m] *Ah, had that hunter.*——"The allegory of Camoëns is here obvious. If Acteon, and the ſlaves of their violent paſſions could diſcover the beauties of true religion, they would be aſtoniſhed and reclaimed; according to the expreſſion of Seneca, *Si virtus cerni poſſet oculis corporeis, omnes ad amorem ſuum pelliceret.* Caſtera.

[n] *And Love, unſeen.*——"That is Divine Love, which always accompanies religion. Behold how our Author inſinuates the excellence of his moral!" *Caſtera.*

Camoëns,

As ivy tendrils, round her limbs divine,
Their ſpreading arms the young deſires entwine:
Below her waiſt, and quivering on the gale,
Of thinneſt texture flows the ſilken veil:
(Ah! where the lucid curtain dimly ſhows,
With doubled fires the roving fancy glows!)
The hand of modeſty the foldings threw,
Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view.
Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,
Though on her cheek the ſoft ſmile faultering plays.
All heaven was mov'd—as when ſome damſel coy,
Hurt by the rudeneſs of the amorous boy,
Offended chides and ſmiles; with angry mien
Thus mixt with ſmiles, advanc'd the plaintive queen;
And [o] thus: O Thunderer! O potent ſire!
Shall I in vain thy kind regard require!
Alas! and cheriſh ſtill the fond deceit,
That yet on me thy kindeſt ſmiles await!
Ah heaven! and muſt that valour which I love
Awake the vengeance and the rage of Jove!
Yet mov'd with pity for my fav'rite race
I ſpeak, though frowning on thine awful face

I mark

Camoëns, as obſerved in the preface, has twice aſſerted, that his machinery is allegorical. The poet's aſſertion, and the taſte of the age in which he wrote, ſufficiently vindicate the *endeavour* to unravel and explain the allegory of the Luſiad.

[o] *And thus, O Thunderer.*——The following ſpeech of Venus and the reply of Jupiter, are a fine imitation from the firſt Æneid, and do great honour to the claſſical taſte of the Portugueſe poet.

I mark the tenor of the dread decree,
That to thy wrath conſigns my ſons and me.
Yes! let ſtern Bacchus bleſs thy partial care,
His be the triumph, and be mine deſpair.
The bold advent'rous ſons of Tago's clime
I loved—alas! that love is now their crime:
O happy they, and proſp'rous gales their fate,
Had I purſued them with relentleſs hate!
Yes! let my woeful ſighs in vain implore,
Yes! let them periſh on ſome barb'rous ſhore,
For I have loved them—Here, the ſwelling ſigh
And pearly tear-drop ruſhing in her eye,
As morning dew hangs trembling on the roſe,
Though fond to ſpeak, her farther ſpeech oppoſe—
Her lips, then moving, as the pauſe of woe
Were now to give the voice of grief to flow;
When kindled by thoſe charms, whoſe woes might move,
And melt the prowling tyger's rage to love,
The thundering God her weeping ſorrows ey'd,
And ſudden threw his awful ſtate aſide:
With that mild look which ſtills the driving ſtorm,
When black roll'd clouds the face of heaven deform;
With that mild viſage and benignant mien
Which to the ſky reſtores the blue ſerene,
Her ſnowy neck and glowing cheek he preſt,
And wip'd her tears, and claſp'd her to his breaſt:
Yet ſhe, ſtill ſighing, dropt the trickling tear,
As the chid nurſling mov'd with pride and fear,

Still ſighs and moans, though fondled and careſt;
Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confeſt:
O thou, my daughter, ſtill belov'd as fair,
Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:
No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,
Like one fond ſmile, one powerful tear of thine.
Wide o'er the eaſtern ſhores ſhalt thou behold
The flags far ſtreaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
While nobler triumphs ſhall thy nation crown,
Than thoſe of Roman or of Greek renown.

If by mine aid the ſapient Greek could brave
The Ogycian ſeas, nor [p] ſink a deathleſs ſlave;
If through th' Illyrian ſhelves Antenor bore,
Till ſafe he landed on Timavus' ſhore;
If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
Safe through Charibdis's barking whirlpools ſped:
Shall thy bold heroes, by my care diſclaim'd,
Be left to periſh, who, to worlds unnam'd
By vaunting Rome, purſue their dauntleſs way?
No—ſoon ſhalt thou with raviſh'd eyes ſurvey,
From ſtream to ſtream their lofty cities ſpread,
And their proud turrets rear the warlike head:
The ſtern-brow'd Turk ſhall bend the ſuppliant knee,
And Indian monarchs, now ſecure and free,
Beneath thy potent monarch's yoke ſhall bend,
Till thy juſt laws wide o'er the eaſt extend.

---

[p] ——*Nor ſink a deathleſs ſlave.*——i. e. The ſlave of Calypſo, who offered Ulyſſes immortality on condition he would live with her.

Thy chief, who now in error's circling maze,
For India's ſhore through ſhelves and tempeſts ſtrays;
That chief ſhalt thou behold, with lordly pride,
O'er Neptune's trembling realm triumphant ride.
O wondrous fate! when not a breathing [q] gale
Shall curl the billows, or diſtend the ſail,
The wave ſhall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,
And own the terror o'er their empire ſpread.
That hoſtile coaſt, with various ſtreams ſupplied,
Whoſe treacherous ſons the fountain's gifts deny'd;
That coaſt ſhalt thou behold his port ſupply,
Where oft thy weary fleets in reſt ſhall lie.
Each ſhore which weav'd for him the ſnares of death,
To him theſe ſhores ſhall pledge their offer'd faith;
To him their haughty lords ſhall lowly bend,
And yield him tribute for the name of friend.
The Red-ſea wave ſhall darken in the ſhade
Of thy broad ſails in frequent pomp diſplay'd;
Thine eyes ſhall ſee the golden Ormuz' ſhore,
Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,

---

[q] ——*When not a breathing gale ſhall curl the billows.*—After the Portugueſe had made great conqueſts in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed viceroy. In 1524, as he ſailed thither to take poſſeſſion of his government, his fleet was becalmed on the coaſt of Cambaya, and the ſhips ſtood motionleſs on the water: inſtantly, without the leaſt change of weather, the waves were ſhaken with the moſt violent agitation. The ſhips were toſſed about; the ſailors were terrified, and in the utmoſt confuſion, thinking themſelves loſt; when Gama, perceiving it to be the effect of an earthquake, with his wonted heroiſm and prudence, exclaimed, "*Of what are you afraid? Do you not ſee how the ocean trembles under its ſovereigns!*" Barros, L. 9. C. 1. and Faria (tom. 1. C. 9.) who ſays; that ſuch as lay ſick of fevers were cured by the fright.

Amazed, ſhall view his arrows backward [r] driven,
Showered on his legions by the hand of heaven.
Though twice aſſailed by many a vengeful band,
Unconquered ſtill ſhall Dio's ramparts ſtand;
Such proweſs there ſhall raiſe the Luſian name
That Mars ſhall tremble for his blighted fame;
There ſhall the Moors, blaſpheming, ſink in death,
And curſe their prophet with their parting breath.

Where Goa's warlike ramparts from on high,
Pleas'd ſhalt thou ſee thy Luſian banners fly;
The Pagan tribes in chains ſhall crowd her gate,
While ſhe ſublime ſhall tower in regal ſtate,
The fatal ſcourge, the dread of all who dare
Againſt thy ſons to plan the future war.
Though few thy troops who Conanour ſuſtain,
The foe, though numerous, ſhall aſſault in vain.
Great Calicut, for potent hoſts renown'd,
By Liſboa's ſons aſſail'd ſhall ſtrew the ground:
What floods on floods of vengeful hoſts ſhall wage
On Cochin's walls their ſwift repeated rage!
In vain: a [s] Luſian hero ſhall oppoſe
His dauntleſs boſom, and diſperſe the foes,

---

[r] —— *his arrows backward driven.*——Both Barros and Caſtaneda relate this fact. Albuquerk, during the war of Ormuz, having given battle to the Perſians and Moors, by the violence of a ſudden wind the arrows of the latter were driven back upon themſelves, whereby many of their troops were wounded.

[s] —— *A Luſian hero.*—— Pacheco; in the ſiege of Cochin he defeated ſucceſſively ſeven numerous armies raiſed by the Zamorim for the reduction of that city.

As high-ſwell'd waves, that thunder'd to the ſhock,
Diſperſe in feeble ſtreamlets from the rock.
When [t] blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide
Auguſtus' fleets the ſlave of love defy'd,
When that fallen warrior to the combat led
The braveſt troops in Bactrian Scythia bred,
With Aſian legions, and, his ſhameful bane,
The Egyptian queen attendant in the train;
Though Mars raged high, and all his fury pour'd,
Till with the ſtorm the boiling ſurges roar'd;
Yet ſhall thine eyes more dreadful ſcenes behold,
On burning ſurges burning ſurges roll'd,
The ſheets of fire far billowing o'er the brine,
While I my thunder to thy ſons reſign.
Thus many a ſea ſhall blaze, and many a ſhore
Reſound the horror of the combat's roar,
While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
By trembling China to the iſles unſung

---

[t] *When blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide*——
Hinc ope barbarica variiſque Antonius armis
Victor, ab Auroræ populis & litore rubro
Ægyptum, vireſque Orientis, & ultima ſecum
Bactra vehit: ſequiturque nefas! Ægyptia conjux.
Unà omnes ruere, ac totum ſpumare reductis
Convulſum remis roſtriſque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt: pelago credas innare revulſas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos:
Tanta mole viri turritis puppibus inſtant.
Stupea flamma manu, teliſque volatile ferrum
Spargitur: arva nova Neptunia cæde rubeſcunt,
——*ſævit medio in certamine Mavors.* VIRG. ÆN. VIII.

By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,
Till Ocean's utmoſt ſhore thy bondage own.

Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian ſtrand,
From the moſt northern wave to ſouthmoſt land;
That land decreed to bear the injur'd name
Of Magalhaens, the Luſian [u] pride and ſhame;
From all that vaſt, tho' crown'd with heroes old,
Who with the gods were demi-gods enroll'd;
From all that vaſt no equal heroes ſhine
To match in arms, O lovely daughter, thine.

So ſpake the awful ruler of the ſkies,
And Maia's ſon ſwift at his mandate flies:
His charge, from treaſon and Mombaſſa's king
The weary fleet in friendly port to bring,
And while in ſleep the brave De Gama lay,
To warn, and fair the ſhore of reſt diſplay.
Fleet through the yielding air Cyllenius glides,
As to the light, the nimble air divides.
The myſtic helmet on his head he wore,
And in his right the fatal rod he [w] bore;

---

[u] *The Luſian pride and ſhame.*—Magalhaens, a moſt celebrated navigator. Neglected by John II. king of Portugal, he offered his ſervice to the kingdom of Spain, under whom he made moſt important diſcoveries round the Straits, which bear his name, and in the back parts of South America; acquirements, which at this day are of the utmoſt value to the Spaniſh empire. Of this hero ſee farther, X. Luſiad, in the notes.

[w] ——— *The fatal rod he bore.*———

Tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit,
Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat. VIRG. ÆN. IV.

That rod, of power to wake the ſilent dead,
Or o'er the lids of care ſoft ſlumbers ſhed.
And now, attended by the herald Fame,
To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came;
And ſoon loud rumour echoed through the town,
How from the weſtern world, from waves unknown,
A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop ſhore,
Through ſeas and dangers never dared before:
The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,
Their generous wonder fond regard inſpires,
And all the city glows their aid to give,
To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.

'Twas now the ſolemn hour when midnight reigns,
And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains
The ſtarry hoſt, by gloomy ſilence led,
O'er earth and ſea a glimmering paleneſs ſhed;
When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,
The ſilver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.
Each care was now in ſoft oblivion ſteep'd,
The watch alone accuſtom'd vigils kept;
E'en GAMA, wearied by the day's alarms,
Forgets his cares, reclined in ſlumber's arms.
Scarce had he cloſed his careful eyes in reſt,
When Maia's ſon in viſion ſtood confeſt:
And fly, he cried, O Luſitanian, fly;
Here guile and treaſon every nerve apply:
An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thouſand ſnares:

Oh fly theſe ſhores, unfurl the gather'd ſail,
Lo, heaven, thy guide, commands the riſing gale;
Hark, loud it ruſtles, ſee, the gentle tide
Invites thy prows; the winds thy lingering chide.
Here ſuch dire welcome is for thee prepared
As [x] Diomed's unhappy ſtrangers ſhared;
His hapleſs gueſts at ſilent midnight bled,
On their torn limbs his ſnorting courſers fed.
Oh fly, or here with ſtrangers' blood imbrew'd
Buſiris' altars thou ſhalt find renew'd:
Amidſt his ſlaughter'd gueſts his altars ſtood
Obſcene with gore, and bark'd with human blood:
Then thou, beloved of heaven, my counſel hear;
Right by the coaſt thine onward journey ſteer,
Till where the ſun of noon no ſhade begets,
But day with night in equal tenor ſets.
A ſovereign there, of generous faith unſtain'd,
With ancient bounty, and with joy unfeign'd
Your glad arrival on his ſhore ſhall greet,
And ſooth with every care your weary fleet.

---

[x] *As Diomed's unhappy ſtrangers.*—Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horſes with human fleſh; a thing, ſays the grave Caſtera, *preſque incroyable*, almoſt incredible. Buſiris was a king of Egypt, who ſacrificed ſtrangers.

Quis —illaudati neſcit Buſiridis aras? VIRG. Geor. iii.

Hercules vanquiſhed both theſe tyrants, and put them to the ſame puniſhments which their cruelty had inflicted on others. Iſocrates compoſed an oration in honour of Buſiris; a maſterly example of Attic raillery and ſatire. To this Caſtera wiſely appeals, to prove the truth of the hiſtory of that tyrant.

And when again for India's golden ſtrand
Before the proſperous gale your ſails expand,
A ſkilful pilot oft in danger try'd,
Of heart ſincere, ſhall prove your faithful guide.

Thus Hermes ſpoke, and as his flight he takes
Melting in ambient air, De Gama wakes.
Chill'd with amaze he ſtood, when through the night
With ſudden ray appear'd the burſting light;
The winds loud whizzing through the cordage ſigh'd—
Spread, ſpread the ſail, the raptured Vasco cried;
Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of heaven;
By heaven our guide th' auſpicious ſign is given;
Mine eyes beheld the meſſenger divine;
O fly, he cried, and gave the favouring ſign,
Here treaſon lurks.———Swift as the captain ſpake
The mariners ſpring bounding to the deck,
And now with ſhouts far-echoing o'er the ſea,
Proud of their ſtrength the ponderous anchors weigh.
When [y] heaven again its guardian care diſplay'd;
Above the wave roſe many a Mooriſh head———
Conceal'd by night they gently ſwam along,
And with their weapons ſawed the cables ſtrong,

---

[y] *When heaven again its guardian care diſplay'd.*———Having mentioned the eſcape of the Mooriſh pilots, Oſorius proceeds: Rex deinde homines magno cum ſilentio ſcaphis & lintribus ſubmittebat, qui ſecuribus anchoralia nocte præciderent. Quod niſi fuiſſet à noſtris ſingulari Gamæ induſtria vigilatum, et inſidiis ſcelerati illius regis occurſum, noſtri in ſummum vitæ diſcrimen incidiſſent.

That by the ſwelling currents whirl'd and toſt,
The navy's wrecks might ſtrew the rocky coaſt:
But now diſcover'd, every nerve they ply,
And dive, and ſwift as frighten'd vermin fly.

Now through the ſilver waves that curling roſe
And gently murmur'd round the ſloping prows,
The gallant fleet before the ſteady wind
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracks behind;
While as they ſail the joyful crew relate
Their wondrous ſafety from impending fate;
And every boſom feels how ſweet the joy
When dangers paſt the grateful tongue employ.

The ſun had now his annual journey run,
And blazing forth another courſe begun,
When ſmoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide
Two ſloops afar the watchful maſter ſpied;
Their Mooriſh make the ſeaman's art diſplay'd;
Here GAMA weens to force the pilot's aid:
One, baſe with fear, to certain ſhipwreck flew;
The keel daſh'd on the ſhore, eſcap'd the crew.
The other bravely truſts the generous foe,
And yields, ere ſlaughter ſtruck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The captain's prudence and his wiſh were vain;
No pilot here his wandering courſe to guide,
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide;

The voyage calm, or perilous, or afar,
Beneath what heaven, or which the guiding ſtar:
Yet this they told, that by the neighbouring bay
A potent monarch reign'd, whoſe pious ſway
For truth and nobleſt bounty far renown'd,
Still with the ſtranger's grateful praiſe was crown'd.
O'erjoyed brave GAMA heard the tale, which ſeal'd
The ſacred truth that Maia's ſon reveal'd;
And bids the pilot, warn'd by heaven his guide,
For fair Melinda turn the helm aſide.

'Twas now the jovial ſeaſon, when the morn
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn
O'er hill and dale the roſe-crown'd Flora pours,
And ſcatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.
Right to the port their courſe the fleet purſued,
And the glad dawn that ſacred day renewed,
When with the ſpoils of vanquiſh'd death adorn'd
To heaven the victor of the tomb return'd.
And ſoon Melinda's ſhore the ſailors ſpy;
From every maſt the purple ſtreamers fly;
Rich-figured tap'ſtry now ſupplies the ſail,
The gold and ſcarlet tremble in the gale;
The ſtandard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide-billowing plays;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet ſounds,
And the rough drum the rouſing march rebounds.

As thus regardful of the ſacred day
The feſtive navy cut the watery way,
Melinda's ſons the ſhore in thouſands crowd,
And offering joyful welcome ſhout aloud:
And truth the voice inſpired. Unawed by fear,
With warlike pomp adorn'd, himſelf ſincere,
Now in the port the generous GAMA rides;
His ſtately veſſels range their pitchy ſides
Around their chief; the bowſprits nod the head,
And the barb'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.
Strait to the king; as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant GAMA ſends.
The Luſian fame the king already knew,
What gulphs unknown the fleet had labour'd through,
What ſhelves, what tempeſts dared: his liberal mind
Exults the captain's manly truſt to find;
With that ennobling worth, whoſe fond employ
Befriends the brave, the monarch owns his joy,
Entreats the leader and his weary band
To taſte the dews of ſweet repoſe on land,
And all the riches of his cultured fields
Obedient to the nod of GAMA yields.
His care meanwhile their preſent want attends,
And various fowl, and various fruits he ſends;
The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,
And rural ſounds are echoed through the fleet.
His gifts with joy the valiant chief receives,
And gifts in turn, confirming friendſhip, gives.

Here the proud ſcarlet darts its ardent rays,
And here the purple and the orange blaze:
O'er theſe profuſe the branching coral ſpread,
The [z] coral wondrous in its watery bed:
Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown;
In air it hardens to a precious ſtone.
With theſe an herald, on whoſe melting tongue
The [a] copious rhet'ric of Arabia hung,
He ſends, his wants and purpoſe to reveal,
And holy vows of laſting peace to ſeal.
The monarch ſits amid his ſplendid bands,
Before the regal throne the herald ſtands,
And thus, as eloquence his lips inſpired,
O king! he cries, for ſacred truth admired,
Ordain'd by heaven to bend the ſtubborn knees
Of haughtieſt nations to thy juſt decrees;
Fear'd as thou art, yet ſent by heaven to prove
That empire's ſtrength reſults from public love:
To thee, O king, for friendly aid we come;
Nor lawleſs robbers o'er the deep we roam:
No luſt of gold could e'er our breaſts inflame
To ſcatter fire and ſlaughter where we came;

---

[z] *The coral wondrous in its watery bed*——

Vimen erat dum ſtagna ſubit, proceſſerat undis
Gemma fuit. CLAUD.

Sic et coralium, quo primum contigit auras,
Tempore dureſcit, mollis fuit herba ſub undis. OVID.

[a] *The copious rhet'ric of Arabia.*——There were on board Gama's fleet ſeveral perſons ſkilled in the Oriental languages. *Oſor.*

Nor ſword, nor ſpear our harmleſs hands employ
To ſeize the careleſs, or the weak deſtroy.
At our moſt potent monarch's dread command
We ſpread the ſail from lordly Europe's ſtrand:
Through ſeas unknown, through gulphs untry'd before,
We force our journey to the Indian ſhore.

Alas, what rancour fires the human breaſt!
By what ſtern tribes are Afric's ſhores poſſeſt!
How many a wile they try'd, how many a ſnare!
Not wiſdom ſav'd us, 'twas the heaven's own care:
Not harbours only, e'en the barren ſands
A place of reſt deny'd our weary bands:
From us, alas, what harm could prudence fear!
From us ſo few, their numerous friends ſo near!
While thus from ſhore to cruel ſhore long driven,
To thee conducted by a guide from heaven,
We come, O monarch, of thy truth aſſured,
Of hoſpitable rites by heaven ſecured;
Such [b] rites as old Alcinous' palace graced,
When lorn Ulyſſes ſat his favour'd gueſt.
Nor deem, O king, that cold ſuſpicion taints
Our valiant leader, or his wiſh prevents:
Great is our monarch, and his dread command
To our brave captain interdicts the land
Till Indian earth he tread: What nobler cauſe
Than loyal faith can wake thy fond applauſe,

---

[b] See the Eighth Odyſſey, &c.

O thou, who knoweſt the ever-preſſing weight
Of kingly [c] office, and the cares of ſtate!
And hear, ye conſcious heavens, if GAMA's heart
Forget thy kindneſs, or from truth depart,
The ſacred light ſhall periſh from the ſun,
And rivers to the ſea ſhall ceaſe to run.

He

---

[c] *Of kingly office.*—Caſtera's note on this place is ſo characteriſtical of a Frenchman, that the reader will perhaps be pleaſed to ſee it tranſcribed. In his text he ſays, "*Toi qui occupes ſi dignement le rang ſupreme.*"—In the note he thus apologiſes, "*Le Poete dit, Tens de Rey o officio, Toi qui fais lemetier* "*de Roi.*—The poet ſays, *thou who holdeſt the buſineſs of a king.* I con-"feſs I found a ſtrong inclination to tranſlate this ſentence literally. I "find much nobleneſs in it. However, I ſubmitted to the opinion of ſome "friends, who were afraid that the ears of Frenchmen would be ſhocked "at the word *buſineſs* applied to a king. It is true, nevertheleſs, that "royalty is a *buſineſs.* Philip II. of Spain was convinced of it, as we may "diſcern from one of his letters. *Hallo,* ſays he, *me muy embaraçado,* &c. "*I am ſo entangled and incumbered with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I* "*have not a moment to myſelf. In truth, we kings hold a laborious office, there is* "*little reaſon to envy us.*" May the politeneſs of England never be diſguſted with the word *buſineſs* applied to a king!

[d] *The herald's ſpeech.*——The propriety and artfulneſs of Homer's ſpeeches have been often and juſtly admired. Camoëns is peculiarly happy in the ſame department of the Epopœia. The ſpeech of Gama's herald to the king of Melinda is a ſtriking inſtance of it. The compliments with which it begins have a direct tendency to the favours afterwards to be aſked. The aſſurance of the innocence, the purpoſe of the voyagers, and the greatneſs of their king, are happily touched. The exclamation on the barbarous treatment they had experienced, "Not wiſdom ſaved us, but heaven's own care," are maſterly inſinuations. Their barbarous treatment is again repeated in a manner to move compaſſion: Alas! what could they fear, &c. is reaſoning joined with the pathos. That they were conducted to the king of Melinda by heaven, and were by heaven aſſured of his truth, is a moſt delicate compliment, and in the true ſpirit of the epic poem. The alluſion to Alcinous is well timed. The apology for Gama's refuſal to come on ſhore, is exceeding artful. It conveys a proof of the greatneſs of the Portugueſe ſovereign, and affords a compliment to loyalty, which could not fail

to

He ſpoke; a murmur of applauſe ſucceeds,
And each with wonder own'd the val'rous deeds
Of that bold race, whoſe flowing vanes had wav'd
Beneath ſo many a ſky, ſo many an ocean brav'd.
Nor leſs the king their loyal faith reveres,
And Liſboa's lord in awful ſtate appears,
Whoſe leaſt command on fartheſt ſhores obey'd,
His ſovereign grandeur to the world diſplay'd.
Elate with joy, uproſe the royal Moor,
And, ſmiling, thus,--O welcome to my ſhore!
If yet in you the fear of treaſon dwell,
Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expel:
Still with the brave, the brave will honour find,
And equal ardour will their friendſhip bind.
But thoſe who ſpurn'd you, men alone in ſhow,
Rude as the beſtial herd, no worth they know;
Such dwell not here: and ſince your laws require
Obedience ſtrict, I yield my fond deſire.
Though much I wiſh'd your chief to grace my board,
Fair be his duty to his ſovereign lord;
Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet
My barge ſhall waft me to the warlike fleet;
There ſhall my longing eyes the heroes view,
And holy vows the mutual peace renew.

---

to be acceptable to a monarch. In ſhort, the whole of the ſpeech ſupplicates warmly, but at the ſame time in the moſt manly manner; and the adjuration concludes it with all the appearance of warmth and ſincerity. Euſtathius would have written a whole chapter on ſuch a ſpeech in the Iliad or Odyſſey.

What from the bluſtering winds and lengthening tide
Your ſhips have ſuffer'd, ſhall be here ſupply'd.
Arms and proviſions I myſelf will ſend,
And, great of ſkill, a pilot ſhall attend.

So ſpoke the king: and now, with purpled ray,
Beneath the ſhining wave the god of day
Retiring, left the evening ſhades to ſpread;
And to the fleet the joyful herald ſped:
To find ſuch friends each breaſt with rapture glows,
The feaſt is kindled, and the goblet flows;
The trembling comet's imitated rays
Bound to the ſkies, and trail a ſparkling blaze:
The vaulting bombs awake their ſleeping fire,
And like the Cyclops' bolts, to heaven aſpire:
The bombadeers their roaring engines ply,
And earth and ocean thunder to the ſky,
The trump and fife's ſhrill clarion far around
The glorious muſic of the fight reſound.
Nor leſs the joy Melinda's ſons diſplay,
The ſulphur burſts in many an ardent ray,
And to the heaven aſcends in whizzing gyres,
And ocean flames with artificial fires.
In feſtive war the ſea and land engage,
And ecchoing ſhouts confeſs the joyful rage.
So paſt the night; and now with ſilvery ray
The ſtar of morning uſhers in the day.

The ſhadows fly before the roſeate hours,
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers:
The pruning hook or humble ſpade to wield,
The cheerful labourer haſtens to the field;
When to the fleet with many a ſounding oar
The monarch ſails; the natives crowd the ſhore.
Their various robes in one bright ſplendor join,
The purple blazes, and the gold-ſtripes ſhine;
Nor as ſtern warriors with the quivering lance,
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's ſons advance;
Green boughs of palm with joyful hands they wave,
An omen of the meed that crowns the brave.
Fair was the ſhow the royal barge diſplay'd,
With many a flag of gliſtening ſilk array'd,
Whoſe various hues, as waving thro' the bay,
Return'd the luſtre of the riſing day:
And onward as they came, in ſovereign ſtate
The mighty king amid his princes ſate:
His robes the pomp of eaſtern ſplendor ſhow,
A proud tiara decks his lordly brow:
The various tiſſue ſhines in every fold,
The ſilken luſtre and the rays of gold.
His purple mantle boaſts the dye of Tyre,
And in the ſun-beam glows with living fire.
A golden chain, the ſkilful artiſt's pride,
Hung from his neck; and glittering by his ſide
The dagger's hilt of ſtar-bright diamond ſhone,
The girding baldric burns with precious ſtone;

And precious ſtone in ſtuds of gold enchaſed,
The ſhaggy velvet of his buſkins graced:
Wide o'er his head, of various ſilks inlaid,
A fair umbrella caſt a grateful ſhade.
A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,
Of horn-wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow;
And each attendant barge aloud rebounds
A barbarous diſcord of rejoicing ſounds.
With equal pomp the captain leaves the fleet,
Melinda's monarch on the tide to greet:
His barge nods on amidſt a ſplendid train,
Himſelf adorn'd in all the pride of Spain:
With fair embroidery [e] ſhone his armed breaſt,
For poliſh'd ſteel ſupply'd the warrior's veſt;
His ſleeves, beneath, were ſilk of paly blue,
Above, more looſe, the purple's brighteſt hue
Hung as a ſcarf, in equal gatherings roll'd,
With golden buttons and with loops of gold:
Bright in the ſun the poliſh'd radiance burns,
And the dimm'd eye-ball from the luſtre turns.
Of crimſon ſatin, dazzling to behold,
His caſſoc ſwell'd in many a curving fold;
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom
Confeſt the labour of Venetia's loom:

---

[e] *With fair embroidery ſhone his armed breaſt.*——Camoëns ſeems to have his eye on the picture of Gama, which is thus deſcribed by *Faria y Souſa.* "He "is painted with a black cap, cloak and breeches edged with velvet, all "ſlaſhed, through which appears the crimſon lining, the doublet of crim- "ſon ſatin, and over it his armour inlaid with gold."

Gold was his ſword, and warlike trowſers laced
With thongs of gold his manly legs embraced:
With graceful mien his cap aſlant was turn'd;
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.
His noble aſpect, and the purple's ray,
Amidſt his train the gallant chief bewray.
The various veſtments of the warrior train,
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,
Attract the pleaſed beholders wondering eye,
And with the ſplendor of the rainbow vie.
Now GAMA's bands the quivering trumpet blow,
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,
The Mooriſh flags the curling waters ſweep,
The Luſian mortars thunder o'er the deep;
Again the fiery roar heaven's concave tears,
The Moors aſtoniſh'd ſtop their wounded ears:
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,
And clouds of ſmoke wide-rolling blot the day;
The captain's barge the generous king aſcends,
His arms the chief enfold; the captain bends,
A reverence to the ſcepter'd grandeur due:
In ſilent awe the monarch's wondering view
Is fixt [f] on VASCO's noble mien; the while
His thoughts with wonder weigh the hero's toil.

---

[f] —— *The monarch's wondering view is fixt on Vaſco's noble mien.*—The admiration and friendſhip of the king of Melinda, ſo much inſiſted on by Camoëns, is a judicious imitation of Virgil's Dido. In both caſes ſuch preparation was neceſſary to introduce the long epiſodes which follow.

Eſteem and friendſhip with his wonder riſe,
And free to GAMA all his kingdom lies.
Though never ſon of Luſus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's ſhore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Luſian fame;
How through the vaſt of Afric's wildeſt bound
Their deathleſs feats in gallant arms reſound;
When that fair land where Heſper's offspring reign'd,
Their valour's prize the Luſian youth obtain'd.
Much ſtill he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,
Though but the faint vibrations of their fame
To him had echoed. Pleaſed his warmth to view,
Convinced his promiſe and his heart were true,
The illuſtrious GAMA thus his ſoul expreſt,
And own'd the joy that labour'd in his breaſt:
Oh Thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,
Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,
Whoſe piety, with mercy's gentle eye
Beholds our wants, and gives the wiſh'd ſupply;
Our navy driven from many a barbarous coaſt,
On many a tempeſt-harrowed ocean toſt,
At laſt with thee a kindly refuge finds,
Safe from the fury of the howling winds.
O generous king, may he whoſe mandate rolls
The circling heavens, and human pride controls,
May the Great Spirit to thy breaſt return
That needful aid, beſtowed on us forlorn!

And while yon ſun emits his rays divine,
And while the ſtars in midnight azure ſhine,
Where'er my ſails are ſtretch'd the world around,
Thy praiſe ſhall brighten, and thy name reſound.

He ſpoke; the painted barges ſwept the flood,
Where, proudly gay, the anchored navy rode;
Earneſt the king the lordly fleet ſurveys;
The mortars thunder, and the trumpets raiſe
Their martial ſounds Melinda's ſons to greet;
Melinda's ſons with timbrels hail the fleet.
And now no more the ſulphury tempeſt roars;
The boatmen leaning on the reſted oars
Breathe ſhort; the barges now at anchor moor'd,
The king, while ſilence liſten'd round, implored
The glories of the Luſian wars to hear,
Whoſe fainteſt echoes long had pleaſed his ear:
Their various triumphs on the Afric ſhore
O'er thoſe who hold the ſon of Hagar's lore,
Fond he demands, and now demands again
Their various triumphs on the weſtern main:
Again, ere readieſt anſwer found a place,
He aſks the ſtory of the Luſian race;
What God was founder of the mighty line,
Beneath what heaven their land, what ſhores adjoin;
And what their climate, where the ſinking day
Gives the laſt glimpſe of twilight's ſilvery ray.

But moſt, O chief, the zealous monarch cries,
What raging ſeas you braved, what louring ſkies;
What tribes, what rites you ſaw; what ſavage hate
On our rude Afric proved your hapleſs fate:
Oh tell, for lo, the chilly dawning ſtar
Yet rides before the morning's purple car;
And o'er the wave the ſun's bold courſers raiſe
Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze;
Soft on the glaſſy wave the zephyrs ſleep,
And the ſtill billows holy ſilence keep.
Nor leſs are we, undaunted chief, prepared
To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared;
Nor think, tho' ſcorch'd beneath the car of day,
Our minds too dull the debt of praiſe to pay;
Melinda's ſons the teſt of greatneſs know,
And on the Luſian race the palm beſtow.

If Titan's [f] giant brood with impious arms
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms;
If Theſeus and Perithous dared invade
The diſmal horrors of the Stygian ſhade,
Nor leſs your glory, nor your boldneſs leſs,
That thus exploring Neptune's laſt receſs
Contemn his waves and tempeſts! If the thirſt
To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurſt,

---

[f] For a defence of the king of Melinda's learning, ignorantly objected to by Voltaire, ſee the preface.

Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name
Gave Dian's temple to the waſting flame:
If ſuch the ardour to attain renown,
How bright the luſtre of the hero's crown,
Whoſe deeds of fair empriſe his honours raiſe,
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathleſs bays!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK III.

OH now, Calliope, thy potent aid!
What to the king th' illuſtrious GAMA ſaid
Cloath in immortal verſe. With ſacred fire
My breaſt, if e'er it loved thy lore, inſpire:
So may the patron of the healing art,
The god of day to thee conſign his heart;
From thee, the mother of his darling [a] ſon,
May never wandering thought to Daphne run:

---

[a] *Calliope*—the muſe of epic poeſy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, flying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphoſed into the ſun-flower, and Leucothoe, who was buried alive by her father for yielding to the ſolicitations of Apollo, was by her lover changed into an incenſe tree. The phyſical meaning of theſe fables is obvious.

May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.
Then aid, O faireſt nymph, my fond deſire,
And give my verſe the Luſian warlike fire:
Fired by the ſong, the liſtening world ſhall know
That Aganippe's ſtreams from Tagus flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus ſhine
On thy fair breaſt, or round thy temples twine:
On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful god my boſom glows:
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuſe,
And bathe my ſpirit in Aonian dews!

Now ſilence wooed th' illuſtrious chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;
When ſlowly turning with a modeſt grace,
The noble VASCO raiſed his manly face;
O mighty king, he cries, at thy [b] command
The martial ſtory of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiſeful lips employ'd.
When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of ſtrangers on the tale attend:

---

[b] *O mighty king, he cries.*——The preface to the ſpeech of Gama, and the deſcription of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoëns deſcribes countries, or muſters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity: By adding ſome characteriſtical feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleaſing, pictureſque, and poetical.

Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative ſo long,
Yet well aſſured no fiction's glare can raiſe,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praiſe;
Though leſs, far leſs, whate'er my lips can ſay,
Than truth muſt give it, I thy will obey.

Between that zone, where endleſs winter reigns,
And that, where flaming heat conſumes the plains;
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent ſkies,
The queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies.
Around her northern and her weſtern ſhores,
Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
The midland ſea, where tide ne'er ſwell'd the waves,
Her richeſt lawns, the ſouthern border, laves.
Againſt the riſing morn, the northmoſt bound
The whirling Tanais parts from Aſian ground,
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
To dull Mæotis' lake: her eaſtern line
More to the ſouth, the Phrygian waves confine;
Thoſe waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan ſhore;
Where now the ſeaman rapt in mournful joy
Explores in vain the ſad remains of Troy.
Wide to the north beneath the pole ſhe ſpreads;
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
Here winds on winds in endleſs tempeſts rowl,
The valleys ſigh, the lengthening echoes howl.

On the rude cliffs with froſty ſpangles grey,
Weak as the twilight gleams the ſolar ray;
Each mountain's breaſt with ſnows eternal ſhines,
The ſtreams and ſeas eternal froſt confines.
Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controul'd,
Whoſe pride maintain'd that theirs the ſacred earth,
Not that of Nile, which firſt gave man his birth.
Here diſmal Lapland ſpreads a dreary wild,
Here Norway's waſtes where harveſt never ſmil'd,
Whoſe groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempeſt groan.
Here Scandia's clime her rugged ſhores extends,
And far projected, through the ocean bends;
Whoſe ſons' dread footſteps yet Auſonia [c] wears,
And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

---

[c] *Whoſe ſons' dread footſteps yet Auſonia wears.*—In the year 409 the city of Rome was ſacked, and Italy laid deſolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumſtance Camoëns has not fallen into the common error of little poets, who on every occaſion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the arts and ſciences. Thoſe arts and ſciences, however, which give vigour to the mind, long ere the irruption of the northern tribes, were in the moſt languid ſtate. The ſouthern nations of Europe were ſunk into the moſt contemptible degeneracy. The ſciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almoſt unknown. For near two centuries no poet or writer of note had adorned the Roman empire. Thoſe arts only, the abuſe of which have a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of muſic and cookery, were paſſionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate abuſe. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroiſm and patriotiſm was incompatible with their effeminacy. Whoever reads the hiſtory of the later emperors of Rome will find it hard to explain how

When ſummer burſts ſtern winter's icy chain,
Here the bold Swede, the Pruſſian, and the Dane
Hoiſt the white ſail, and plough the foamy way,
Chear'd by whole months of one continual day.
Between theſe ſhores and Tanais' ruſhing tide
Livonia's ſons and Ruſſia's hords reſide.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whoſe ſires of yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.

Where,

minds illuminated, as it is pretended, by letters and ſcience, could at the ſame time be ſo broken as to ſuffer the baſeſt ſubjection to ſuch weak and wanton tyrants. That the general mind of the empire did ſuffer, for ſeveral centuries, the weakeſt and moſt capricious tyranny is a fact beyond diſpute, a fact, which moſt ſtrongly marks their degenerated character. On theſe deſpicable Sybarites [a] the north poured her brave and hardy ſons, who, though ignorant of polite literature, were poſſeſſed of all the manly [b] virtues of the Scythians in a high degree. Under their conqueſts Europe wore a new and a vigorous face; and which however rude, was infinitely preferable to that languid and ſickly female countenance, which it had lately worn. Even the ideas of civil liberty were loſt. But the rights of mankind were claimed, however rude their laws, by the northern invaders. And however ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her conſtitution, which, as Monteſquieu obſerves, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The ſpirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair ſex, which diſtinguiſhed the northern heroes, will make their manners admired, while, conſidered in the ſame point, the poliſhed ages of Greece and Rome excite our horror and deteſtation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of theſe brave barbarians that modern Europe owes thoſe remains of the ſpirit of liberty, and ſome other of the greateſt advantages, which ſhe may at preſent poſſeſs. They introduced a vigour of mind, which under the conſequences of the cruſades, and a variety of other cauſes, has not only been able to revive the arts, and improve every ſcience, but has alſo inveſtigated and aſcertained the political intereſt and rights of mankind, in a manner unknown to the brighteſt ages of the ancient world.

[a] *Sybaris*, a city in Grecia Magna, whoſe inhabitants were ſo effeminate, that they ordered all the cocks to be killed, that they might not be diſturbed by their early crowing.

[b] See Warton's Hiſt. Eng. Poetry. Diſſert. II. p. 3.

Where, famed of old, th' Hircinian foreſt lour'd,
Oft ſeen in arms the Poliſh troops are pour'd
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chace,
The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave
The Elbe, Amaſis, and the Danube lave,
Of various tongues, for various princes known,
Their mighty lord the German emperor own.
Between the Danube and the lucid tide
Where hapleſs Helle left her name, and died,
The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, poſſeſs the hills of Thrace.
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the ſervile head.
Here ſpread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here thoſe happy lands where genius ſhone
In all the arts, in all the muſe's charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the heavens reſounded Grecia's name,
And left in every age a deathleſs fame.
The ſtern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground;
And where Antenor anchor'd in the ſound,
Proud Venice as a queen majeſtic towers,
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
For learning glorious, glorious for the ſword,
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dread lord,

Here Italy her beauteous landſcapes ſhews;
Around her ſides his arms old Ocean throws;
The daſhing waves the ramparts aid ſupply;
The hoary Alps, high towering to the ſky,
From ſhore to ſhore a rugged barrier ſpread,
And lour deſtruction on the hoſtile tread.
But now no more her hoſtile ſpirit burns;
There now the ſaint in humble veſpers mourns;
To heaven more grateful than the pride of war,
And all the triumphs of the victor's car.
Onward fair Gallia opens to the view
Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue:
Wide ſpread her harveſts o'er the ſcenes renown'd,
Where Julius proudly ſtrode with laurel crown'd.
Here Seyn,—how fair when gliſtening to the moon!
Rolls his white wave; and here the cold Garoon;
Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves;
And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.
Here the gruff mountains, faithleſs to the vows
Of loſt Pyrene [d] rear their cloudy brows;
Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,
Streams of red gold and melted ſilver pour'd.

---

[d] *Faithleſs to the vows of loſt Pyrene*, &c.—She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, ſhe was deſtroyed by wild beaſts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyreneans from πῦρ, *fire*. To ſupport which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of ſome ſhepherds the antient foreſts on theſe mountains were ſet on fire, and burned with ſuch vehemence, that the melted metals ſpouted out and ran down from the ſides of the hills. The alluſion to this old tradition is in the true ſpirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

And now, as head of all the lordly train
Of [e] Europe's realms, appears illuſtrious Spain.
Alas, what various fortunes has ſhe known!
Yet ever did her ſons her wrongs atone;
Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
And ſtill with fairer bloom her honours roſe.
Where, lock'd with land the ſtruggling currents boil,
Fam'd for the godlike Theban's lateſt [f] toil.
Againſt one coaſt the Punic ſtrand extends,
And round her breaſt the midland ocean bends:
Around her ſhores two various oceans ſwell,
And various nations in her boſom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
Each the imperial right of honour claims.
Proud Arragon, who twice her ſtandard reared
In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,
Galicia's prudent ſons; the fierce Navar;
And he far dreaded in the Mooriſh war,
The bold Aſturian; nor Sevilia's race,
Nor thine, Granada, claim the ſecond place.

---

[e] *Of Europe's realms.*—It is remarkable, that in this deſcription of Europe, England ſhould be entirely omitted; of ſo little conſequence in the political ſcale did ſhe then ſeem. The time when Camoëns wrote this may be eſtimated from the beginning of the ſeventh book, which appears to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII. though the Luſiad was not publiſhed till the fourteenth of Elizabeth.

[f] *The Theban's lateſt toil.*—Hercules, ſays the fable, to crown his labours, ſeparated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean ruſhed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxine ſeas.

Here too the heroes who command the plain
By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Caſtilian pauſes o'er his ſword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.
Proud o'er the reſt, with ſplendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Luſitania ſmiles, the weſtern bound,
Whoſe verdant breaſt the rolling waves ſurround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The laſt pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty king, the ſacred earth,
This the lov'd parent-ſoil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous heaven my prayer regard,
And fair ſucceſs my perilous toils reward,
May that dear land my lateſt breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Sublime the honours of my native land,
And high in heaven's regard her heroes ſtand;
By [g] heaven's decree 'twas theirs the firſt to quell
The Mooriſh tyrants, and from Spain expel;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confeſt the Luſian might.
From Luſus famed, whoſe honour'd name we bear,
(The ſon of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)
The

---

[g] *By heaven's decree.*—This boaſt is according to the truth of hiſtory. In the days of Portugueſe heroiſm, this firſt expulſion of the Moors was eſteemed as a mark of the favour with which heaven had crowned their defence of the Catholic faith. See the Preface.

The glorious name of Luſitania roſe,
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,
When her bold troops the valiant ſhepherd led,
And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled;
When haughty Rome atchiev'd the treach'rous [h] blow,
That own'd her terror of the matchleſs foe.
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken ſons by ruthleſs tyrants ſpurn'd,
Her vineyards languiſh'd, and her paſtures mourn'd;
Till time revolving raiſed her drooping head,
And o'er the wondering world her conqueſts ſpread.
Thus roſe her power: the lands of lordly Spain
Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain;
Great were his honours in the bloody fight,
And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.
And oft the groaning Saracen's proud creſt
And ſhatter'd mail his awful force confeſt.
From Calpe's ſummits to the Caſpian ſhore
Loud-tongued renown his godlike actions bore.
And many a chief from diſtant regions [i] came
To ſhare the laurels of Alonzo's fame;

---

[h] —— *the treacherous blow.*——The aſſaſſination of Viriatus. See the note on Book I. p. 14.

[i] *And many a chief from diſtant regions came.*——Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehenſive of the ſuperior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded aſſiſtance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military ſpirit of the nobility of that age, no ſooner was his deſire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his ſtandard. Theſe, in the courſe of a few years, having ſhewn ſignal proofs of

Yet more for holy Faith's unſpotted cauſe
Their ſpears they wielded, than for Fame's applauſe.
Great were the deeds their thundering arms diſplay'd,
And ſtill their foremoſt ſwords the battle ſway'd.
And now to honour with diſtinguiſhed meed
Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.
The firſt and braveſt of the foreign bands
Hungaria's younger ſon brave Henry [k] ſtands.

To

---

of their courage, the king diſtinguiſhed the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger ſon of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Tereſa in marriage, with the ſovereignty of the countries to the ſouth of Galicia, commiſſioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulſion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Tra los Montes*, were ſubdued, with that part of *Beira* which was held by the Mooriſh king of *Lamego*, whom he conſtrained to pay tribute. Many thouſands of Chriſtians, who had fled to the mountains, took ſhelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors alſo choſe to ſubmit and remain in their native country under a mild government. Theſe advantages, added to the great fertility of the ſoil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the firſt ſovereigns of Portugal.

[k] *Hungaria's younger ſon.*——Camoëns, in making the founder of the Portugueſe monarchy a younger ſon of the king of Hungary, has followed the old chronologiſt *Galvan*. The Spaniſh and Portugueſe hiſtorians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant ſtranger. Some bring him from Conſtantinople, and others from the houſe of Lorain. But the cleareſt and moſt probable account of him is in the chronicle of *Fleury*, wherein is preſerved a fragment of French hiſtory, written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the time of Count Henry. By this it appears, that he was a younger ſon of Henry, the only ſon of Robert, the firſt duke of Burgundy, who was a younger brother of Henry I. of France. Fanſhaw, having an eye to this hiſtory, has taken the unwarrantable liberty to alter the fact as mentioned by his author.

Amongſt

To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,
And the glad king his daughter's hand beſtows;
The fair Tereſa ſhines his blooming bride,
And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.
With her, beſides, the ſire confirms in dower
Whate'er his ſword might reſcue from the Moor;
And ſoon on Hagar's race the hero pours
His warlike fury—ſoon the vanquiſh'd Moors
To him far round the neighbouring lands reſign,
And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.
To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant ſon,
The glorious founder of the Luſian throne.
Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds atteſt,
Deliver'd Judah Henry's might [1] confeſt.
On Jordan's bank the victor-hero ſtrode,
Whoſe hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;

And

Amongſt theſe Henry, ſaith the hiſtory,
A younger ſon of France, and a brave prince,
Had Portugal in lot.———
And the ſame king did his own daughter tie
To him in wedlock, to infer from thence
His firmer love———

Nor are hiſtorians agreed on the birth of Donna Tereſa, the ſpouſe of Count Henry. Brandam, and other Portugueſe hiſtorians, are at great pains to prove that ſhe was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful *Ximena de Guzman.* But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of *Fleury*, that *Ximena* was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the hiſtorians, that Donna *Urraca*, the heireſs of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-ſiſter, the wife of Count Henry.

[1] *Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confeſt.*—His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by ſome monkiſh writers, but from the other parts of his hiſtory it is highly improbable. Camoëns, however, ſhews his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumſtance that might give an air of ſolemnity to his poem.

And Salem's gate her open folds diſplay'd,
When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.
But now no more in tented fields oppoſed,
By Tagus' ſtream his honoured age he cloſed;
Yet ſtill his dauntleſs worth, his virtue lived,
And all the father in the ſon ſurvived.
And ſoon his worth was proved; the parent [m] dame
Avowed a ſecond hymeneal flame.
The low-born ſpouſe aſſumes the monarch's place,
And from the throne expels the orphan race.
But young Alphonſo, like his ſires of yore,
(His grandſire's virtues as his name he bore,)
Arms for the fight, his raviſh'd throne to win,
And the laced helmet graſps his beardleſs chin.
Her fierceſt firebrands Civil Diſcord waved,
Before her troops the luſtful mother raved;

---

[m] ——*the parent dame.*——Don Alonzo Enriquez, ſon of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother aſſumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Traba* to be her miniſter. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, ſome of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don *Perez*, or were really offended with the reports that were ſpread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, eaſily perſuaded the young count to take arms, and aſſume the ſovereignty. A battle enſued, in which the prince was victorious. Tereſa, it is ſaid, retired into the caſtle of *Legnaſo*, where ſhe was taken captive by her ſon, who condemned her to perpetual impriſonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war againſt his mother, vanquiſhed her party, and that ſhe died in priſon about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cauſe of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don *Perez*, and that ſhe was put in chains, are uncertain.

Loſt to maternal love, and loſt to ſhame,
Unawed ſhe ſaw heaven's awful vengeance flame;
The brother's ſword the brother's boſom tore,
And ſad Guimaria's meadows bluſh'd with gore;
With Luſian gore the peaſant's cot was ſtain'd,
And kindred blood the ſacred ſhrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jaſon's wife,
Yet reeking with your children's purple life,
Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours;
Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.
Your crime was vengeance on the faithleſs ſires,
But here ambition with foul luſt conſpires.
'Twas rage of love, O [n] Scylla, urged the knife
That robb'd thy father of his fated life;
Here groſſer rage the mother's breaſt inflames,
And at her guiltleſs ſon the vengeance aims;
But aims in vain; her ſlaughter'd forces yield,
And the brave youth rides victor o'er the field.
No more his ſubjects lift the thirſty ſword,
And the glad realm proclaims the youthful lord.
But ah, how wild the nobleſt tempers run!
His filial duty now forſakes the ſon;

---

[n] *'Twas rage of love, O Scylla*——The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Niſus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war againſt him, for whom Scylla conceived ſo violent a paſſion, that ſhe cut off the fatal lock while her father ſlept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in deſpair flung herſelf from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

Secluded from the day, in clanking chains
His rage the parent's aged limbs conſtrains.
Heaven frown'd—dark vengeance lowring on his brows,
And ſheath'd in braſs the proud Caſtilian roſe,
Reſolved the rigour to his daughter ſhewn,
The battle ſhould avenge, and blood atone.
A numerous hoſt againſt the prince he ſped,
The valiant prince his little army led:
Dire was the ſhock; the deep riven helms reſound,
And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.
Yet though around the ſtripling's ſacred head
By angel hands etherial ſhields were ſpread;
Though glorious triumph on his valour ſmiled,
Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd:
With bands more numerous to the field he came,
His proud heart burning with the rage of ſhame.
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
That ſaw his triumph, ſaw the hero fall:
Within the town immured, diſtreſt he lay,
To ſtern Caſtilia's ſword a certain prey.
When now the guardian of his infant years,
The valiant Egas, as a god appears;
To proud Caſteel the ſuppliant noble bows,
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
The proud Caſteel accepts his honour'd faith,
And peace ſucceeds the dreadful ſcenes of death.
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
His high-ſoul'd prince to man would never ſue,

Would never ſtoop to brook the ſervile ſtain,
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.
And now with gloomy aſpect roſe the day,
Decreed the plighted ſervile rites to pay;
When Egas to redeem his faith's diſgrace
Devotes himſelf, his ſpouſe, and infant race.
In gowns of white, as ſentenced felons clad,
When to the ſtake the ſons of guilt are led,
With feet unſhod they ſlowly moved along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.
And now, O king, the kneeling Egas cries,
Behold my perjured honour's ſacrifice:
If ſuch mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myſelf expire.
If generous boſoms ſuch revenge can take,
Here let them periſh for the father's ſake:
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are theſe,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appeaſe;
For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my prince, thy ſon, in friendſhip turn.

He ſpoke, and bow'd his proſtrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted ſabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are ſpread,
And death, foretaſted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a leader thus in humbled ſtate,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal ſo great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire ſubdued,
And loſt in ſilent joy the monarch ſtood;

Then gave the hand, and ſheath'd the hoſtile ſword,
And to ſuch [o] honour honour'd peace reſtored.

Oh Luſian faith! oh zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Perſian dare,
Whoſe prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's [p] o'erthrow.
And now the youthful hero ſhines in arms,
The banks of Tagus echo war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his enſigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared, with one, each hundred ſpears engage,
In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And heaven, his friend, ſuperior force ſupplies.
Five Mooriſh kings againſt him march along,
Iſmar the nobleſt of the armed throng;
Yet each brave monarch claim'd the ſoldier's name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.

---

[o] *And to ſuch honour.*——The authors of the Univerſal Hiſtory having related the ſtory of Egas, add, "All this is very pleaſant and entertaining, but we ſee no ſufficient reaſon to affirm that there is one ſyllable of it true."

But though hiſtory afford no authentic document of this tranſaction, tradition, the poet's authority, is not ſilent. And the monument of Egaz in the monaſtery of Paço de Souza gives it countenance. Egaz and his family are there repreſented, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb, ſays Caſtera, as deſcribed by Camoëns.

[p] ——*Babylon's o'erthrow.*—When Darius laid ſiege to Babylon, one of his lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his noſe and ears, perſuaded the enemy that he had received theſe indignities from the cruelty of his maſter. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Juſtin.

In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
Beſide each king a warrior [q] nymph appears;
Each with her ſword her valiant lover guards,
With ſmiles inſpires him, and with ſmiles rewards.
Such was the valour of the beauteous [r] maid,
Whoſe warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd:
Such in the field the virgin warriors ſhone,
Who drank the limpid wave of [s] Thermodon.

'Twas morn's ſtill hour, before the dawning grey
The ſtars' bright twinkling radiance died away;
When lo, reſplendent in the heaven ſerene,
High o'er the prince the ſacred croſs was ſeen;
The godlike prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd,
Oh,

---

[q] *Beſide each king a warrior nymph appears.*——The Spaniſh and Portugueſe hiſtories afford ſeveral inſtances of the Mooriſh chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their miſtreſſes, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of theſe ladies. Where this is mentioned, the name of George de Sylveyra ought to be recorded. When the Portugueſe aſſiſted the king of Melinda againſt his enemy of Oja, they gave a ſignal defeat to the Moors in a foreſt of palm-trees. In the purſuit Sylveyra ſaw a Moor leading off a beautiful young woman through a bye-path of the wood. He purſued, and the Moor perceiving his danger, diſcovered the moſt violent agitation for the ſafety of his miſtreſs, whom he entreated to fly while he fought his enemy. But ſhe with equal emotion refuſed to leave him, and perſiſted in the reſolution to ſhare his fate. Sylveyra, ſtruck with this tender ſtrife of affection, generouſly left them, exclaiming, *God forbid that my ſword ſhould interrupt ſuch love.*

[r] *The beauteous maid.*——Pentheſilea, queen of the Amazons, who, after having ſignalized her valour at the ſiege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

[s] *Thermodon.*—A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,
But to the pagan herd thy wonders ſhew.

The Luſian hoſt, enraptured, mark'd the ſign
That witneſs'd to their chief the aid divine:
Right on the foe they ſhake the beamy lance,
And with firm ſtrides, and heaving breaſts, advance;
Then burſt the ſilence, Hail, O king, they cry;
Our king, our king, the echoing dales reply.
Fired at the ſound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made monarch; on the wareleſs foes
Ruſhing, he ſpeeds his ardent bands along:
So when the chace excites the ruſtic throng,
Rouſed to fierce madneſs by their mingled cries,
On the wild bull the red-eyed maſtiff flies:
The ſtern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound;
The nimble maſtiff, ſpringing on the foe,
Avoids the furious ſharpneſs of the blow:
Now by the neck, now by the gory ſides
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides;
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his noſtrils clouds of ſmoke reſpire;
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize
With [t] hollow thundering ſound, and raging dies.

Thus

---

[t] It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the reader to ſee Homer's deſcription of a bull overpowered, as tranſlated by Pope.

As

Thus on the Moors the hero ruſh'd along,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Moors in wild confuſion throng;
They ſnatch their arms, the haſty trumpet ſounds,
With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;
The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,
As when the flame devours the bearded grain:
The nightly flames the whiſtling winds inſpire,
Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire:
Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,
From ſleep the ſhepherds ſtart in wild amaze;
They ſnatch their cloaths with many a woeful cry,
And ſcatter'd devious to the mountains fly.
Such ſudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
Wild and confuſed they ſnatch the neareſt arms;
Yet flight they ſcorn, and eager to engage
They ſpur their foamy ſteeds, and truſt their furious rage:
Amidſt the horror of the headlong ſhock,
With foot unſhaken as the living rock
Stands the bold Luſian firm; the purple wounds
Guſh horrible, deep groaning rage reſounds;

As when a lion, ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead,)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies;
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out, arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew;
Mycenian Periphas. POPE, Il. XV.

Reeking behind the Mooriſh backs appear
The ſhining point of many a Luſian ſpear;
The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harneſs ſteel'd,
Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
Beneath the Luſian ſweepy force o'erthrown,
Cruſh'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;
Burning with thirſt they draw their panting breath,
And curſe their prophet as they writhe in death.
Arms ſever'd from the trunks ſtill graſp the [u] ſteel,
Heads gaſping rowl; the fighting ſquadrons reel;
Fainty

---

[u] —— *ſtill graſp the ſteel.*—There is a paſſage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camoëns had his eye. Επεὶ δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρῆν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battle was over one might behold, "through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpled with blood, the "bodies of friends and enemies ſtretched over each other, the ſhields pierced, "the ſpears broken, and the drawn ſwords, ſome ſcattered on the earth, "ſome plunged in the boſoms of the ſlain, and ſome yet graſped in the "hands of the dead ſoldiers."

As it was neceſſary in the preface to give a character of the French tranſlation of the Luſiad, ſome ſupport of that character is neceſſary in the notes. To point out every inſtance of the unpoetical taſte of Caſtera, were to give his paraphraſe of every fine paſſage in Camoëns. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner; it is therefore tranſcribed. "*Le Portugais heurte impetueſement les ſoldats d'Iſmar, les renverſe et leur ouvre le ſein à coups de lance; on ſe rencontre, on ſe choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le ſommet de montagnes. La terre tremble ſous les pas des courſiers fougueux; l'impitoyable Erinnys voit des bleſſures enormes et de coups dignes d'elles: les guerriers de Luſus briſent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plaſtrons, armures, boucliers, cuiraſſes et turbans; la Parque étend ſes ailes affreuſes ſur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la pouſſiere, l'autre implore le ſecours de ſon prophete; têtes jambes et bras volent et bondiſſent de toutes parts, l'œil n'apperçoit que viſages couverts d'une paleur livide, que corps déchirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes.*" Had Caſtera ſeriouſly intended to burleſque his author he could ſcarcely have better ſucceeded. As tranſlation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted. *The attack was with ſuch fury that it might ſhake the tops of the mountains;* This bombaſt, and the wretched anticlimax
ending

Fainty and weak with languid arms they cloſe,
And ſtaggering grapple with the ſtaggering foes:
So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,
The troubled waters, ſlowly ſettling, ſhake:
So faints the languid combat on the plain,
And ſettling ſtaggers o'er the heaps of ſlain.
Again the Luſian fury wakes its fires,
The terror of the Moors new ſtrength inſpires;
The ſcatter'd few in wild confuſion fly,
And total rout reſounds the yelling cry.
Defiled with one wide ſheet of reeking gore,
The verdure of the lawn appears no more:
In bubbling ſtreams the lazy currents run,
And ſhoot red flames beneath the evening ſun.
With ſpoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies [x] crown'd,
The heaven-made ſovereign on the battle ground
Three

---

ending with turbans, are not in the original; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. Had he added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his author, the increaſe of the richneſs of the tiſſue would have rendered his work more pleaſing. It was therefore his intereſt to do ſo. But it was not in the feelings of Caſtera to tranſlate the Luſiad with the ſpirit of Camoëns.

[x] ——— *with glorious trophies crown'd.*——This memorable battle was fought in the plains of *Ourique*, in 1139. The engagement laſted ſix hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible ſlaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed King of Portugal. The Portugueſe writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Mooriſh army amounted to 380,000; others, 480,000, and others ſwell it to 600,000; whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles muſt alſo be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, ſat down to comfort his mind by the peruſal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the ſtory of *Gideon*, he ſunk into a deep ſleep, in which he ſaw a very old

Three days encampt, to reſt his weary train,
Whoſe dauntleſs valour drove the Moors from Spain.
And now in honour of the glorious day,
When five proud monarchs fell his vanquiſh'd prey,
On

old man in a remarkable dreſs come into his tent, and aſſure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to ſpeak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no ſooner ſaw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had ſeen in his dream. This venerable perſon acquainted him, that he was a fiſherman, and had led a life of penance for ſixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the Count marched his army the next morning, as ſoon as he heard a certain bell ring, he ſhould receive the ſtrongeſt aſſurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the Count put his army in motion, and ſuddenly beheld in the eaſtern ſky, the figure of the Croſs, and Chriſt upon it, who promiſed him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of king, if it was offered him by the army. The ſame writers add, that as a ſtanding memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a croſs azure in a field argent, for five eſcutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Chriſt. Others aſſert, that he gave in a field argent five eſcutcheons azure, in the form of a croſs, each charged with five bezants argent, placed ſalterwiſe, with a point ſable, in memory of five wounds he himſelf received, and of five Mooriſh kings ſlain in the battle. There is an old record, ſaid to be written by Don Alonzo, in which the ſtory of the viſion is related upon his majeſty's oath. The Spaniſh critics, however, have diſcovered many inconſiſtencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phraſes not then in uſe: it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that æra had not been introduced into Spain; and John, Biſhop of Coimbra, ſigns as a witneſs before John, metropolitan of Braja, which is contrary to eccleſiaſtical rule. Theſe circumſtances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falſehood of the viſion, but to vindicate the character of Don Alonzo from any ſhare in the oath which paſſes under his name. The truth is, the Portugueſe were always unwilling to pay any homage to the king of Caſtile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their monarchy, with miracle, and the new ſovereignty with a command from heaven, circumſtances extremely agreeable both to the military pride and the ſuperſtition of theſe times. The regal dignity and conſtitution of the monarchy, however,

On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
Placed as a croſs, five azure ſhields he [y] wore

In

---

ever, were not ſettled till about ſix years after the battle of *Ourique.* For mankind, ſay the authors of the Univerſal Hiſtory, were not then ſo ignorant and barbarous, as to ſuffer a change of government to be made without any farther ceremony, than a tumultuous huzza. An account of the coronation of the firſt king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of Don of Alonzo having been attended with great ſucceſs, in 1145 he called an aſſembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, at *Lamego.* When the aſſembly opened, he appeared, ſeated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. *Laurence de Viegas* then demanded of the aſſembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at *Ourique,* and the briefs of Pope Eugenius III. they chooſed to have Don *Alonzo Enriquez* for their king? To this they anſwered they were willing. He then demanded, if they deſired the monarchy ſhould be elective or hereditary. They declared their intention to be, that the crown ſhould deſcend to the heirs male of *Alonzo. Laurence de Viegas* then aſked, "Is it your pleaſure that he "be inveſted with the enſigns of royalty?" He was anſwered in the affirmative; and the archbiſhop of *Braga* placed the crown upon his head, the king having his ſword drawn in his hand. As ſoon as crowned, Alonzo thus addreſſed the aſſembly; "Bleſſed be God, who has always aſſiſted me, "and has enabled me, with this ſword, to deliver you from all your ene- "mies. I ſhall ever wear it for your defence. You have made me a king, "and it is but juſt that you ſhould ſhare with me in taking care of the "ſtate. I am your king, and as ſuch let us make laws to ſecure the happi- "neſs of this kingdom." Eighteen ſhort ſtatutes were then framed, and aſſented to by the people. *Laurence de Viegas* at length propoſed the great queſtion, Whether it was their pleaſure that the king ſhould go to *Leon,* to do homage and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. On this, every man drawing his ſword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our "king is free; we owe our liberty to our courage. If the king ſhall at any "time ſubmit to ſuch an act, he deſerves death, and ſhall not reign either "over us, or among us." The king then riſing up, approved this declaration, and declared, That if any of his deſcendants conſented to ſuch a ſubmiſſion, he was unworthy to ſucceed, ſhould be reputed incapable of wearing the crown, and that the election of another ſovereign ſhould immediately take place.

[y] —*five azure ſhields.*—Fanſhaw's tranſlation of this is curious. is literal in the circumſtances, but the debaſements marked in italic are his own:

In grateful memory of the heavenly ſign,
The pledge of conqueſt by the aid divine.

Nor long his faulchion in the ſcabbard ſlept,
His warlike arm increaſing laurels reapt:
From Leyra's walls the baffled Iſmar flies,
And ſtrong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize;
That honour'd town, through whoſe Elyſian groves
Thy ſmooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.
Th' illuſtrious Santarene confeſt his power,
And vanquiſh'd Mafra yields her proudeſt tower.
The lunar mountains ſaw his troops diſplay
Their marching banners and their brave array;
To him ſubmits fair Cintra's cold domain,
The ſoothing refuge of the Nayad train,
When love's ſweet ſnares the pining nymphs would ſhun:
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run:
The cooling ſhades awake the young deſires,
And the cold fountains cheriſh love's ſoft fires.

And

In theſe five ſhields he paints the *recompence*
(*Os trinta Dinheiros*; the thirty Denarii, ſays Camoëns.)
For which the lord was ſold, in various *ink*
Writing his hiſtory, who did diſpenſe
Such favour to him, *more than heart could think*.
(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. *Camoëns*)
In every of the five he paints five-*pence*
So ſums the thirty *by a cinque-fold cinque*
Accounting that which is the center, twice,
Of the five cinques, which he doth place croſs-wiſe.

And thou, famed Liſboa, whoſe embattled wall
Roſe by the [z] hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall;
Thou queen [a] of cities, whom the ſeas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the hero's ſway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's miſty ſhore,
To reſcue Salem's long-polluted ſhrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulyſſes' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy ſides.
Five times the moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad effulgence ſhone reveal'd,
When, wrapt in clouds of duſt, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the ſmoaking breach yawns wide.
As

---

[z] *Roſe by the hand.*——The tradition, that Liſbon was built by Ulyſſes, and thence called *Olyſſipolis*, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which ſays, that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the iſland.

[a] *Thou queen of cities.*——The conqueſt of Liſbon was of the utmoſt importance to the infant monarchy. It is one of the fineſt ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great ſtrength. The old Mooriſh wall was flanked by ſeventy-ſeven towers, was about ſix miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When beſieged by Don Alonzo, according to ſome, it was garriſoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to ſay impoſſible, is highly incredible. That it was ſtrong, however, and well garriſoned, is certain. It is alſo certain, that Alonzo owed the conqueſt of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greateſt part of whom were Engliſh. One *Udal ap Rhys*, in his tour through Portugal, ſays, that Alonzo gave them *Almada*, on the ſide of the Tagus oppoſite to Liſbon, and that *Villa Franca* was peopled by them, which they called *Cornualla*, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immenſe herds of cattle are kept, as in the Engliſh Cornwall.

As when th' impriſon'd waters burſt the mounds,
And roar, wide ſweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;
Nor cot nor fold withſtand their furious courſe;
So headlong ruſh'd along the hero's force.
The thirſt of vengeance the aſſailants fires,
The madneſs of deſpair the Moors inſpires;
Each lane, each ſtreet reſounds the conflict's roar,
And every threſhold reeks with tepid gore.

Thus fell the city, whoſe unconquer'd [b] towers
Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,
Whoſe harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd
The ſavage courage of their ſouls ſuſtain'd;
Before whoſe ſword the ſons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;
Aw'd by whoſe arms the lawns of Betis' ſhore
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.

When Liſboa's towers before the Luſian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!
Eſtremadura's region owns him lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his ſword;
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
Whoſe murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles ſtray.

---

[b] *Unconquer'd towers.*—This aſſertion of Camoëns is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got poſſeſſion of Liſbon.

Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,
Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales
Not for himſelf the Mooriſh peaſant ſows;
For Luſian hands the yellow harveſt glows:
And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,
Your golden burdens for Alonzo ſave;
Soon ſhall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,
And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor ſleep his captains while the ſovereign wars;
The brave Giraldo's ſword in conqueſt ſhares;
Evora's frowning walls, the caſtled hold
Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,
Sertorius dread, whoſe labours ſtill [c] remain;
Two hundred arches, ſtretch'd in length, ſuſtain
The marble duct, where, gliſtening to the ſun,
Of ſilver hue the ſhining waters run.
Evora's frowning walls now ſhake with fear,
And yield obedient to Giraldo's ſpear.
Nor reſts the monarch while his ſervants toil,
Around him ſtill increaſing trophies ſmile,
And deathleſs fame repays the hapleſs fate
That gives to human life ſo ſhort a date.
Proud Beja's caſtled walls his fury ſtorms,
And one red ſlaughter every lane deforms.

---

[c] —— *whoſe labours ſtill remain.*—The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandeſt remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

The ghoſts, whoſe mangled limbs, yet ſcarcely cold,
Heapt ſad Trancoſo's ſtreets in carnage roll'd,
Appeaſed, the vengeance of their ſlaughter ſee,
And hail th' indignant king's ſevere decree.
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And ſea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.
Nor theſe alone confeſt his happy ſtar,
Their fated doom produced a nobler war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns beſieged, and haſted to the field.
Four thouſand courſers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd ſpears his infantry diſplay'd;
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In ſilver belts they ſhone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's ſide ſecure they trod;
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whoſe luſtful veins betray
The maddening tumult of inſpiring May;
If, when his rage with fierceſt ardour glows,
When in the ſhade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careleſs traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;
The wretch defenceleſs torn and trampled dies.
So ruſh'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled ſlain;
The royal Moor precipitates in flight;
The mountain echoes with the wild affright

Of flying ſquadrons; down their arms they throw,
And daſh from rock to rock to ſhun the foe.
The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare!
But ſixty [d] horſemen waged the conquering war.
The warlike monarch ſtill his toil renews;
New conqueſt ſtill each victory purſues.
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,
And the wide region owns his dread command.
When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld
Thoſe walls ſubdued which ſaw his troops expell'd;
Enraged he ſaw them own the victor's ſway,
And hems them round with battalous array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes
He ruſhes, glorying in his wonted force,
And ſpurs with headlong rage his furious horſe;
The combat burns, the ſnorting courſer bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:
O'er gaſping foes and ſounding bucklers trod
The raging ſteed, and headlong as he rode
Daſh'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—
Low groveling in the duſt, the pride of war,
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal ſtate.
"Let iron daſh his limbs," his mother cried,
"And ſteel revenge my chains:" ſhe ſpoke, and died;

---

[d] *But ſixty horſemen.*—The hiſtory of this battle wants authenticity.

And heaven aſſented—Now the hour was come,
And the dire curſe was fallen Alonzo's[e] doom.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with ſorrow view thy glory's ſtain;
Though thy tall ſtandards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phaſis rolls his icy tide;
Though hot Syene, where the ſun's fierce ray
Begets no ſhadow, own'd thy conquering ſway;
Though from the tribes that ſhiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery gliſtening team,
To thoſe who parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant ſhades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name;
Though rich Arabia,[f] and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;

---

[e] *Alonzo's doom.*—As already obſerved, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo uſed ſuch ſeverity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan ſays it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor *Egas Nunio.* Legendary as this may appear, this however is deducible from it, that from his birth there was ſomething amiſs about his legs. When he was priſoner to his ſon-in-law Don *Fernando* king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was reſtored to ſtrength, on condition that as ſoon as he was able to mount on horſeback, he ſhould come to *Leon*, and in perſon do homage for his dominions. This condition, ſo contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horſeback, but on pretence of lameneſs, ever after affected to ride in a calaſh. This, his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the ſuperſtitious of thoſe days aſcribed to the curſes of his mother.

Though Judah's land, whoſe ſacred rites implored
The one true God, and, as he taught, adored;
Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate ſway'd,
And baſe Sophenia's ſons thy nod obey'd;
Though vext Cilicia's pirates wore thy bands,
And thoſe who cultured fair Armenia's lands,
Where from the ſacred mount two rivers flow,
And what was Eden to the pilgrim ſhew;
Though from the vaſt Atlantic's bounding wave
To where the northern tempeſts howl and rave
Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vaſt and wide
The various climes that bended to thy pride;
No more with pining anguiſh of regret
Bewail the horrors of Pharſalia's fate:
For great Alonzo, whoſe ſuperior name
Unequal'd victories conſign to fame,
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe;
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the duſt,
His crime atoned, confeſt that heaven was juſt,
Again in ſplendor he the throne aſcends:
Again his bow the Mooriſh chieftain bends.
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen
Their ſhining ſpears and banner'd moons are ſeen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The martyr's bones on Vincent's cape interr'd,

(His ſainted name the cape ſhall ever [f] bear,)
To Liſboa's walls he brought with votive care.
And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
Reſigns the fauchion to his valiant ſon.
O'er Tagus' waves the youthful hero paſt,
And bleeding hoſts before him ſhrunk aghaſt:
Choak'd with the ſlain, with Mooriſh carnage dy'd,
Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide.
Burning for victory the warlike boy
Spares not a day to thoughtleſs reſt or joy.
Nor long his wiſh unſatisfied remains:
With the beſiegers' gore he dyes the plains.
That circle Beja's wall: yet ſtill untamed,
With all the fierceneſs of deſpair inflamed,
The raging Moor collects his diſtant might;
Wide from the ſhores of Atlas' ſtarry height,
From Ampheluſia's cape, and Tingia's bay,
Where ſtern Antæus held his brutal ſway,
The Mauritanian trumpet ſounds to arms,
And Juba's realm returns the hoarſe alarms;
The ſwarthy tribes in burniſh'd armour ſhine,
Their warlike march Abeyla's ſhepherds join.
The great [g] Miramolin on Tago's ſhores
Far o'er the coaſt his banner'd thouſands pours;

---

[f] *Tu quoque littoribus noſtris, Æneïa nutrix,*
Æternam moriens famam, Caïeta dediſti. VIRG. ÆN. VII.

[g] *Miramolin*,—not the name of a perſon, but a title, *quaſi*, *Soldan*. The Arabs call it Emir-Almoumini, *the Emperor of the Faithful*.

Twelve kings and one beneath his enſigns ſtand,
And wield their ſabres at his dread command;
The plundering bands far round the region haſte,
The mournful region lies a naked waſte.
And now encloſed in Santareen's high towers,
The brave Don Sanco ſhuns th' unequal powers;
A thouſand arts the furious Moor purſues,
And ceaſeleſs ſtill the fierce aſſault renews.
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,
In ſmouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd;
The brazen rams the lofty turrets ſhake,
And, mined beneath, the deep foundations quake;
But brave Alonzo's ſon, as danger grows,
His pride inflamed, with riſing courage glows;
Each coming ſtorm of miſſile darts he wards,
Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.

In that fair city, round whoſe verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego ſpreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years
The king repoſed, when Sanco's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble ſteps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring veterans, long to conqueſt train'd,
He leads—the ground with Mooriſh blood is ſtain'd;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And ſhiver'd ſpears in ſtreaming carnage float.
In harneſs gay lies many a weltering ſteed,
And low in duſt the groaning maſters bleed.

As proud Miramolin in horror fled,
Don Sanco's javelin ſtretch'd him with the dead.
In wild diſmay, and torn with guſhing wounds
The rout wide ſcatter'd fly the Luſian bounds.
Their hands [illegible] heaven the joyful victors raiſe,
And every voice reſounds the ſong of praiſe;
" Nor was it ſtumbling chance, nor human might,
" 'Twas guardian heaven," they ſung, " that ruled the fight."

This bliſsful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
But pale diſeaſe gave now the ſecret wound;
Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
And pining languor through his vitals ſpreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb deſcends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding ſhore for thee, Alonzo, [h] mourns,
Alonzo's name each woeful bay returns;
For thee the rivers ſigh their groves among,
And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along;
Their ſwelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign;
With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,

---

[h] *Each winding ſhore for thee, Alonzo, mourns.*—In this poetical exclamation, expreſſive of the ſorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoëns has happily imitated ſome paſſages of Virgil.

—— *Ipſæ te, Tityre, pinus,*
Ipſi te fontes, ipſa hæc arbuſta vocabant. Ecl. I.

—— *Eurydicen vox ipſa et frigida lingua,*
Ah miſeram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ. G. IV.

——*littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret.* Ecl. VI.

For thee the willow bowers and copſes weep,
As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;
Adown the ſtreams the tangled vine-leaves flow,
And all the landſcape wears the look of [illegible]
Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories ſpread;
And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
While ſtill, at eve, each dale Alonzo ſighs,
And, oh, Alonzo; every hill replies;
And ſtill the mountain echoes trill the lay,
Till bluſhing morn brings on the noiſeful day.

The youthful Sanco to the throne ſucceeds,
Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
Let Betis tinged with blood his proweſs tell,
And Beja's lawns, where boaſtful Afric fell.
Nor leſs, when king, his martial ardour glows,
Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops encloſe:
Fair Sylves' lawns the Mooriſh peaſant plough'd,
Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys ſow'd;
But Liſboa's monarch reapt. The winds of heaven
Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempeſt driven,
In Tago's breaſt a gallant navy ſought
The ſheltering port, and [1] glad aſſiſtance brought.

---

[1] —— *and glad aſſiſtance brought.*——The Portugueſe, in their wars with the Moors, were ſeveral times aſſiſted by the Engliſh and German cruſaders. In the preſent inſtance the fleet was moſtly Engliſh, the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves. *Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.*

The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,
To reſcue Judah's proſtrate land were led;
When Guido's troops, by burning thirſt ſubdued,
To Saladine [illegible] foe for mercy ſued.
Their vows [illegible] holy, and the cauſe the ſame,
To blot from Europe's ſhores the Mooriſh name.
In Sanco's cauſe the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force reſigns.
Thus ſent by heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Liſboa's ramparts to the ſire's command.

Nor Mooriſh trophies did alone adorn
The hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle-ſign, yet foul diſgrace

To

---

[k] *To Saladine the foe for mercy ſued.*——In the reign of Guido, the laſt Chriſtian king of Jeruſalem, the ſtreams which ſupplied his army with water were cut off by Saladine, the victorious Mamaluke; by which means Guido's army was reduced to ſubmiſſion. During the cruſades, the fountains which ſupplied the Chriſtians had been often perverted and poiſoned; and it was believed that ſome lepers, who had been turned out of the Chriſtian camp, aſſiſted the enemy by magical arts, in thus deſtroying them. Hence it was alſo believed, that every wretch afflicted with the leproſy was a magician, and that by magic they held an univerſal intelligence with one another over the whole world, on purpoſe to injure the Chriſtian cauſe. On this opinion theſe unhappy objects of compaſſion were perſecuted throughout Europe: Several of them were condemned, and burnt at Paris; and where they experienced leſs ſeverity, they were turned out of the hoſpitals erected for their reception. It ſtands upon authentic record, that the poor old lepers of St. Bartholomew's hoſpital in the vicinage of Oxford, were ſeverely perſecuted for poiſoning the fountains near Jeruſalem. Such were the groſs opinions of mankind, ere enlightened and civilized by the intercourſe of commerce.—Fox, Martyr. p. 364. Annal. Mon. Brinton. Ox. p. 13.

To Leon's haughty ſons his ſword atchieved;
Proud Tui's neck his ſervile yoke received;
And far around falls many a wealthy tow[illegible]
O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown[illegible]

While thus his laurels flouriſh'd wide and fair,
He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir.
Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,
Reconquer'd, ſtreams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dies: another Sanco reigns:
Alas, with many a ſigh the land complains!
Unlike his ſire, a vain unthinking boy,
His ſervants now a jarring ſway enjoy.
As his the power, his were the crimes of thoſe
Whom to diſpenſe that ſacred power he choſe.
By various counſels waver'd and confuſed,
By ſeeming friends, by various arts abuſed;
Long undetermined, blindly raſh at laſt,
Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the paſt.
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjuſt,
The ſlave capricious of unnatural luſt:
Nor had he ſmiled had flames conſumed his Troy;
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy;
Nor did his woes from female manners ſpring,
Unlike the [1] Syrian, or Sicilia's king.

---

[1] *Unlike the Syrian.*——Sardinapalus.

No hundred cooks his coſtly meal prepared,
As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant [m] fared;
Nor dared th[illegible]tiſt hope his ear to gain,
By new-f[illegible]ts to point the [n] ſtings of pain;
But proud[illegible]gh the Luſian ſpirit ſoar'd,
And aſk'd a godlike hero for their lord.
To none accuſtomed but an hero's ſway,
Great muſt he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,
Complaint, loud echoed, murmurs through the hills.
Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike earl [o] awakes,
And from his liſtleſs brother's minions takes

The

---

[m] —— *When Rome's proud tyrant far'd.*—Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

[n] *By new-form'd arts to point the ſtings of pain.*—Alluding to the ſtory of Phalaris.

[o] —— *Bolonia's warlike earl.*——Camoëns, who was quite an enthuſiaſt for the honour of his country, has in this inſtance diſguiſed the truth of hiſtory. Don Sancho was by no means the weak prince here repreſented, nor did the miſeries of his reign proceed from himſelf. The clergy were the ſole authors of his and the public calamities. The Roman ſee was then in the height of its power, which it exerted in the moſt tyrannical manner. The eccleſiaſtical courts had long claimed the ſole right to try the eccleſiaſtics; and to prohibit a prieſt to ſay maſs for a twelvemonth, was by the brethren his judges, eſteemed a ſufficient puniſhment for murder, or any other capital crime. Alonzo II. the father of Don Sancho, attempted to eſtabliſh the authority of the king's courts of juſtice over the offending clergy. For this the archbiſhop of *Braga* excommunicated *Gonzalo Mendez*, the chancellor; and *Honorius* the pope excommunicated the king, and put his dominions under an interdict. The exterior offices of religion were ſuſpended, the vulgar fell into the utmoſt diſſoluteneſs of manners; Mahommodiſm made great advances, and public confuſion every where prevailed. By this policy the Holy Church conſtrained the nobility to urge the king

to

The awful ſceptre.—Soon was joy reſtored,
And ſoon, by juſt ſucceſſion, Liſboa's lord,
Beloved, Alonzo named the Bold, he reigns:
Nor may the limits of his ſire's domains
Confine his mounting ſpirit. When he
His ſmiling conſort to the bridal bed,
Algarbia's realm, he cried, ſhall prove thy dower,
And ſoon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
The vanquiſh'd Moor with total rout expell'd,
All Luſus' ſhores his might unrivall'd held.
And now brave Diniz reigns, whoſe noble fire
Beſpoke the genuine lineage of his ſire.
Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,
Each vale diſplay'd the labours of the plough
And ſmiled with joy: the rocks on every ſhore
Reſound the daſhing of the merchant-oar.
Wiſe laws are form'd, and conſtitutions weigh'd,
And the deep-rooted baſe of empire laid.

Not

---

to a full ſubmiſſion to the papal chair. While a negociation for this purpoſe was on foot Alonzo died, and left his ſon to ſtruggle with an enraged and powerful clergy. Don Sancho was juſt, affable, brave, and an enamoured huſband. On this laſt virtue faction firſt fixed its envenomed fangs. The queen was accuſed of arbitrary influence over her huſband, and, according to the ſuperſtition of that age, ſhe was believed to have diſturbed his ſenſes by an enchanted draught. Such of the nobility as declared in the king's favour were ſtigmatized, and rendered odious, as the creatures of the queen. The confuſions which enſued were fomented by Alonzo, earl of Bologne, the king's brother, by whom the king was accuſed as the author of them. In ſhort, by the aſſiſtance of the clergy and pope *Innocent* IV. Sancho was depoſed, and ſoon after he died at Toledo. The beautiful queen, Donna *Mencia*, was ſeized as a priſoner, and conveyed away by one *Raymond Portocarrero*, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of faction!

Not Ammon's ſon with larger heart beſtow'd,
Nor ſuch the grace to him the Muſes owed.
From Helicon the muſes wing their way;
Mondego's flowery banks invite their ſtay.
Now Coimbra ſhines Minerva's proud abode;
And fired with joy, Parnaſſus' bloomy God
Beholds another dear-loved Athens riſe,
And ſpread her laurels in indulgent ſkies;
Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
With threads of gold, and Baccaris [p] adjoins.
Here caſtle walls in warlike grandeur lour,
Here cities ſwell and lofty temples tower:
In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
When old and loved the parent-monarch dies.
His ſon, alas, remiſs in filial deeds,
But wiſe in peace and bold in fight, ſucceeds,
The fourth Alonzo: ever arm'd for war
He views the ſtern Caſteel with watchful care.
Yet when the Lybian nations croſt the main,
And ſpread their thouſands o'er the fields of Spain,
The brave Alonzo drew his awful ſteel,
And ſprung to battle for the proud Caſteel.

When Babel's haughty queen unſheath'd the ſword,
And o'er Hydaſpes' lawns her legions pour'd;
When

---

[p] —— *Baccaris* ——— or Lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient poets aſcribed magical virtues.

——— *Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro. VIRG. Ecl. VII.

When dreadful Attila, to whom was [q] given
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry Heaven,
The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;
Not ſuch unnumber'd banners then were ſeen,
As now in fair Tarteſia's dales convene;
Numidia's bow and Mauritania's ſpear,
And all the might of Hagar's race was here;
Granada's mongrels join their numerous hoſt,
To thoſe who dared the ſeas from Lybia's coaſt.
Awed by the fury of ſuch ponderous force
The proud Caſtilian tries each hoped reſource;
Yet not by terror for himſelf inſpired,
For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.
His much-loved bride his meſſenger he [r] ſends,
And to the hoſtile Luſian lowly bends.
The much-loved daughter of the king implored,
Now ſues her father for her wedded lord.
The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
Where her great ſire was throned in regal ſtate:
On her fair face deep-ſettled grief appears,
And her mild eyes are bathed in gliſtening tears;

---

[q] *When dreadful Attila.*—A king of the Huns, ſurnamed The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greateſt of barbarous conquerors.

[r] *His much-loved bride.*—The Princeſs Mary. She was a lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill uſed by her huſband, who was violently attached to his miſtreſſes, though he owed his crown to the aſſiſtance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.

Her careleſs ringlets, as a mourner's, flow
Adown her ſhoulders and her breaſts of ſnow:
A ſecret tranſport through the father ran,
While thus, in ſighs, the royal bride began:

And know'ſt thou not, O warlike king, ſhe cry'd,
That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,
Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
Morocco's lord commands the dreadful train.
Ne'er ſince the ſurges bathed the circling coaſt,
Beneath one ſtandard march'd ſo dread an hoſt:
Such the dire fierceneſs of their brutal rage,
Pale are our braveſt youth as palſied age:
By night our fathers' ſhades confeſs their [s] fear,
Their ſhrieks of terror from the tombs we hear:
To ſtem the rage of theſe unnumber'd bands,
Alone, O ſire, my gallant huſband ſtands;
His little hoſt alone their breaſts oppoſe
To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerous foes:
Then haſte, O monarch, thou whoſe conquering ſpear
Has chill'd Malucca's ſultry waves with fear;
Haſte to the reſcue of diſtreſs'd Caſteel,
(Oh! be that ſmile thy dear affection's ſeal!)

---

[s] *By night our fathers' ſhades confeſs their fear*—Camoëns ſays, " A mortos faz eſpanto," to give this elegance in Engliſh required a paraphraſe. There is ſomething wildly great, and agreeable to the ſuperſtition of that age, to ſuppoſe that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of ſo terrible an army. The French tranſlator, contrary to the original, aſcribes this terror to the ghoſt of only one prince; by which, this ſtroke of Camoëns, in the ſpirit of Shakeſpeare, is greatly reduced.

And ſpeed, my father, ere my huſband's fate
Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal ſtate,
Be left in captive ſolitude forlorn,
My ſpouſe, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, ſpoke the filial queen:
So loſt in grief was lovely Venus [*] ſeen,
When Jove, her ſire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering ſon the promiſed aid.
Great Jove was moved to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all ſhe aſk'd, and grieved ſhe aſk'd no more.
So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in ſteel his awful brow;
The glittering ſquadrons march in proud array,
On burniſh'd ſhields the trembling ſun-beams play:
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inſpires,
And wakes from ſlothful peace the hero's fires.
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And ſprightly neighings echo far around;
Far on each ſide the clouds of duſt ariſe,
The drum's rough rattling rowls along the ſkies;
The trumpet's ſhrilly clangor ſounds alarms,
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.
Where their bright blaze the royal enſigns pour'd,
High o'er the reſt the great Alonzo tower'd;
High o'er the reſt was his bold front admired,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inſpired.

---

[*] So loſt in grief. See the firſt Æneid.

Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzos join their martial train:
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,
They pauſe—the mountain and the wide-ſpread lawn
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe:
Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow
Pale look'd our braveſt heroes. Swell'd with pride,
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,
And lordly o'er the field the promiſed victors ſtride.
So ſtrode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion; ſo with pale affright
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The huge-limb'd foe the ſhepherd boy defy'd:
The valiant boy advancing fits the ſtring,
And round his head he whirls the ſounding ſling;
The monſter ſtaggers with the forceful wound,
And his vaſt bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious ſcorn the Moor's proud boſom ſwell'd,
When our thin ſquadrons took the battle-field;
Unconſcious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whoſe nod confounds th' infernal throne;
Led by that Power, the brave Caſtilian bared
The ſhining blade, and proud Morocco dared;
His conquering brand the Luſian hero drew,
And on Granada's ſons reſiſtleſs flew;
The ſpear-ſtaffs craſh, the ſplinters hiſs around,
And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.

With piercing ſhrieks the Moors their prophet's name,
And ours their guardian ſaint aloud acclaim.
Wounds guſh on wounds, and blows reſound to blows,
A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;
The wounded gaſping in the purple tide,
Now find the death the ſword but half ſupplied.
Though [u] wove and quilted by their ladies' hands,
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.
With ſuch dread force the Luſian ruſh'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boaſtful throng.
Yet now diſdainful of ſo light a prize,
Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,
And his bold arm the brave Caſtilian joins
In dreadful conflict with the Mooriſh lines.

The parting ſun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
And twinkling veſper ſhot his ſilvery rays
Athwart the gloom, and cloſed the glorious day,
When low in duſt the ſtrength of Afric lay.

---

[u] *Though wove.*—It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical. But

———— Uſus
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, et jus et norma loquendi.

and Dryden, Pope, &c. often uſe *wove* as a participle in place of the harſh-ſcunding *woven*, a word almoſt incompatible with the elegance of verſification. The more harmonious word ought therefore to be uſed; and uſe will aſcertain its definition in grammar. When the ſpirit of chivalry prevailed, every youthful warrior had his miſtreſs, to whoſe favour he laid no claim, till he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ranks of battle. If his firſt addreſſes were received, it was uſual for the lady to preſent her lover with ſome weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work; and of the goodneſs of whoſe metal and fabric, it was ſuppoſed, ſhe was confident.

Such dreadful ſlaughter of the boaſtful Moor
Never on battle-field was heap'd before.
Not he whoſe childhood vow'd eternal hate
And deſperate war againſt the Roman ſtate,
Though three ſtrong courſers bent beneath the weight
Of rings of gold, by many a Roman knight,
Erewhile, the badge of rank diſtinguiſh'd, worn,
From their cold hands at Cannæ's ſlaughter torn;
Not his dread ſword beſpread the reeking plain
With ſuch wide ſtreams of gore, and hills of ſlain;
Nor thine, O Titus, ſwept from Salem's land,
Such floods of ghoſts roll'd down to death's dark ſtrand;
Though ages ere ſhe fell, the prophets old
The dreadful ſcene of Salem's fall foretold
In words that breathe wild horror: nor the ſhore,
When carnage choak'd the ſtream, ſo ſmoak'd[x] with gore,
When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood;
Not ſuch the heaps as now the plains of Tarif ſtrew'd.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Liſboa's ſhores the happy chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deſerved repoſe,
His courſe of fame, and honoured age to cloſe.

---

[x] *——ſo ſmoak'd with gore, when Marius' fainting legions.*——When the ſoldiers of Marius complained of thirſt, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; There, ſays he, you may drink, but it muſt be purchaſed with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have ſomething liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the ſlain. Vid. Plut.

When now, O king, a damſel's fate [y] ſevere,
A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,
Diſgraced his honours———On the nymph's lorn head
Relentleſs rage its bittereſt rancour ſhed:
Yet ſuch the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathleſs corſe the crown of Liſboa wore.
'Twas thou, O love, whoſe dreaded ſhafts controul
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's ſoul;
Thou ruthleſs power, with bloodſhed never cloyed,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary deſtroyed.
Thy thirſt ſtill burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breaſt that feels thy pureſt flames divine,
With ſpouting gore muſt bathe thy cruel ſhrine.

---

[y] —— *a damſel's fate ſevere.*——This unfortunate lady, Donna *Inez de Caſtro*, was the daughter of a *Caſtilian* gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accompliſhments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldeſt ſon, a prince of a brave and noble diſpoſition. *La Neufville*, *Le Clede*, and other hiſtorians, aſſert, that ſhe was privately married to the prince ere ſhe had any ſhare in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity leſs remarkable than the ardour of his paſſion. Afraid, however, of his father's reſentment, the ſeverity of whoſe temper he well knew, his intercourſe with Donna Inez paſſed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the acceſſion of Don *Pedro the Cruel* to the throne of *Caſtile*, many of the diſguſted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, through the intereſt of his beloved Inez. The favour ſhewn to theſe Caſtilians gave great uneaſineſs to the politicians. A thouſand evils were foreſeen from the prince's attachment to his Caſtilian miſtreſs: even the murder of his children by his deceaſed ſpouſe, the princeſs *Conſtantia*, was ſurmiſed; and the enemies of Donna Inez finding the king willing to liſten, omitted no opportunity to increaſe his reſentment againſt the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender ſcenes by love-ſick fancy wrought,
By fear oft ſhifted as by fancy brought,
In ſweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languiſh'd away the ſlow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conſcious ſtream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo ſigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor leſs could abſence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his diſtant love:
Thy looks, thy ſmiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his ſlumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts ſtill wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though faireſt princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his conſtant faith could move:
For thee alone his conſtant paſſion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he ſcorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliſs too high—the princely dames
Refuſed, dread rage the father's breaſt inflames;
He, with an old man's wintery eye, ſurveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The peoples' murmurs of his ſon's delay
To bleſs the nation with his nuptial day.

(Alas, the nuptial day was paſt unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful ſire
Reſolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
Oh, thou dread ſword, oft ſtain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the proſtrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breaſt,
Unarm'd, by ſoftneſs and by love poſſeſt!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez ſtands;
Her tears of artleſs innocence, her air
So mild, ſo lovely, and her face ſo fair,
Moved the ſtern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce deſtroyers urged the public weal;
Dread rage again the tyrant's ſoul poſſeſt,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confeſt:
O'er her fair face a ſudden paleneſs ſpread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguiſh bled,
Anguiſh to view her lover's hopeleſs woes,
And all the mother in her boſom roſe.
Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven ſhe lifted, but her hands were [2] bound;
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconſcious of their grandſire's rage;

---

[2] *Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina fruſtra,*
Lumina nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRG. ÆN. II.

To whom, as burſting ſorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-ſprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inſpired by nature with the luſt of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to ſpare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurſe's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given:
Shalt thou, who wear'ſt the ſacred ſtamp of heaven,
The human form divine, ſhalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beaſts ſupply!
Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, ſuperfluous were my prayer;
Thou could'ſt not then a helpleſs damſel ſlay,
Whoſe ſole offence in fond affection[a] lay,

---

[a] *Whoſe ſole offence in fond affection lay.*—It has been obſerved by ſome critics, that Milton on every occaſion is fond of expreſſing his admiration of muſic, particularly of the ſong of the nightingale, and the full woodland choir. If in the ſame manner we are to judge of the ſavourite taſte of Homer, we ſhall find it of a leſs delicate kind. He is continually deſcribing the feaſt, the huge chine, the ſavoury viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling paſſion of Camoëns is alſo ſtrongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length which abounds with ſo many impaſſioned encomiums on the fair ſex, and the power of their beauty, as the Luſiad. The genius of Camoëns ſeems never ſo pleaſed as when he is painting the variety of female charms; he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his deſcriptions of the happineſs and miſeries attendant on the paſſion of love. As he wrote from his feelings, theſe parts of his works have been particularly honoured with the attention of the world. Taſſo and Spenſer have copied from his Iſland of Bliſs, and three tragedies have been formed from this Epiſode of the unhappy Inez. One in Engliſh, named Elvira—The other two are by

In faith to him who firſt his love confeſt,
Who firſt to love allured her virgin breaſt.

In

M. de la Motte, a Frenchman, and *Luis Velez de Guevara*, a Spaniard. How theſe different writers have handled the ſame ſubject is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of M. de la Motte, from which Elvira is copied, is highly characteriſtic of the French drama. In the Luſiad the beautiful victim expreſſes the ſtrong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother riſes in her breaſt, ſhe implores pity for her children; ſhe feels the horrors of death, and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only ſolace would be the remembrance of her faithful paſſion. This however, it appears, would not ſuit the taſte of a Paris audience. On the French ſtage the ſtern Roman heroes muſt be polite *petits-maitres*, and the tender Inez a bluſtering Amazon. Lee's Alexander cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wiſhes to die herſelf, but deſires that her children and her huſband Don Pedro may alſo be put to death.

Hé bien, ſeigneur, ſuivez vos barbares maximes,
On vous amene encor de nouvelles victimes,
Immolez ſans remords, et pour nous punir mieux,
Ces gages d'un Hymen ſi coupable à vos yeux.
Ils ignorent le ſang, dont le ciel les a fait naitre,
Par l'arrêt de leur mort faites les reconnaitre,
Conſommez votre ouvrage, et que les mêmes coups
Rejoignent les enfans, et la femme, et l'epoux.

The Spaniard, however, has followed nature and Camoëns, and in point of poetical merit his play is infinitely ſuperior to that of the Frenchman. Don Pedro talks in the abſence of his miſtreſs with the beautiful ſimplicity of an Arcadian lover, and Inez implores the tyrant with the genuine tenderneſs of female affection and delicacy. The reader, who is acquainted with the Spaniſh tongue, will thank me for the following extracts.

Ines. A mis hijos me quitais?
Rey Don Alonſo, ſenor,
Porque me quereis quitar
La vida de tantas vezes?
Advertid, ſenor, mirad,
Que el coraçon a pedaços
Dividido me arrancais.
Rey. Llevaldos, Alvar Gonçalez.

Ines.

In theſe my babes ſhalt thou thine image ſee,
And ſtill tremendous hurl thy rage on me?

Me,

Ines. Hijos mios, donde vais?
Donde vais ſin vueſtra madre?
Falta en los hombres piedad?
Adonde vais luzes mais?
Como, que aſſi me dexais
En el mayor deſconſuelo
En manos de la crueldad.
Nino Alſon. Conſuelate madre mia,
Y a Dios te puedas quedar,
Que vamos con nueſtro abuelo,
Y no querrá hazernas mal.
Ines. Poſſible es, ſenor, Rey mio,
Padre, que anſi me cerreis
La puerta para el perdon?

* * * *

Aora, ſenor, aora,
Aora es tiempo de monſtrar
El mucho poder que tiene
Vueſtra real Mageſtad.

* * * *

Como, ſenor? vos os vais
Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello
Inhumanos me entregais?
Hijos, hijos de mi vida,
Dexad me los abraçar;
Alonſo, mi vida hijo,
Dionis, a mores, tornad,
Tornad a ver vueſtra madre:
Pedro mio, donde eſtas
Que anſi te olvidas de mi?
Poſſible es que en tanto mal
Me falta tu viſta, eſpoſo?
Quien te pudiera aviſar
Del peligro en que afligida
Dona Ines tu eſpoſa eſtà.

The drama, from which theſe extracts are taken, is entitled, *Reynar deſpues de morir*. And as they are cited for the tenderneſs of the original expreſſion, a tranſlation of them is not attempted.

Me, for their ſakes, if yet thou wilt not ſpare,
Oh, let theſe infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breaſt where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquiſh'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguiſh ſwell;
Ah, let my woes, unconſcious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to ſome barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deſarts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's ſnow-clad rocks and frozen ſhore;
There let me, hopeleſs of return, deplore.
Where ghaſtly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where ſhrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tygers yell,
There with mine infant race, conſign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implored from human kind:
There in ſome dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of ſepulchral gloom,
For him whoſe love I mourn, my love ſhall glow,
The ſigh ſhall murmur, and the tear ſhall flow:
All my fond wiſh, and all my hope, to rear
Theſe infant pledges of a love ſo dear,
Amidſt my griefs a ſoothing, glad employ,
Amidſt my fears a woeful, hopeleſs joy.

In tears ſhe utter'd—as the frozen ſnow
Touch'd by the ſpring's mild ray, begins to flow,

So juſt began to melt his ſtubborn ſoul
As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant ſtole;
But deſtiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accuſers urged her ſpeedy doom;
Again dark rage diffuſed its horrid gloom
O'er ſtern [b] Alonzo's brow: ſwift at the ſign,
Their ſwords unſheathed around her brandiſh'd ſhine.
O foul diſgrace, of knighthood laſting ſtain,
By men of arms an helpleſs lady ſlain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious ſire;
Diſdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her laſt fond care,
He ruſh'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And daſh'd the daughter on the ſacred floor;

---

[b] *O'er ſtern Alonzo's brow.*—To give the character of Alphonſo IV. will throw light on this inhuman tranſaction. He was an undutiful ſon, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a *Machiavilian* politician. That good might be attained by villainous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had perſuaded him that her death was neceſſary to the welfare of the ſtate, he took a journey to *Coimbra*, that he might ſee the lady, when the prince his ſon was abſent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herſelf at his feet. The king was moved with the diſtreſs of the beautiful ſuppliant, when his three counſellors, *Alvaro Gonſalez, Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Coello*, reproaching him for his diſregard to the ſtate, he relapſed into his former reſolution. She was dragged from his preſence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counſellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princeſs his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, ſays *La Neufville*, avowed the horrid aſſaſſination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be aſhamed.

While mildly ſhe her raving mother eyed,
Reſign'd her boſom to the ſword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Reſigns her boſom to the murdering ſteel:
That ſnowy neck, whoſe matchleſs form ſuſtain'd
The lovelieſt face where all the graces reign'd,
Whoſe charms ſo long the gallant prince inflamed,
That her pale corſe was Liſboa's queen proclaimed;
That ſnowy neck was ſtained with ſpouting gore,
Another ſword her lovely boſom tore.
The flowers that gliſten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now ſhrunk and languiſh'd with her blood imbrew'd.
As when a roſe, erewhile of bloom ſo gay,
Thrown from the careleſs virgin's breaſt away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The ſnowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roſes dy'd away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful ſmiles, and crimſon'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the ſtern murderers ſtood,
Unmindful of the ſure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O Sun, couldſt thou ſo foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkneſs, as of old
A ſudden night unwonted horror caſt
O'er that dire banquet, where the ſire's repaſt
The ſon's torn limbs ſupplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye diſtant foreſts, and ye flowery dales!

When pale and ſinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting ſound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, ſigh'd around.
Nor leſs the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapleſs loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs ſtill.
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And ſtill through violet beds the fountain pours
Its [c] plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cry'd in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildeſt hills no place of reſt ſupply.
The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,
And ſtern-brow'd juſtice in their doom conſpire:
In hiſſing flames they die, and yield their ſouls in [d] fire.

---

[c] —*Still the fountain pours its plaintive wailing.*—At an old royal caſtle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that Don Pedro reſided with his beloved Inez. The fiction of Camoëns, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the ſpirit of Homer.

[d] — *and yield their ſouls in fire.*—When the prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was tranſported into the moſt violent fury. He took arms againſt his father. The country between the rivers *Minho* and *Doura* was laid deſolate: but by the interpoſition of the queen and the archbiſhop of *Braga* the prince was ſoftened, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his ſon, but laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the

Nor this alone his ſtedfaſt ſoul diſplay'd:
Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade

Of

---

the injury and inſult he had received. The prince, however, ſtill continued to diſcover the ſtrongeſt marks of affection and grief. When he ſucceeded to the crown, one of his firſt acts was a treaty with the king of Caſtile, whereby each monarch engaged to give up ſuch malecontents as ſhould take refuge in each other's dominions. In conſequence of this, *Pedro Coello* and *Alvaro Gonſalez*, who, on the death of *Alonzo*, had fled to Caſtile, were ſent priſoners to Don Pedro. *Diego Pacheco*, the third murderer, made his eſcape. The other two were put to death with the moſt exquiſite tortures, and moſt juſtly merited, if exquiſite torture is in any inſtance to be allowed. After this the king, Don Pedro, ſummoned an aſſembly of the ſtates at *Cantanedes*. Here, in the preſence of the pope's nuncio, he ſolemnly ſwore on the Holy Goſpels, that having obtained a diſpenſation from *Rome*, he had ſecretly, at *Braganza*, eſpouſed the lady *Inez de Caſtro*, in the preſence of the Biſhop of *Guarda*, and of his maſter of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The pope's bull, containing the diſpenſation, was publiſhed; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper regalia, was crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her ſkeleton, and kiſſed the bones of her hand. The corpſe was then interred at the royal monaſtery of *Alcobaça*, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a queen. Her monument is ſtill extant, where her ſtatue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her ſervice, conſoled him in ſome degree, and rendered him more converſable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulneſs of his temper, was never totally diſperſed.—A circumſtance ſtrongly characteriſtic of the rage of his reſentment muſt not be omitted: When the murderers were brought before him, he was ſo tranſported with indignation, that he ſtruck *Pedro Coello* ſeveral blows on the face with the ſhaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the magiſtrate and the hero; and thoſe who will, may add, of the philoſopher too: ſomething greater however belongs to Don Pedro. A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every boſom, capable of genuine love, inſpire a tender ſympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the preſence of the inhuman murderers preſented to his mind the horrid ſcene of the butchery of his beloved ſpouſe.

The

Of red-arm'd juſtice. From the ſhades of night
He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light:
The robber from his dark retreat was led,
And he, who ſpilt the blood of murder, bled.
Unmoved he heard the proudeſt noble plead:
Where juſtice aim'd her ſword, with ſtubborn ſpeed
Fell the dire ſtroke. Nor cruelty inſpired,
Nobleſt humanity his boſom fired.
The caitiff, ſtarting at his thoughts, repreſt
The ſeeds of murder ſpringing in his breaſt.
His outſtretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
For fixt as fate he knew his doom was ſeal'd.
Safe in his monarch's care the ploughman reapt,
And proud oppreſſion coward diſtance kept.
Pedro [c] the juſt the peopled towns proclaim,
And every field reſounds her monarch's name.

Of

The impreſſion left on the philoſophical mind by theſe hiſtorical facts, will naturally ſuggeſt ſome reflections on human nature. Every man is proud of being thought capable of love; and none more ſo than thoſe who have the leaſt title to the name of lover; thoſe whom the French call *les hommes de galanterie*, whoſe only happineſs is in variety, and to whom the greateſt beauty and mental accompliſhments loſe every charm after a few months enjoyment. Their ſatiety they ſcruple not to confeſs, but are not aware, that in doing ſo, they alſo confeſs, that the principle which inſpired their paſſion was groſs and ſelfiſh. To conſtitute a genuine love, like that of Don Pedro, requires a nobleneſs and goodneſs of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful fever of the veins may, for a while, inſpire an attachment to a particular object; but an affection ſo unchangeable and ſincere as that of the prince of Portugal, can only ſpring from a boſom poſſeſſed of the fineſt feelings and of every virtue.

[c] *Pedro the juſt.*—Hiſtory cannot afford an inſtance of any prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of Juſt than Pedro. His diligence to correct

Of this brave prince the ſoft degenerate ſon,
Fernando the remiſs, aſcends the throne.
With arm unnerved the liſtleſs ſoldier lay
And own'd the influence of a nerveleſs ſway;
The ſtern Caſtilian drew the vengeful brand,
And ſtrode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How dread the hour, when injur'd heaven in rage,
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
Unmanly ſloth the king, the nation ſtain'd;
And lewdneſs, foſter'd by the monarch, reign'd:

The

---

correct every [illegible] was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his juſtice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good; for he reſpected no perſons, and his inflexible ſeverity never digreſſed from the line of ſtrict juſtice. An anecdote or two will throw ſome light on his character. A prieſt having killed a maſon, the king diſſembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the iſſue to the eccleſiaſtical court, where the prieſt was puniſhed by one year's ſuſpenſion from ſaying maſs. Pedro upon this privately ordered the maſon's ſon to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his ſentence was to be confirmed by the king, he inquired, what was the young man's trade. He was anſwered, that he followed his father's. *Well then*, ſaid the monarch, I ſhall commute his puniſhment, and interdict him from meddling with ſtone or mortar for a year. After this he fully eſtabliſhed the authority of the king's courts over the clergy, whom he puniſhed with death when their crimes were capital. When ſolicited to refer the cauſes of ſuch criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the pope; he would anſwer very calmly, *That is what I intend to do: I will ſend them to the higheſt of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine.* Againſt adulterers he was particularly ſevere, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the ſource of the greateſt evils, and that therefore to reſtrain it was the intereſt and duty of the ſovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and ſoured his temper, he was ſo far from being naturally ſullen or paſſionate, that he was rather of a gay and ſprightly diſpoſition, affable and eaſy of acceſs; delighted in muſic and dancing; a lover of learning, was himſelf a man of letters, and an elegant poet. Vide *Le Clede, Mariana, Faria.*

The monarch own'd that firſt of crimes unjuſt,
The wanton revels of adulterous luſt:
Such was his rage for beauteous [f] Leonore,
Her from her huſband's widow'd arms he tore:
Then with unbleſt, unhallowed nuptials ſtained
The ſacred altar, and its rites profaned.
Alas! the ſplendor of a crown how vain,
From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmeſt ſtain!
To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
What ills on ills, from Helen's rape aroſe!
Let Appius own, let baniſh'd Tarquin tell
On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
One female raviſh'd Gibeah's ſtreets [g] beheld,
O'er Gibeah's ſtreets the blood of thouſands ſwell'd
In vengeance of the crime; and ſtreams of blood
The guilt of Zion's ſacred bard [h] purſued.

---

[f] —— *beauteous Leonore.*——This lady, named *Leonora de Tellez,* was the wife of Don *Juan Lorenzo d'Acugna,* a nobleman of one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed families in Portugal. After a ſham proceſs this marriage was diſſolved, and the king privately eſpouſed her, though at that time he was publickly married by proxy to Donna Leonora of Arragon. A dangerous inſurrection, headed by one *Velaſquez,* a tailor, drove the king and his adulterous bride from Liſbon. Soon after he cauſed his marriage to be publickly celebrated in the province between the *Douro* and *Minho.* Henry king of Caſtile, informed of the general diſcontent that reigned in Portugal, marched a formidable army into that kingdom, to revenge the injury offered to ſome of his ſubjects, whoſe ſhips had been unjuſtly ſeized at Liſbon. The deſolation hinted at by Camoëns enſued. After the ſubjects of both kingdoms had ſeverely ſuffered, the two kings ended the war, much to their mutual ſatisfaction, by an intermarriage of their baſtard children.

[g] —— *Gibeah's ſtreets.*——See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

[h] *The guilt of Zion's ſacred bard.*——David.—See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The ſword ſhall never depart from thine houſe."

Yet love full oft with wild delirium blinds,
And fans his baſeſt fires in nobleſt minds:
The female garb the great Alcides wore,
And for his Omphale the diſtaff[k] bore.
For Cleopatra's frown the world was loſt.
The Roman terror, and the Punic boaſt,
Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's ſmile,
Reſign'd the harveſt of his glorious toil.
And who can boaſt he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young deſires,
When he beheld the breathing roſes glow,
And the ſoft heavings of the living ſnow;
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the fair!
Oh! what defence, if fixt on him, he ſpy
The languid ſweetneſs of the ſtedfaſt eye!
Ye who have felt the dear luxurious ſmart,
When angel charms oppreſs the powerleſs heart,
In pity here relent the brow ſevere,
And o'er Fernando's weakneſs drop the tear.

---

[k] *The great Alcides*—*Alcidem lanas nere coëgit amor.* OVID.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unneceſſary to obſerve, that Camoëns, in this epiſode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the Epopœia. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is placed, is as requiſite in the epic poem, as it is to preſerve the unity of the character of an individual. That gallantry of bravery, and romantic caſt of the military adventures, which characteriſed the Spaniards and Portugueſe during the Mooriſh wars, is happily ſupported by Camoëns in its moſt juſt and ſtriking colours. In hiſtory we find ſurpriſing victories obtained over the Infidels: In the Luſiad we find the heroes breathing that enthuſiaſm which led them to conqueſt, that enthuſiaſm of military honours ſo ſtrongly expreſſed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the ſiege of *Arzila.* In ſtorming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, loſt his life. The King leading his only ſon, the prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet ſtreamed from his wounds, "Behold," he cried, "that great man! May God grant you, my ſon, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

00046840

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016